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This Month

Cover: Inspiration

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The Work That Counts

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The Common Touch

Edgar A. Guest

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Find the Woman

Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

Peter B. Kyne

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The Sound Mind

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Star-Dust

Fannie Hurst

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The Stage To-day

Photographs in Artgravure

Doing Father a Bit of Good

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An Eye for an Eye

Will Payne

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The Climax

Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by Percy Cowen

In Chancery

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Some Do and Some Don't

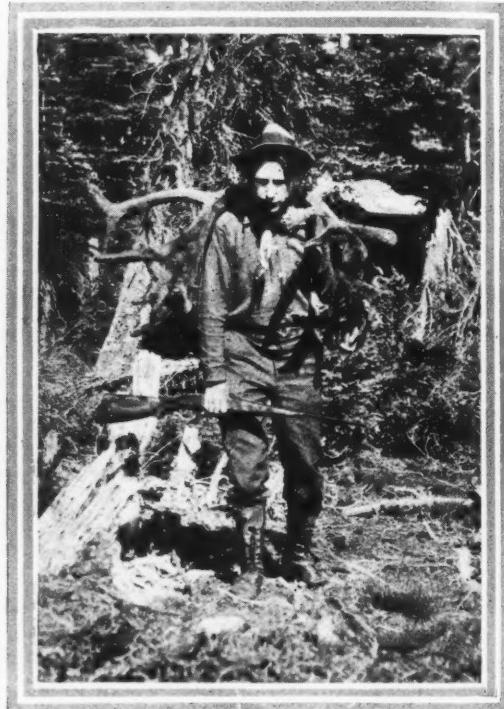
Holworthy Hall

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George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon



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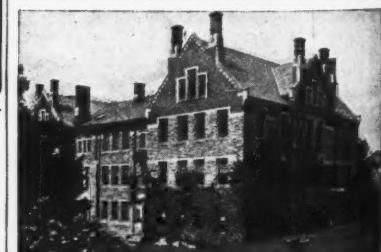
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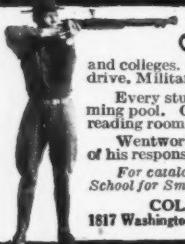
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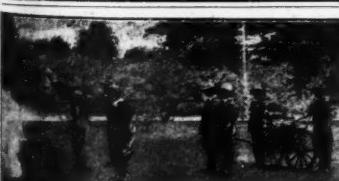
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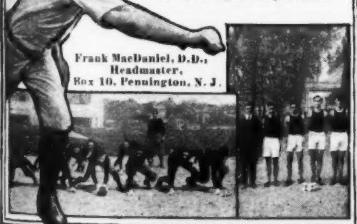
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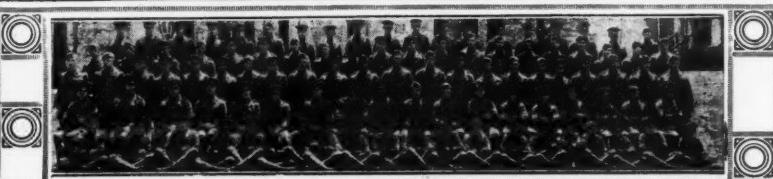
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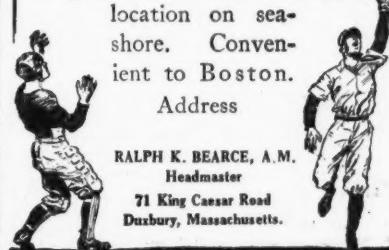
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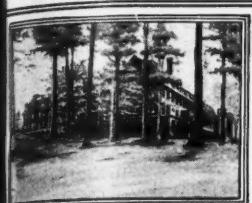
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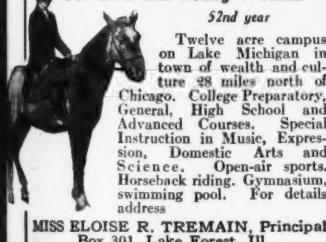
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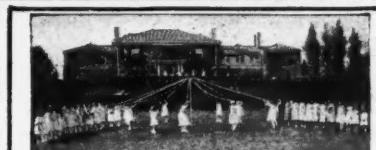
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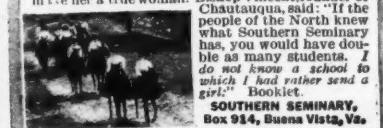
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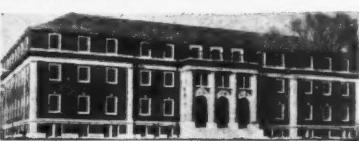


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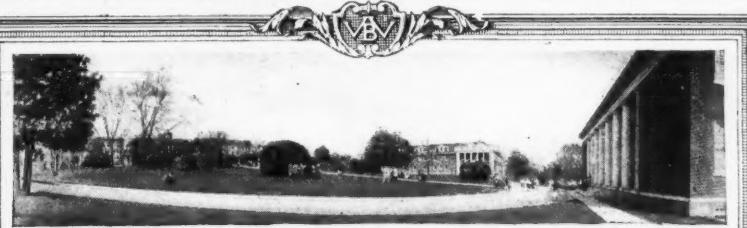
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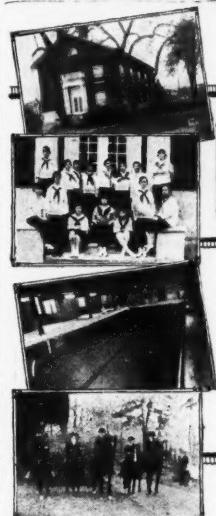


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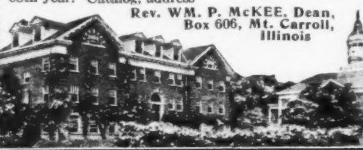
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Midsummer Magic

By DOROTHY BLAIR

MARY ARMAND sat up in bed. Sleep was impossible. Through the open windows came the first grey light of dawn. For hours Mary had been awake. For hours she had tried to make the happy dream come true. But it was hopeless.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed. As she gazed in her mirror she saw the trace of a tear, the last one of many that had given expression to her feelings during the long night. She brushed it away and with a sad little toss of her head decided her course. She would decline Mildred Harrington's invitation.

Mildred was probably the only real friend Mary had. Making friends had been difficult for her. But some common point of interest had drawn the two girls together, although their positions in life lay far apart. Three years after her father's death, Mary had found it necessary to get an office position downtown and most of the money she earned went to her mother and used for the bard necessities of life.

Mary did not bother the Harringtons. Every summer they closed their home in the city and went to their cottage at the shore. Many of Mildred's friends summered at the same resort and from late May until early September there was a continuous round of pleasure.

So when Mary had been invited to spend her vacation with them, it had seemed like a gift from some fairy godmother. Besides being a chance to avoid during one of the hottest months, it was a rare opportunity to enjoy the care-free life, so different from her own.

Then last night she had gone to the Harringtons' where the girls had gathered to talk over their plans. Mildred's brother, Bob, was just leaving the house, but stopped to speak to her. "Mildred tells me you are going to join us this year," he said.

"Yes," Mary replied, "for a week or two." "Well," he said smiling, "you will have a good time—everyone does down there!"

When he had said good night, Mary wondered whether Bob's presence would be added to the pleasures this wonderful vacation held in store for her.

Mary found the girls in a gay discussion of their plans. They had something scheduled seemingly for every day of the summer. What happy days they were to be! There would be sailing every day and moonlight sailing or beach parties at night. Then, too, Mildred had planned many dances and week-end parties. All these things had seemed like pleasant dreams to Mary. She could picture long stretches of sand and the ocean with a big yellow moon creeping up out of the silver streaked waters. She could see herself at these wonderful dances during the week-end parties. For a little while at least Mary Armand was to really live! She would be happy, gloriously happy!

"Oh, today!" It was Kitty Wells talking. Gosh! Mere mention of them had ended Mary's dreaming. Once introduced, the subject had developed into a lengthy discussion—afternoon frocks—sport suits—shoes—hats—bathing suits! Mary listened. Several times she tried to say something but words failed her. She was afraid they would ask about HER new clothes. What a thought! The mere possibility of embarrassing her, and finally giving a quickly formed excuse, she said good night.

Outside she had walked slowly home. Pretty clothes! She had none. How many times it had caused her unhappiness! Now because she had "nothing to wear" she was to lose the vacation that had seemed so real—so near—so wonderful!

The only solution was money and Mary had saved only enough for her traveling and incidental expenses. She had several dresses, but nothing like the wonderful wardrobe of the other girls. And Mary was proud.

At home her mother had been waiting for the latest news of the much-talked-of vacation.

"I'm afraid I can't go to the Harrington's this summer," Mary announced. "Tonight every one was talking about their pretty evening dresses and afternoon frocks." She voiced her disappointment as gently as she could—and she said no further, for Mrs. Armand was crying.

"Mother, please don't!" pleaded Mary. "Maybe tomorrow things will look different. Maybe after all I will be able to go." And bidding her mother good night, she sought the seclusion of her room.

So at dawn, after a sleepless night Mary decided to decline Mildred's invitation. Two weeks later a group of happy, laughing girls left for the shore. Mary smiled a happy farewell as the train pulled out. But when it had disappeared, a sob rose in her throat as she turned to go back to the hum-drum of the office. For days afterward Mary was miserably unhappy. It wasn't merely missing the vacation—she could forget that—but she was looking ahead. Were clothes always going to hold her back and make her different from other girls?

THEN finally the problem in Mary's mind was solved and a wonderful change came over her. Bob Harrington, driving his touring car, noted

this change one night in July when he passed Mary on her way home from work. On one or two similar occasions during the summer he had merely lifted his hat. But this night he stopped his car beside the curb. "Summering in the city seems to agree with you, Miss Armand," he said. "I never saw you looking so well."

His bewildered expression of admiration made her heart glad—for now she knew her triumph over circumstances was complete!

The summer progressed. September found the girls at Seaside anxious to get back to the city. The shore season had been a disappointment. For the first month there had been the usual dances and parties—made delightful by Bob and the friends he brought down with him. But when afterward he remained in town, pleading pressure of business, Kitty was inconsolable, and Mildred's parties, without his guests, became a little tiresome for every one.

So when the day for the trip homeward arrived the girls had no regrets. They were eager to get home and plunge into their preparations for the fall season.

Bob was at the station to meet them. Mildred had almost reached his car when she suddenly stopped—stifling a cry of astonishment.

A girl, beautifully dressed—her face aglow with a radiantly happy smile—was stepping out of Bob's machine. It was Mary Armand.

But what a transformed and adorable Mary she was! Wearing a charmingly distinctive afternoon frock she was a fascinating picture! From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

For one long moment the girls stood bewildered by the marvelous change in the girl before them. Then conscious of their awkward staring, they rushed forward to greet her.

"Mary—you look wonderful—positively beautiful!" they exclaimed.

"You seem surprised—am I so very, very different?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Different!" exclaimed Mildred, "why you are another person. Where have you been?"

"Girls," replied Mary, "I've had the most wonderful summer imaginable and I can scarcely wait to tell you all about it!"

A little later at Mildred's, the girls crowded around Mary for her story.

"YOU girls will never know how much I wanted to go to Seaside with you this summer," she began. "It meant the first chance I ever had for a really good time! And at first I thought I couldn't give it up! You may have guessed why I had to. I simply didn't have the kind of clothes you were going to take and I knew I would be unhappy every minute contrasting my plain, simple little outfit with the wonderful wardrobes of you other girls. But it was terribly hard!"

"I guess every girl wants pretty clothes—the desire to be admired is born in all of us. We are happy only when we know we are as well dressed as the people we want for friends. So for days after you had gone, I could think of nothing else! The words kept ringing in my ears—Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!"

"Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heart-aches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so mother would not know how unhappy I felt. After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened a magazine, and my glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the article and it told the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning right at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all of her own clothes and hats.

"Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the opportunity I needed, that I wrote for more information that very night.

"Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived, telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl anywhere can easily and quickly learn at home in spare time all the secrets of the dressmaker's art. When I read how 60,000 women of all ages and in all circumstances had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

"When I saw my first lesson, I knew that I, too, had found the way to Happiness! Any one could learn by this easy, fascinating method.

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life!



From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

I devoted every moment I could to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't help it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take such a personal interest!

"And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

"When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! It was just delightful—working on those beautiful fabrics out of doors all day long. Almost at once I began making actual garments. Why, I made a beautiful little waist after my third lesson!

"WHAT was most important, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me and how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress, I simply had to wear it to the office. And that night Bob met me—I'll never forget the expression of surprise on his face!

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"Besides having more and prettier clothes than I ever had before, I have made a lot of pretty new things for mother!"

"I suppose," said Kitty, "you'll soon need a wedding dress. But, of course, you'll buy that!"

"Well, that's an entirely separate secret," Mary answered, blushing, "but a whole section of my course was devoted to planning and making a bride's complete trousseau—and I took the last stitch in my wedding dress a week ago.

"So that's my story," finished Mary. "I'm the happiest girl alive and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone could have made possible what Bob calls my 'Midsummer Magic.' And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could have had any other way, and attracting happiness when—any woman or girl can do!"

"It will cost you nothing, to find out all about the Woman's Institute and just what it can do for you. Simply send a letter, postal or the coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, by return mail, the full story of this great school which has proved such a wonderful blessing to women and girls the world over.

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Name (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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The Work That Counts

By Meredith Nicholson

"*I GUESS that job will stand a while," remarked an architect with whom I inspected a splendid new building he was about to turn over to the owners. He was justly proud of the realization of his plans. What had first been only a dream stood before him—a dream come true.*

It is constructive work that counts, the tangible result of intelligent, conscientious labor. We are judged by our actual accomplishments, not by what we might have done.

Criticism is valueless unless it is informed and sincere. The author who writes a dull book or the carpenter who turns out a clumsy job is entitled to know wherein he has failed.

Every community has its incurable pessimists. While they grumble on the side-lines, the game of life is being played by men and women of faith and courage whose determined will urges them on to victory.

Education is America's first line of defense. The future of America hangs in the balance every day in every American schoolhouse. In the wide-spread discussion of better methods of promoting the more perfect understanding of American ideals by all the people, we recur constantly to the school-teacher. Here is a public servant whose work is essentially constructive.

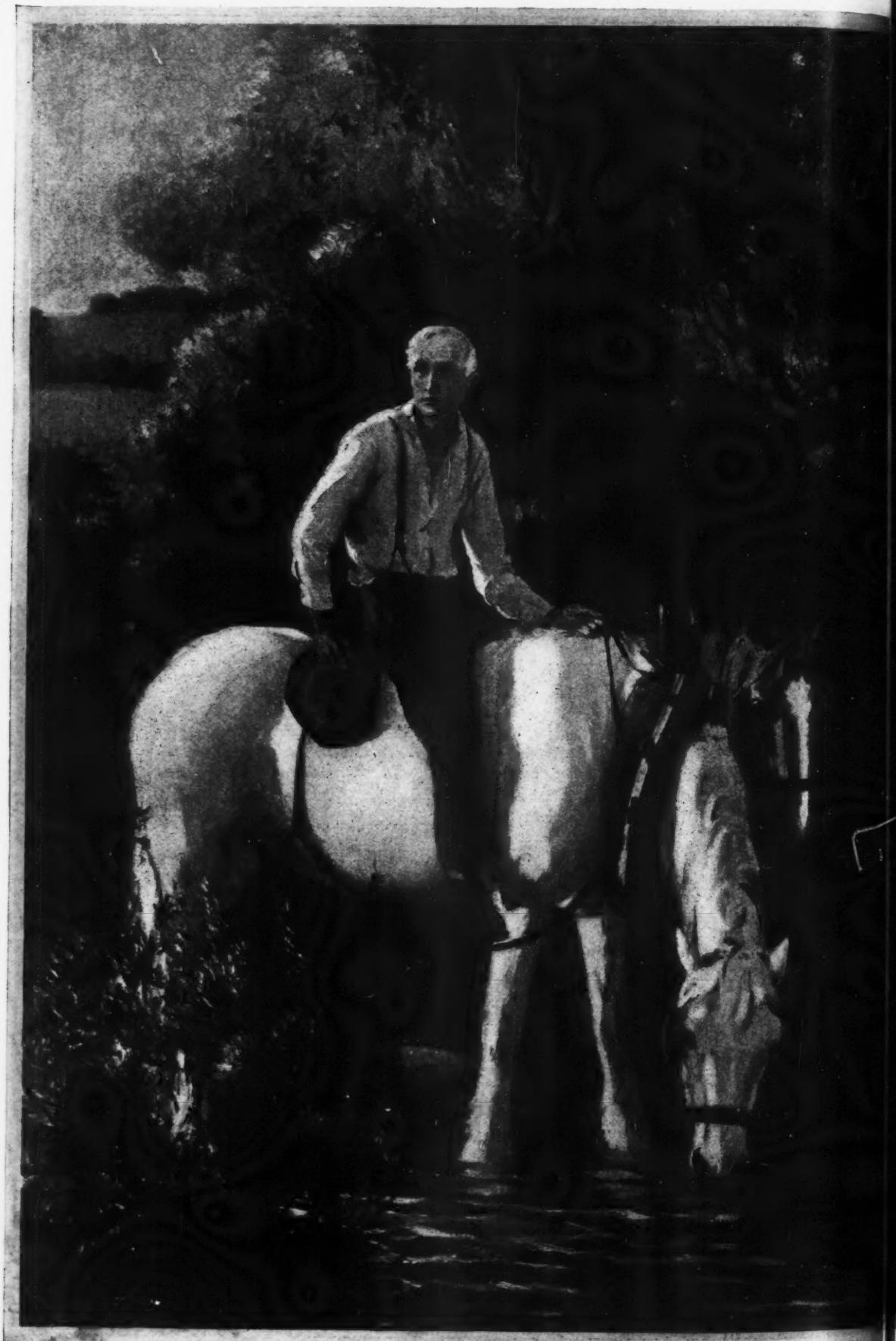
Pay the teachers a wage commensurate with their great responsibility to the nation!

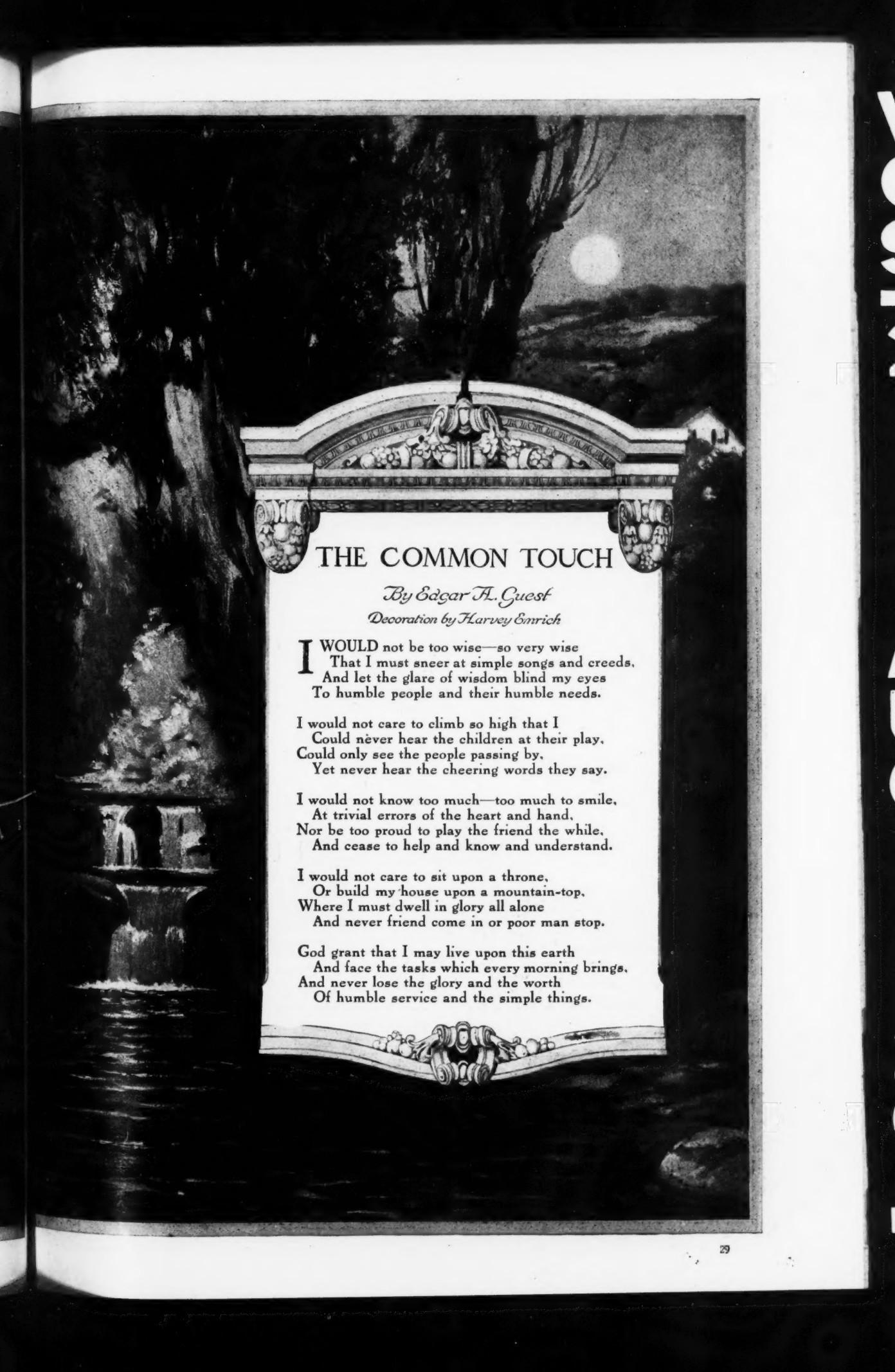
The child delights in a plaything he has fashioned with his own hands. We are all born to be producers, to add to the wealth and beauty and happiness of the world. Our gift need not be an obelisk by the Nile, or a Parthenon, or the dome of a St. Peter's. A cheering word that heartens a brother for the day's struggle—that, too, builds for eternity in the soul of him who gives and in him who receives.

We have a right to demand of statesmen that they complain less bitterly of the mistakes of their opponents and tell us more definitely what they will do if confronted by the same problems.

Be a builder, not a destroyer! It profits me nothing to tear down a thing that I cannot replace with something better.

"I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." He who uttered these words re-created the earth upon a new foundation whose corner-stone is love.





THE COMMON TOUCH

*By Edgar A. Guest
Decoration by Harvey Enrich*

I WOULD not be too wise—so very wise
That I must sneer at simple songs and creeds,
And let the glare of wisdom blind my eyes
To humble people and their humble needs.

I would not care to climb so high that I
Could never hear the children at their play,
Could only see the people passing by,
Yet never hear the cheering words they say.

I would not know too much—too much to smile,
At trivial errors of the heart and hand,
Nor be too proud to play the friend the while,
And cease to help and know and understand.

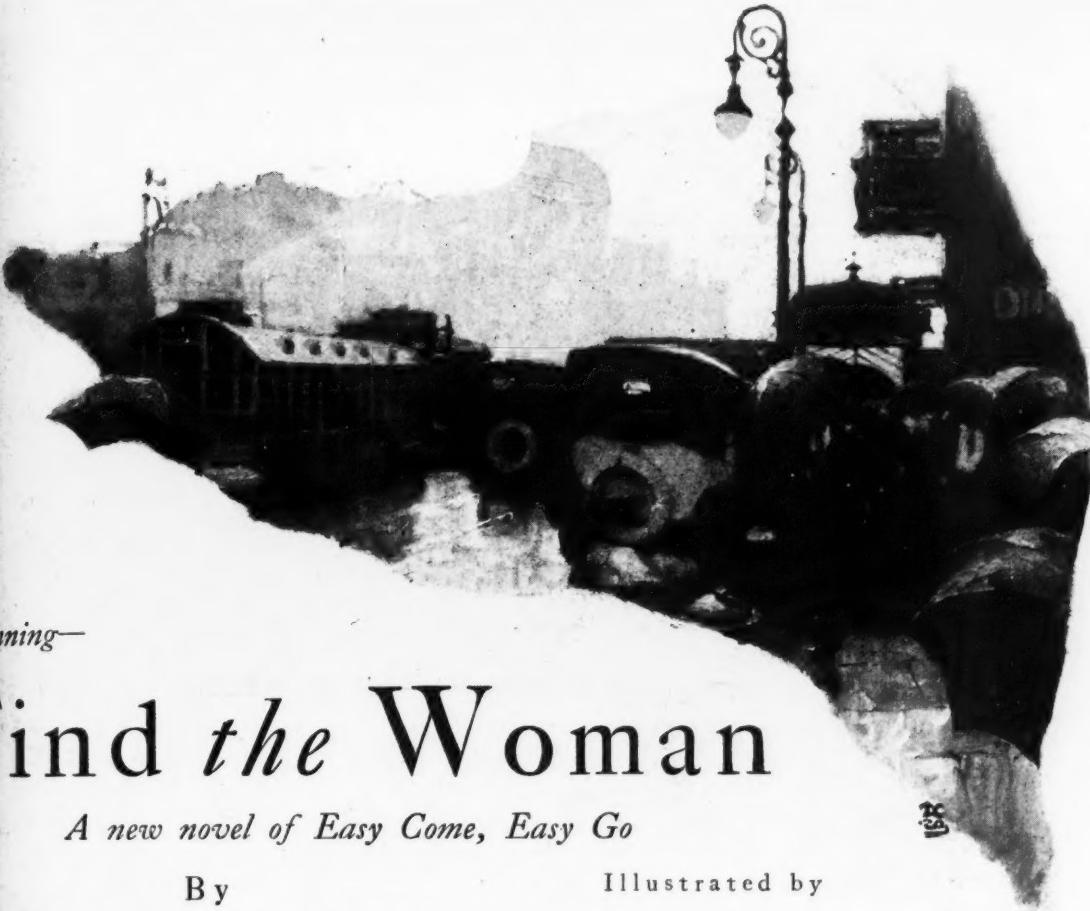
I would not care to sit upon a throne,
Or build my house upon a mountain-top,
Where I must dwell in glory all alone
And never friend come in or poor man stop.

God grant that I may live upon this earth
And face the tasks which every morning brings,
And never lose the glory and the worth
Of humble service and the simple things.



Clancy Deane, the heroine of "Find the Woman"—painted by Dean Cornwell

SHE owned the "Open, Sesame"—youth. Her challenging gray eyes might some day grow dim; the satiny luster of her black hair might give way to silver; but the heart of her would be ever young, and so the world would be hers. For it is only the young in spirit who win life's battles; youth cannot comprehend defeat, and so it knows only victory. And she had come to New York, which jibes at age, but bends a supple knee to youth. And because she was young, would always be young, Clancy Deane would be bound by no rules, no mental time-tables would fetter her. For the old, on learning that the train has gone, surrender to despair. The young take another train. Neither the road nor the destination matters to youth, and so—it always arrives.



Beginning—

Find the Woman

A new novel of Easy Come, Easy Go

By
Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by

Dean Cornwell

I

AS the taxi stopped, Clancy leaned forward. Yes; she'd read the sign aright! It was Fifth Avenue that she saw before her.

Fifth Avenue! And she, Clancy Deane, of Zenith, Maine, was looking at it with her own eyes! Dreams *did* come true, after all. She, forty-eight hours ago a resident of a sleepy Maine town, was in the city whence came those gorgeous women who, in the summer-time, thrilled her as they disembarked from their yachts in Zenith Harbor, to stroll round the town, amusement in their eyes.

She looked to the left. A limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, beside whom sat another liveried man, was also stopped by the policeman in the center of the avenue. Furtively, Clancy eyed the slim matron who sat, leaning back, in the rear of the car. From the jaunty touque of blue cloth trimmed with gold, down the chinchilla-collared seal coat, past the edge of brown duveteen skirt to the short-vamped shoes that, although Clancy could not know it, had just come from Paris, the woman was everything that Clancy was not.

As the policeman blew a whistle and the taxi moved forward and turned up the avenue, Clancy sat more stiffly. Oh, well, give her six months— She knew well enough that her tailor-made was not the real thing. But it was the best that Bangor, nearest city to Zenith, could provide. And it would do. So would her hat that, by the presence of the woman in the limousine, was made to seem coarse, bucolic. Even her shoes, which she had been assured were the very latest thing, were, she suddenly knew, altogether too long and narrow. But it didn't matter. In her pocketbook she held the "Open, Sesame" to New York.

A few weeks, and Clancy Deane would be as well dressed as this woman to whom a moment ago she had been so close. Clothes! They were all that Clancy needed. She knew that. And it wasn't vanity that made her realize that her faintly angular figure held all the elements that, ripening, would give her

shape that lissomeness envied by women and admired by men. It wasn't conceit that told her that her black hair, not lusterless but with a satiny sheen, was rare in its soft luxuriosness. It wasn't egotism that assured her that her face, with its broad mouth, whose red lips could curve or pout exquisitely, its straight nose with the narrow nostrils, its wide-set gray eyes, and low, broad forehead, was beautiful.

Conceit, vanity, egotism—these were not in the Clancy Deane make-up. But she recognized her assets, and was prepared to realize from their sale the highest possible price. She could not forbear to peep into her pocketbook. Yes; it was still there—the card, oddly enough, quite simply engraved, of "Mlle. Fanchon DeLisle." And, scrawled with a muddy pen, were the mystic words: "Introducing my little friend, Florine Ladue, to Mr. Morris Beiner."

Carefully, as the taxi glided up the avenue, Clancy put the card back in the side compartment of the rather bulky pocket-book. At Forty-fifth Street, the driver turned to the left toward Times Square. She recognized the Times Building from a photograph she had seen. The taxi turned again at the north end of the square, and, a door away, stopped before what seemed to be a row of modiste's shops.

"This is the Napoli, ma'am," the driver said. "The office is up-stairs. Help you with your bag, ma'am?"

"Of course." It was with a quite careless air that she replied.

She climbed the short and narrow flight of stairs that led to the office of the Napoli with as much of an air as is possible for any human to assume mounting stairs.

A fat, jolly-seeming woman sat at a desk perched so that it commanded not merely the long, narrow dining-room but the stairs to the street. Although Clancy didn't know it, the Napoli, the best known theatrical hotel in America, had been made by throwing several old dwelling-houses together.

"A room?" suggested Clancy.

The stout woman nodded pleasantly. Whereupon Clancy paid and tipped her taxi-man. The landlady, Madame Napoli, as Clancy was soon to learn, shoved the register toward her.



But it was the people at her own table who interested Clancy. The complete absence of formality that had gone back and forth that these were the most intimate of friends.

With a flourish, Clancy signed "Florine Ladue." To append the town of Zenith as her residence was too much of an anticlimax after the "Florine Ladue." Portland was a bit more cosmopolitan, and Portland, therefore, appeared on the register.

"You have a trunk?" asked Madame Napoli.

Clancy shook her head.

"Then the terms, for a room by the week, will be fourteen dollars—in advance," said Madame.

Clancy shrugged. Nonchalantly she opened her purse and drew forth a twenty-dollar bill. Madame beamed upon her.

"You may sign checks for one week, Miss"—she consulted the register—"Miss Ladue."

32

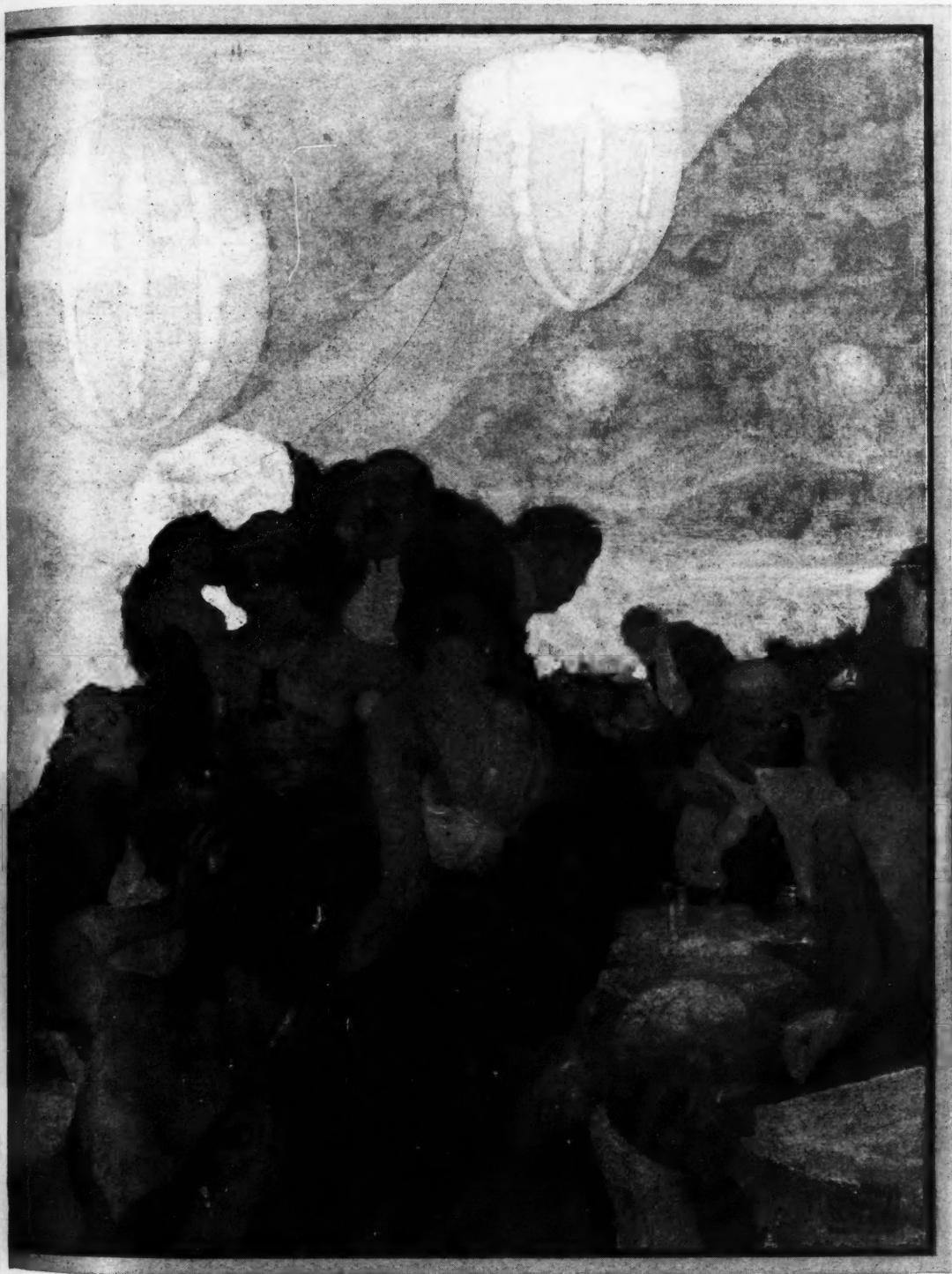
"Sign checks?" Clancy was puzzled.

Madame beamed. Also, a smaller edition of madame, with the same kindly smile, chuckled.

"You see," said madame, "my children—these are all my children." And she waved a fat hand toward the dining-room, where a few men and women were gaily chattering incomprehensible badinage to each other between mouthfuls. "But children are careless. And so—I let them sign checks for one week. If they do not pay at the end of one week—"

Clancy squared her shoulders haughtily.

"I think you need have no apprehension about me," she said stiltedly.



marked their entrance continued now. One gathered from the conversation that was bandied back
separated for years and now come together again

"Oh, I won't—not for one week," beamed *madame*. "Paul!" she called. A 'bus-boy emerged from the dining-room, wiping his hands upon a soiled apron.

"Take Miss—Ladue's bag to one hundred and eighteen," ordered *madame*. She beamed again upon Clancy. "If you like chocolate-cake, Miss Ladue, better come down early. My children gobble it up quickly."

"Thank you," said Clancy, and followed the 'bus-boy porter up two flights of stairs. Her room, fairly large, with a basin for running water and an ample closet, and, as Paul pointed out, only two doors from the bathroom, had two wide windows, and they looked out upon Times Square.

The afternoon was waning. Dots of light embellished the awesome Times Building. Back, lower down Broadway, an automobile leaped into being, poised nigh in the air, its wheels spinning realistically. A huge and playful kitten chased a ball of twine. A petticoat flapped back and forth in an electrically-created gale.

There was a wide seat before one window, and Clancy stretched out upon it, elbows upon the sill and her cheeks pressed into her two palms. Zenith was ten million miles away. She wondered why people had hoped that she wouldn't be lonely. As if anyone could be lonely in New York!

Why, the city was crowded! There were scores of things to

Find the Woman

do, scores of places to go. While back home in Zenith, two days ago, she had finished a day just like a hundred preceding, a thousand preceding days. She had washed her hands in the women's dressing-room at Miller & Company's. She had walked home, tired out after a hard day pounding a typewriter for Mr. Frank Miller. Her aunt Hetty—she wasn't really Clancy's aunt—Clancy was an orphan—but she'd lived at Mehitable Baker's boarding-house since her mother died, four years ago—had met her at the door and said that there was apple pie for supper and she'd saved an extra piece for her. After supper, there'd been a movie, then bed. Oh, occasionally there was a dance, and sometimes a dramatic company, fourth-rate, played at the opera-house. She thought of "Mlle. Fanchon DeLisle," whose card she carried, whose card was the "Open, Sesame."

Mademoiselle DeLisle had been in the "New York Blondes." Clancy remembered how, a year ago, when the "flu" first ravaged the country, Mademoiselle DeLisle had been stricken, on the night the Blondes played Zenith. She'd almost died, too. She said herself that, if it hadn't been for Clancy, when nurses were so scarce and hard to get, that she sure would have kicked in. She'd been mighty grateful to Clancy. And when she left, a fortnight after her company, she'd given Clancy this card.

"Morris Beiner ain't the biggest guy in the world, kid," she'd said, "but he's big enough. And he can land you a job. He got me mine," she stated. Then, as she caught a glint of pity in Clancy's eyes, she went on: "Don't judge the stage by the Blondes, and don't judge actresses by me. I'm an old-timer, kid. I never could act. But if the movies had been in existence twenty years ago, I'd 'a' cleaned up, kid; hear me tell it. It's a crime for a girl with your looks to be pounding the keys in a two-by-four cannery factory in a jerk Maine town. Why, with your looks—a clean-up in the movies—you don't have to be an actress, you know. Just look pretty and collect the salary. And a husband with kale—that's what a girl like you *really* wants. And you can get it. Think it over, kid."

Clancy had thought it over. But it had been one of those absurdly hopeless dreams that could never be realized. And then, two months ago, had come from California an inquiry as to her possible relationship to the late Stephen Burgess. Aunt Hetty had visited the court-house, looked up marriage records, with the result that, two days ago, Clancy had received a draft for seven hundred and thirty-two dollars and forty-one cents, one-eighth of the estate of Stephen Burgess, cousin of Clancy's mother.

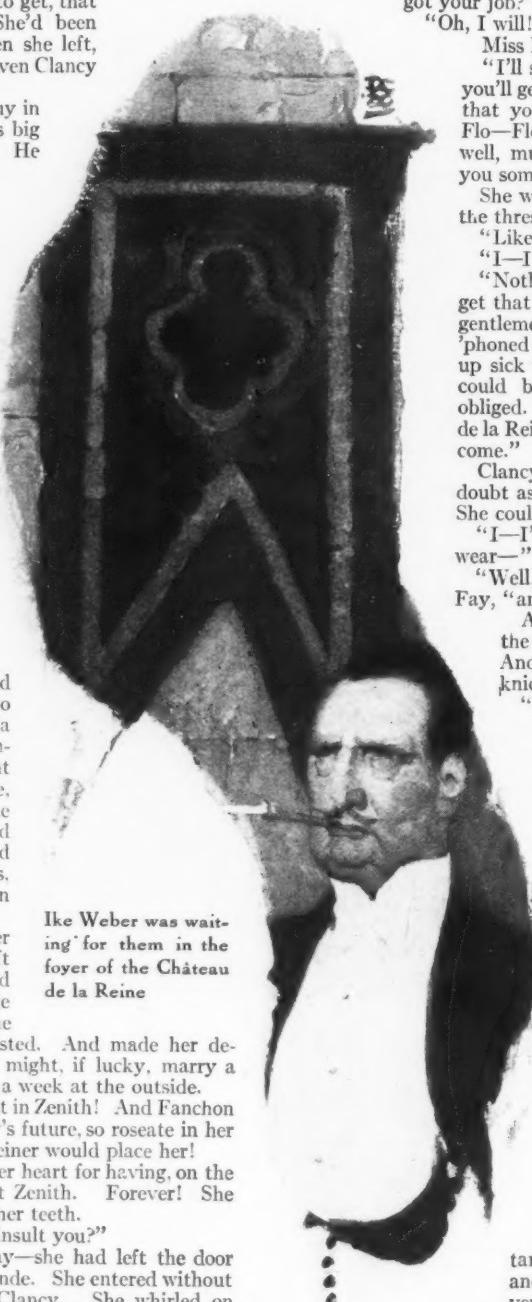
It wasn't a fortune, but Clancy, after a shrik, and showing the precious draft to aunt Hetty, had run up-stairs and found the card that Fanchon DeLisle had given her. She stood before the mirror. She pirouetted, turned, twisted. And made her decision. If she stayed in Zenith, she might, if lucky, marry a traveling man. One hundred dollars a week at the outside.

Better to sink in New York than float in Zenith! And Fanchon DeLisle had been so certain of Clancy's future, so roseate in her predictions, so positive that Morris Beiner would place her!

Not a regret could Clancy find in her heart for having, on the day after the receipt of the draft, left Zenith. Forever! She repeated the word to herself, gritting her teeth.

"What's the matter, kid? Did he insult you?"

Clancy looked up. In the doorway—she had left the door ajar—stood a tall young woman, a blonde. She entered without invitation and smiled cheerfully at Clancy. She whirled on one shapely foot.



Ike Weber was waiting for them in the foyer of the Château de la Reine

"Hook me up, will you, kid? I can't fix the darned thing to save my life."

Clancy leaped to her feet and began fastening the open dress of the woman. She worked silently, too overcome by embarrassment to speak. The blonde wriggled in her dress, making it fit more smoothly over her somewhat prominent hips. She faced Clancy.

"My name's Fay Marston. What's yours?"

"Cl—Florine Ladue," replied Clancy.

"Y-e-s, it is," grinned the other. "But it don't matter a darn, kid. It's what others call you, not what you call yourself. On the stage?"

"I expect to enter the movies," said Clancy.

"Enter them, eh? Wish I could crawl in! I'm too blamed big, they all tell me. Still, I should worry, while Mr. Ziegfeld runs the 'Follies.'"

"Are you in the 'Follies'?" asked Clancy. This was life! Fay winked.

"Not when they're on the road, old thing. I got your job?"

"Oh, I will!" said Clancy.

Miss Marston eyed her.

"I'll say you will. With a skin like that, you'll get anywhere under God's blue canopy that you want to go. That's the secret. Flo—Florine—skin. I tell you so. Oh, well, much obliged, kid. Do as much for you sometime."

She walked to the door but hesitated on the threshold.

"Like wild parties, Florine?" she asked.

"I—I don't know," said Clancy.

"Nothing rough, you know. I never forget that I'm a lady and what's due me from gentlemen," said Fay. "But—Ike Weber 'phoned me that his little friend was up sick with somethin' or other, and could bring another girl along, he'd obliged. Dinner and dance—at the Château de la Reine. Jazzy place, kid. You'd better come."

Clancy was thrilled. If a momentary doubt assailed her, she dismissed it at once. She could take care of herself.

"I—I'd love to. If I have anything to wear—" She hesitated.

"Well, unpack the old gripsack," grinned Fay, "and we'll soon find out."

A moment later, she was shaking out the folds of an extremely simple foulard. Another moment, and Clancy was in her knickers. Fay eyed her.

"Dance? Stage-dances, I mean. No? You oughta learn. Some pretty shape, kid. Here, lemme button this."

For a moment, Clancy hesitated. Fay patted her on the shoulder.

"Don't make any mistake about me, Florine. I'm the right kind of people for a little girl to know, all right."

"Why—why, of course you are!" said Clancy. Without further delay she permitted Fay to return her service of a while ago and hook up the pretty foulard.

II

IKE WEBER was waiting for them in the foyer of the Château de la Reine. During the brief taxi-ride up Broadway to the cabaret, Clancy had time to suffer reaction from the momentary daring that had led her to acceptance of Fay's invitation. It was this very sort of thing against which young girls were warned by pulpit and press.

She stole a searching glance at her companion's large-featured face and was reassured. "Vulgar, Fay Marston might be—but vicious?" "No," she decided.

And Weber's pleasant greeting served to allay any lingering fears. A good-natured, shrewd-eyed man, with uneven and slightly stained teeth, his expensive-seeming dinner jacket of dark-gray cloth, his dark, shining studs—Clancy could not tell of what jewels they were made—and his whole well-fed air seemed to reek of money. He waved a fat hand at Fay and immediately came toward them.

"You're late, ay," he announced.

"But look what made me late!" laughed the blond girl.

Weber bowed to Clancy with an exaggerated gallantry which he had picked up by much attendance at the theater.

"You're forgiven, Fay."

"Florine, meet Mr. Weber," pronounced Fay.

"Miss—Miss—kid, I forgot your name."

"Florine will do," said Weber. "It's bear of a name. Call me 'Ike,' girlie." He took Clancy's hand between his two fat palms and pressed it. He grinned at Fay.

"I'll let you do all my picking after this, Fay. Come on; check your things."

Up a heavily carpeted stairway he forced a path for them. Clancy would have lingered. Pushing against her were women dressed as she had never expected to see them dressed. There were necklaces of pearls and diamonds, coats of sable and chinchilla, gowns that even her inexperience knew cost in the hundreds, perhaps the thousands.

In the dressing-room, where she surrendered her plain cloth coat of a cheap dark-blue material to the maid, she voiced something of her amazement to Fay. The blond girl laughed.

"You'll have all they got, kid, if you take your time. At that, there isn't one of them wouldn't give all her rags for that skin of yours. Did you notice Ike's eyes? Like a cat lookin' at a plate of cream. You'll do, kid. If Ike likes your looks—and he does—you should worry about fur coats."

"Who is he?" demanded Clancy.

"Broker," said Fay. "With a leanin' to the stage. They say he's got money in half a dozen shows. I dunno about that, but he's a regular feller. Nothin' fresh about Ike. Don't worry, Florine."

Clancy smiled tremulously. She wasn't worried about the possible "freshness" of a hundred Webers. She was worrying about her clothes. But as they entered the dining-room and were escorted by a deferential *maitre d'hôtel* to a long, flower-laden table at one side, next the dancing-space, worry left her. Her shoulders straightened and her head poised confidently. For Clancy had an artistic eye. She knew that a single daisy in a simple vase will sometimes attract great attention in a conservatory filled with exotic blooms. She felt that she was that daisy to-night.

In somewhat of a daze, she let herself be presented to a dozen men and women, without catching a single name, and then sank into a chair beside Weber. He was busy talking at the moment to a petite brown-haired beauty, and Clancy was free to look about her. It was a gorgeous room, with a queer Japaneseque effect to the ceiling, obtained by draperies that were, as Clancy

phrased it to herself, "accordion-plaited." At the far end of the dancing-space was a broad flight of stairs that led to a sort of curtained balcony, or stage.

But it was the people at her own table who interested Clancy. The complete absence of formality that had marked their entrance—Weber had permitted them, after his escort to the dressing-room, to find their own way to the table—continued now. One gathered from the conversation that was bandied back and forth that these were the most intimate of friends, separated for years and now come together again.

A woman from another table, with a squeal of delight, rose, and, crossing over, spoke to the brown-haired girl. They kissed each other ecstatically, exchanged half a dozen sentences, and then the visitor retired. Clancy heard Weber ask the visitor's name.

"Hanged if I know! I seem to remember her faintly," said the brown-haired one.

Weber turned to Clancy.

"Get that?" he chuckled. "It's a great lane—Broadway. It ain't a place where you are acquainted with people; you love 'em."

"Or hate 'em?" suggested Clancy.

Weber beamed upon her. "Don't tell me that you're clever as well as a bear for looks, Florine! If you do, I'll be just bowled over completely."

Clancy shrugged.

"Was that clever?"

Weber chuckled.

"If you listen to the line of talk around this table—how I knocked 'em for a goal in Philly, and how Branwyn's been after me for seven months to get me to sign a contract, and how Bruce Fairchild got a company of his own because he was jealous of the way I was stealing the film from him—after a little of that, anything sounds clever. Dance, Florine?"

Back in Zenith, Ike Weber, even if he'd been the biggest business man in town, would have hesitated to ask Clancy Deane so casually to dance with him. The Deanes were real people in Zenith, even though they'd never had much money. But grandfather Deane had seen service in '47 in Mexico, had been wounded at the storming of Chapultepec; and grandfather Clancy had been Phil Sheridan's aide. That sort of thing mattered a whole lot in Zenith, even to-day.

But Clancy had come to New York, to Broadway, with no snobbery. All her glorious ancestry hadn't prevented her from feeling mighty lucky when Mr. Frank Miller made her his stenographer. She'd come to New York, to Broadway, to make a success, to lift herself forever beyond the Mr. Frank Millers and their factories. So it was not disinclination to letting Ike Weber's arm encircle her that made Clancy hesitate. She laughed, as he said,

"Maybe you think, because I'm a little fat, that I can't shake a nasty toe, Florine?"



Clancy hailed the driver. He drew in to the curb. "Please take me to the Napoli," she begged. "Near Times Square."

Find the Woman

"I—I'm awfully hungry," she confessed. "And—what are these things?"

She looked down at the plate before her, on which were placed almost a dozen varieties of edibles, most of them unfamiliar.

Weber laughed.

"Florine, I like you!" he declared. "Why, I don't believe you know what a four-flusher is. This your first Broadway party?"

"I never saw New York until this afternoon," she confessed.

Weber eyed her closely.

"How'd you meet Fay?"

Clancy told him, told him all about the little legacy from the West, the breaking of the home ties. She mentioned that she had a card of introduction to an agent.

"Well, that'll help—maybe," said Weber. "But it don't matter. You give me a ring to-morrow afternoon, and I'll make a date with you. I know about everybody in the picture game worth knowing, and I'll start you off right."

"You're awfully good," she told him.

Weber smiled; Clancy noted, for the first time, that the merry eyes deep-set in flesh, could be very hard.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I ain't. Anyway, you ring me—those are *hors-d'oeuvres*, Florine. Anchovy, *salami*—try 'em."

Clancy did, and enjoyed them. Also, she liked the soup, which Weber informed her was turtle, and the fish, a filet of sole. After that, she danced with her mentor.

They returned to the table and Weber promptly began singing her praises. Thereafter, in quick succession, she danced with several men, among them Zenda, a mop-haired man with large, dreamy eyes, who informed her casually that he was giving the party. It was to celebrate, he said, the releasing of his twenty-fifth film.

"You a friend of the big blond girl that you came in with?" he asked.

"Why, she invited me!" cried Clancy. "Miss Marston—don't you know her?"

Zenda grinned.

"Oh, yes; I know her. But I didn't know she was coming to-night. My press-agent told me that I ought to give a party. He invited everyone he could think of. Forty accepted, and about a dozen and a half are here. But that doesn't matter. I get the publicity just the same. Know

'em? I know everyone. I ought to. I'm one of the biggest men in the films. Listen to me tell you about it," he chuckled. "Florine, you sure can dance." Like the rest, he called her by her first name.

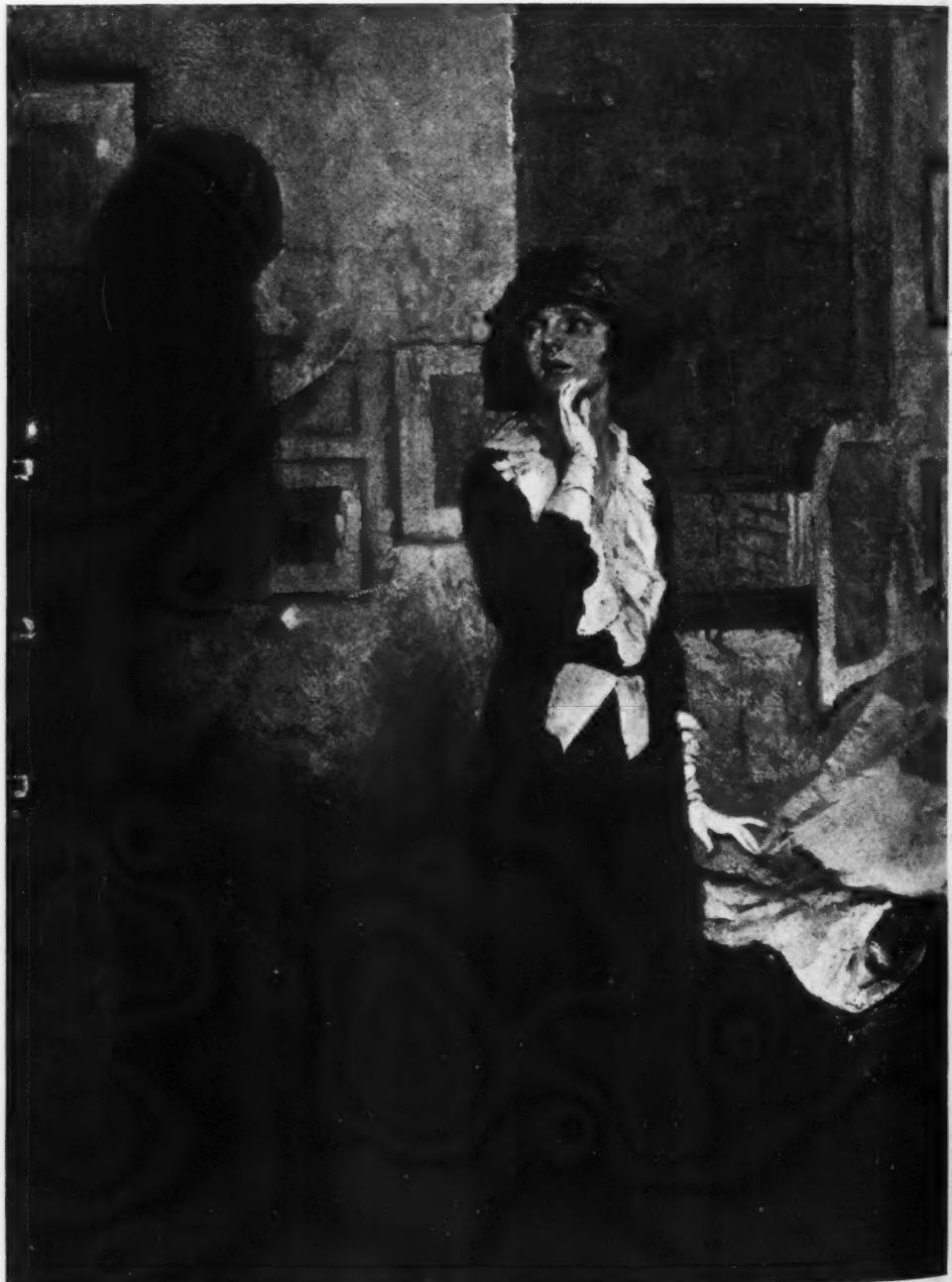
She was blushing with pride as he took her back to the table. But, to her piqued surprise, Zenda promptly forgot all about her. However, her pique didn't last long. At about the salad course, the huge curtain at the top of the wide staircase parted, and the cabaret began. For forty-five minutes it lasted, and Clancy was thrilled at its elaborateness.

At its end, the dinner had been eaten, and the party began to break up. Zenda came over to Weber.

"Feel like a game?" he asked.

"You know me," said Weber.

Ensued a whispered colloquy between five of the men. Then came many loud farewells and the making of many engagements. Clancy felt distinctly out of it. Weber, who wished her to telephone him to-morrow, seemed to forget her existence. So even



Clancy rose slowly to her feet. "Yes," she said deliberately: "I see. I see that you—why you're no
and the veins stood out on his forehead. "So that's the way

did Fay, who moved toward the dressing room. Feeling oddly neglected, Clancy followed her.

"What you doin' the rest of the evenin'?" asked Fay, as she was being helped into her coat.

"Why—I—nothing," said Clancy.

"Of course not!" Fay laughed. "I wasn't thinkin'. Want to come along with me?"

"Where are you going?" demanded Clancy cautiously. She'd heard a lot about the wickedness of New York, and to-night she had attended a dinner-party where actresses and picture-directors and backers of shows gathered. And it had been about as wicked as a church sociable in Zenith.

"Oh, Zenda and Ike and a few of the others are goin' up to Zenda's apartment. They play stud."

"Stud?" asked Clancy.

"Poker. They play the steepest game you ever saw, kid. Still, that'd be easy, you not havin' seen any game at all, wouldn't it? Want to come?"

"To Mr. Zenda's apartment?" Clancy was distinctly shocked. "Well, why not?" Fay guffawed. "Why, you poor little simp, Mabel Larkin'll be there, won't she?" Clancy's expression indicated bewilderment. "Gosh! Didn't you meet her? She sat at Weber's left all evening. She's Zenda's wife."

Clancy demurred no longer. She was helped into her coat, that seemed to have grown shrinkingly forlorn, and descended to the foyer with Fay. There Weber met them, and expressed delight that Clancy was to continue with the party.

"You'll bring me luck, Florine," he declared.

He ushered them into his own limousine, and sat in the rear seat between the two girls. But he addressed no words to Clancy. In an undertone, he conversed with Fay. Clancy grew slightly nervous. But the nervousness vanished as they descended from the car before a garish apartment-house. A question to Fay brought the information that they were on Park Avenue.

They alighted from the elevator at the seventh floor. The Zendas and five other people—two of whom were girls—had arrived before them, and were already grouped about a table in a huge living-room. Zenda was in his shirt-sleeves, sorting out chips from a mahogany case. Cigar smoke made the air blue. A colored man, in livery—a most ornate livery, whose main color was lemon, lending a sickly shade to his ebony skin—was decanting liquor.

No one paid any attention to Clancy. The same casualness that had served to put her at her ease at the Château de la Reine had the same effect now. She strolled round the room. She knew nothing of art, had never seen an original masterpiece. But once, in the Zenith Public Library, she had spent a rainy afternoon poring over a huge volume that contained copies of the world's most famous paintings. One of them was on the Zenda living-room wall. Fay, lighting a cigarette, heard her exclamation of surprise. She joined her.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

Clancy pointed at the picture.

"A Landseer," she said, breathlessly. "Of course, though, it's a copy."

"Copy nothin'," said Fay indignantly. "Zenda bought it for the publicity. Paid sixty-seven thousand for it."

Clancy gasped. Fay smiled indulgently.

"Sure. He makes about six hundred



better than a thief! Unlock that door and let me out!" Beiner stared at her. His fat face reddened. You take it, eh? Now then, you little simp, you listen to me!"

Find the Woman

thousand a year. And his wife makes three thousand a week whenever she needs a little pocket-money."

"Not really?"

"Oh, it's true, all right. Why, Penniman, there, the little gray-haired man—he was an electrician in a Broadway theater five years ago. Griffin used him for some lighting effects in one of his films. Now he does nothin' but plan lighting effects for big features, and he gets two thousand a week. Grannis, that man shufflin' the cards"—and she pointed to a tall, sallow-faced man—"was press-agent for another theater four years ago. He's half-owner of the Zenda films to-day. Makes a quarter of a million or so every year. Of course, Zenda gets most of it. Lallo, the man drinkin' the Scotch, was a bankrupt eighteen months ago. He got some Wall Street money behind him, and now he owns a big bit of the stock of the Lallo Exchange, a big releasing organization. Worth a couple of million, easy. Oh, yes; that Landseer is the real thing. Sh. Come over and watch 'em play, kid."

Weber reached out his fat hand as Clancy came near. He patted her arm.

"Stay near me, and bring me luck, Florine."

The game had begun. It was different from any game that Clancy had ever seen. She watched eagerly. Zenda dealt five cards, one to each player, face down. Then he dealt five more, face up.

"You're high," he said to Weber. Clancy noted that Weber's exposed card was a king.

"I'll bet one berry," said Weber. He tossed a white chip toward the center of the table.

"How much is that?" whispered Clancy.

Weber laughed.

"A berry, Florine, is a buck, a seek—a dollar."

"Oh!" said Clancy. Vaguely she felt admonished.

Grannis sat next to Weber. He gingerly lifted the edge of the first card dealt to him and peeked at it. Then he eyed the eight of diamonds that lay face up before him.

"We are here," he announced jovially, "for one purpose—to get the kale in the middle of the table. I see your miserable berry, Ike, and on top of it you will notice that I place four red chips, red being the color of my heart."

Penniman immediately turned over his exposed card.

"I wouldn't like to win the first pot," he said. "It's unlucky."

"How the lads do hate to admit the tinge of yellow!" Weber jeered.

Lallo studied the jack before him.

"Just to prove," he said, "that I am neither superstitious nor yellow, I'll see your two hundred, Grannis."

"I feel the way you do, Lallo," said Zenda. He put five chips, four red and one white, in the middle of the table.

Weber squeezed Florine's hand.

"Breathe luck in my ear, kid," he whispered. Then, louder, he said: "Fooled you with that little berry bet, eh? Well, suckers, as Grannis says, we're here for one purpose." He patted the king that lay face up before him with his fat hand. "Did your royal highness think I didn't show the proper respect to your high rank? Well, I was just teasing the boys along. Make it an even five hundred," he said briskly. He pushed four red and three blue chips toward the little pile.

Clancy did some quick figuring. The blue chips must be worth one hundred dollars apiece. It was incredible, ghastly, but—fascinating. Grannis stared at Weber.

"I think you mean it, Ike," he said gently. "But—so do I. I'm with you."

Lallo turned over his exposed card. With mock reproach, he said:

"Why, I thought you fellows were playing. Now that I see you're in earnest—" He winked merrily at Clancy.

Zenda chuckled.

'Didn't know we were playing for keeps, eh, Lal? Well, nobody deceived me. I'm with you, Ike."

He put his chips in the pot and dealt again. When, finally, five cards had been given each remaining player, Grannis had two eights and an ace showing. Weber dropped out on the last card, but Zenda called Grannis' bet of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Grannis turned over his "buried" card. He had another king, and his two pair beat Zenda's pair of aces. And Grannis drew in the chips.

Clancy had kept count of the money. Forty-five hundred dollars in red and blue chips, and four dollars in whites. It—it was criminal!

The game now became more silent. Sitting in a big armchair,

dreamily wondering what the morrow and her card to Morris Beiner would bring forth, Clancy was suddenly conscious of a harsh voice. She turned and saw pretty Mabel Larkin, Zenda's wife, staring at Weber. Her eyes were glaring.

"I tell you, Zenda," she was saying, "he cheats. I've been telling you so for weeks. Now I can prove it."

Clancy stared at Weber. His fat face seemed suddenly to have grown thin.

"Your wife had better prove it, Zenda," he snarled.

"She'll prove it if she says she will!" cried Zenda. "We've been laying for you, Weber. Mabel, what did he do?"

His wife answered, never taking her eyes from Weber.

"He 'made' the cards for Penniman's next deal. He put two aces so that he'd get them. Deal them, Mr. Penniman, and deal the first card face up. Weber will get the ace of diamonds on the first round and the ace of clubs on the second."

Penniman picked up the deck of cards. For a moment, he hesitated. Then Weber's fat hand shot across the table and tore the cards from Penniman's grasp. There was a momentary silence. Then Zenda's voice, sharp, icy, cut the air.

"Weber, that's confession. You're a crook! You've made over a hundred thousand in this game in the last six months. By God, you'll settle—"

Weber's fat fist crashed into Zenda's face, and the dreamy-eyed director fell to the floor. Clancy leaped to her feet. She saw Grannis swing a chair above her head, and then, inconsequently, as Zenda's wife screamed, Clancy fled from the room. She found her coat and put it on. With trembling fingers she opened the door into the corridor and reached the elevator. She rang the bell.

It seemed hours before the lift arrived. She had no physical fear; it was the fear of scandal. If the folks back home in Zenith should read her name in the papers as one of the participants, or spectators, even, in a filthy brawl like this, she could never hold her head up again. For three hours she had been of Broadway; now, suddenly, she was of Zenith.

"Taxi, miss?" asked the polite doorman down-stairs.

She shook her head. At any moment they might miss her up-stairs. She had no idea what might or might not happen.

A block down the street, she discovered that not wearing a hat rendered her conspicuous. A small closed car passed her. Clancy did not yet know that two-passenger cars are never taxicabs. She hailed the driver. He drew in to the curb.

"Please take me to the Napoli," she begged. "Near Times Square."

The driver stared at her. Then he touched his hat.

"Certainly," he said courteously.

Then Clancy drew back.

"Oh, I thought you were a taxi-man!"

"Well, I can at least take you home," smiled the driver. She looked at him. They were near an arc-light, and he looked honest, clean. He was big, too.

"Will you?" she asked.

She entered the car. Not a word did either of them speak until he stopped before the Napoli. Then, hesitantly, diffidently, he said,

"I suppose you'd think me pretty fresh if—if I asked your name."

She eyed him.

"No," she said slowly. "But I wouldn't tell it to you."

He accepted the rebuke smilingly.

"All right. But I'll see you again, sometime. And so you'll know who it is—my name's Randall, David Randall Good-night." She flushed at his smiling confidence. She forgot to thank him as she ran up the stairs into the Napoli.

Safe in her room, the door locked, she sat down on the window-seat and began to search out her plan of action. Little by little, she began to see that she had no plan of action to find. Accidentally she had been present when a scandalous charge was made. She knew nothing of it, was acquainted with none of the participants. Still, she was glad that she had run away. Heaven alone knew what had happened. Suddenly she began to weep. The conquering of Broadway, that had seemed so simple an achievement a few hours ago, now, oddly, seemed a remote, an impossible happening.

Some one knocked on her door. Startled, afraid, she made no answer. The door shook as some one tried the knob. Then Fay's voice sounded through the thin partition.

"Hey, Florine! You home?"

Clancy opened the door reluctantly. Fay burst into the room. Her blond hair had become string-seeming. Her make-up was streaked with perspiration.

(Continued on page 13)



Cappy sat up, affrighted. "The unmitigated jackass!" he declared

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

And Peter B. Kyne has made him cannier than ever

Illustrated by Edward L. Chase

THIS story properly begins back in 1915, shortly after Captain Matt Peasley married Cappy Ricks' daughter Florry and took over the presidency of the Blue Star Navigation Company. Those who have followed the adventures of Cappy Ricks will recall that about this time the old gentleman retired from active participation in the wholesale lumber and shipping business and arrogated to himself the title of president emeritus of the Blue Star Navigation Company, the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company, and half a dozen allied companies. Thereafter, he faced a life of ease with that seraphic calm which comes of a consciousness of a well-lined purse at the conclusion of a life filled with worthy endeavor and worth-while accomplishment.

Alas! The habit of work had set its everlasting seal upon Cappy Ricks. Authority lurked in the very marrow of his aged bones, and he could not relinquish it. Quite naturally, therefore, his son-in-law had been in command less than three months before Cappy differed with him on a question of whom to appoint master of the Blue Star seven-thousand-ton freighter, Orion. The riot was precipitated when Peasley announced his intention of handing the job to Captain Ephraim Hibbard, a bluenose friend of his from blue water and a wind-jammer.

"Hum-m-m. Ahem-m-m. Harumph-h-h," Cappy Ricks sat up abruptly in his swivel chair and gazed upon his son-in-law over the tops of his spectacles. "Nothing doing!" he piped.

"No?" Captain Matt queried, with a rising inflection that predicated war. "Well, what right have you to stick your oar in, old-timer? I thought you had retired and placed me in charge."

"So I have; so I have. My dear boy, control yourself," Cappy soothed. "Surely, Matthew, you would not deny me the privilege of making a worth-while suggestion—in view of the fact that I was a veteran in the shipping world at a time when you were mewling and puking in your nurse's arms."

"Oh! So this is to be a suggestion? Very well; I shall be happy to listen to it. I had a suspicion you were about to launch a direct command," he added.

Cappy ignored this thrust.

"Have you ever considered the relative ratio of bluenoses to squareheads in the membership of Harbor Fifteen, Masters and Pilots Association of America?" he demanded tolerantly.

Matt Peasley admitted he had not.

"I am amazed at your admission," his father-in-law continued. "If I may judge by the avidity with which you are seeking Down-East skippers for our fleet and ignoring the flaxen-haired vikings of Scandinavia, you're about due to break down the morals of the Blue Star Navigation Company. Notwithstanding the fact that we have the smallest mercantile marine in the world to-day for a nation of our size and wealth, you know as well as I do that but for our Scandinavian brethren we wouldn't be able to operate the few ships we have."

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

"Step up to the plate and hit the ball squarely on the nose," Matt demanded. "What have you got against Eph Hibbard? He's a man and a sailor, every inch of him; he came aboard through the hawse-pipes, and nobody ever handed him anything on a silver plate."

"No; but you're trying to. And he didn't come aboard through the hawse-pipes of a Blue Star ship—while First Mate Axel Gustafson of the Florence Ricks did. My boy, why not promote the faithful servants who have been in our employ so these many years before distributing plums to outsiders?"

"That Finn! Why, Cappy, he's a dog-barking navigator. The Orion is too heavy-calibered for Gustafson."

"I don't know about that, Matt. We can be more positive after we've given him his chance."

"I'm not taking chances with a brand-new ship," Matt retorted.

"Well, in view of the fact that I own about sixty per cent. of the Orion, I think we'll take a chance, Matt." Cappy declared, forced to finality. "If Gustafson walks her, overland, I'll not yell murder. Besides—ahem—harumph-h-h—Gustafson was in to see me recently, and—I—er—I—I'm afraid I—er—committed myself, Matt." Cappy looked just a trifle embarrassed and distressed; seeing which, Matt Peasley surrendered.

"Very well, Cappy; have it your own way. Only, if that Finn makes any mistakes, you ought to pay for them."

"I'll just take that little bet, Matt. The fact is, I wouldn't give a hoot for a man who didn't pull a bone-head play every once in so often. Your colleague of the lumber department, Skinner, is the only person I know who never makes mistakes, and he, the poor fish, is so busy playing the game close to his vest and losing so much valuable time and so many profitable opportunities doing it that I'm not quite clear in my mind yet whether Skinner's an asset or a liability."

As Matt Peasley left the office, Cappy called after him:

"Hey, there! No sulking, now. When you promote Axel Gustafson, do it with a smile—make him think you're doing it willingly because he's earned it. If he feels that he hasn't got the entire confidence of his owners, he'll be a failure from the start, and don't you forget it."

Three months later, Captain Matt Peasley came into Cappy's office and demanded the latter's check for five thousand dollars, payable to the order of the Blue Star Navigation Company.

"Elucidate," the president emeritus demanded.

"Boner number one of Captain Axel Gustafson," Matt replied pleasantly. "You'll recall guaranteeing the company against any loss incident to that Finn's stupidity."

"My word is my bond. I remember perfectly. What has the—er—fellow—done now?"

"Well, you see, Cappy, Axel had run coastwise all his life. While he has a master's ticket to navigate the dark blue, he acquired it on theory instead of practise—and, moreover, navigating a ship is such a simple matter that even Gustafson managed to get by the inspectors. What Axel didn't know or didn't pause to think about, however, are a few simple rules promulgated by the Department of Commerce. When he sailed from Grays Harbor with that cargo of lumber for Havana, he just pulled out the minute he had his deck-load lashed. He never bothered to get a bill of health—"

Cappy sat up, affrighted.

"The unmitigated jackass!" he declared.

"Not at all, Cappy. Remember, Axel has been running coastwise all his life, and bills of health aren't necessary in that trade. He's merely a victim of habit. Well, kick in with five

thousand. We've been fined that much by the Cuban government—at least Axel has—for arriving in Havana without a bill of health, and since he cannot pay it, the Blue Star Navigation Company must; and since the Blue Star declines, you're stuck to the hilt."

"Five thousand drops of my heart's blood," Cappy growled, as he wrote the check. "That Finn has certainly ruined a fine day for me."

Two weeks passed, during which period Cappy made frequent inquiry of Matt Peasley regarding the operations of Captain Axel Gustafson.

"I have nothing new to report, sir," Matt invariably replied. "However, I have hopes."

Cappy reflected that the Finn could not possibly get into trouble while discharging his cargo at Havana, taking on a cargo of sugar, and making the short run over to New Orleans to discharge it. And in order to guard



against the possibility of another five-thousand-dollar donation, he had spent twenty dollars cabling Axel some singularly pointed advice.

"I ought to fire that blockhead," he soliloquized. "And I would—only, that would be an admission to Matt and Skinner that they were right, and I was wrong. I may be losing my punch as a business man, but I'll be shot if I can afford to admit it. No, sir; not at my age."

He was cogitating thus one afternoon when there came a knock at his office door.

"Come in," he barked.

Entered Mr. Joseph Bender, of the sales-staff of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company. Mr. Bender was twenty-six years old, russet, imaginative, aggressive, popular, and a crack-jack salesman.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Ricks," he announced, and sat down.
"Well, Joey?" the president emeritus queried promptly.
"I've resigned," Joey announced, "and I've called to say good-by and tell you how almighty hard I find it to leave you."



Miss Patten was no longer employed in Mr. Skinner's department. For Joey had married her. It required all the time of two persons to care for the pineapple business

"Now, now, Joey, you Hotspur, none of that! How dare you resign? Why, dad burn your photograph, boy, I forbid it!"

"Well, I'm glad somebody appreciates me," Joey replied mournfully.

"Look here, young feller: You been scrapping with Mr. Skinner."

"No, sir. I asked him for a raise of fifty dollars a month, because I was earning it and a competitor wanted to pay me that much more. He countered with an offer of twenty-five; so I told him to find somebody else for my job."

"Joey, I'm ashamed of you! You've worked under Skinner since you got out of high school, and you ought to know by this time his strength and his weaknesses. It is instinct with him to cut all appropriations fifty per cent. if he can get away with it. And he always tries. Now, you wanted a fifty-dollar-a-month advance in wages and, very foolishly, you asked for it. Why didn't you demand a hundred? Then he would have given you fifty."

"Well, it's too late to experiment on him now. I'm through."

"Sorry to hear that, Joey. However, take my advice and reconsider the matter, and, in the mean time, I'll tell you what I'll do. Of course, Mr. Skinner is the president and general manager of the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company, and I simply dare not butt in on his department, even though it belongs to me. He's touchy, Joey, very touchy. Consequently, I have to spar round more or less and gradually sell him the idea that you're worth a fifty-dollar raise. Then you'll get it, Joey, and we'll all be happy."

"No, sir," Joey replied firmly. "I'm through. Mr. Skinner is a marvel in his peculiar way, but his way is too peculiar for me."

Cappy Ricks eyed young Mr. Bender very severely over the tops of his spectacles.

"I know what's wrong with you, my callow young friend," he declared presently. "You're in love. I'll go further. You're engaged to be married."

Joey flushed.

"How did you guess that, sir?"

"Because you've suddenly become fired with an ambition to be your own man, and young fellows with jobs as good as yours and prospects as bright as yours, never come down with ambition until some smart woman tells them where to head in. Who is this unfortunate girl?"

"Miss Patten, Mr. Skinner's secretary."

"Joey, that's a very forceful young woman. She has brains. Beware of young women with brains. They rule the roost."

"I'll take a chance."

"Got any money?"

"I've saved a few thousands, sir."

"When do you plan to marry Miss Patten?"

Joey hitched his chair toward Cappy, took out a pencil and his order-book, and prepared to make a selling-talk.

"Now, that all depends upon you, Mr. Ricks—" he began, and favored Cappy with the engaging smile that always disarmed suspicion and started orders his way. But Cappy shook his head.

"Nothing doing, Joey," he declared. "It's cruel enough of you to resign and leave a hole in our sales-force without adding to the burden by asking me to finance you as a free-lance broker."

"But," Joey persisted, "I'm going to take you in as a partner. I'm going to bet every dollar I possess, and if you'll match me for an equal amount, I'll incorporate the Bender Import and Export Company and make you a pot of money."

"I've recently lost a pot of money, Joey, and something tells me I'm going to lose some more. I'm in too mournful a frame of mind to listen to your selling-talk this afternoon."

"But this is a sure-fire winner, Mr. Ricks. And I'm going to sell you this idea if it's the last act of my young life, because—"

The door opened and Mr. Skinner entered, followed by Captain Matt Peasley. There was a smirk on Mr. Skinner's usually austere countenance, and Matt Peasley's face was ruddy with suppressed mirth. Cappy glared at them.

"Well, well, well!" he rasped. "Out with it!"

"With reference to your friend, Captain Gustafson, sir," Mr. Skinner began, "it now develops that the innocent—ah—fellow also neglected to get a register before leaving for Havana. And now, that pet Finn of yours is in more trouble. It seems the United States consul at Havana wouldn't recognize him because he didn't have a register; so, in desperation, the poor

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

devil pulled out for New Orleans—you tell him the remainder of the story, Matt."

"And when he got to New Orleans, Cappy," Matt supplemented, "our own dear paternal government assessed him another five thousand dollars for his inability to show a Cuban bill of health. You see, Cappy, the demands of red tape had to be met, and the Cuban government couldn't be expected to give a bill of health to an alleged United States steamer when our own consul refused to recognize her as such."

The despot of the Blue Star Line clawed his whiskers and glared in helpless fury. Presently he tried to smile, but made sorry going of it.

"Such little incidents as these add to the spice of what would otherwise be a humdrum existence," he finally managed to say.

"You have a peculiar sense of humor," his son-in-law declared dryly. "Even the humorous weeklies have never been known to pay ten thousand dollars for a joke."

"Ten thousand dollars is a mere bagatelle to Mr. Ricks where his loyalty to his friends is concerned," the bland Skinner opined. "Fortunately for him, however, his friends in the dog-barking class of navigators are so few and his thousands so many that he will not prove a disappointment to the commonwealth when it gets round to collecting inheritance taxes."

"I agree with you, Skinner. However, in view of the fact that my wife and my son are his sole heirs at law, I trust he will restrain his generous impulses in the future. I should dislike very much to have him go broke guaranteeing the accounts of mental cripples."

"Yes, indeed!" Mr. Skinner agreed sorrowfully. "That would be a calamity, indeed, in view of the fact that Mr. Ricks has passed the money-making stage. They never come back after seventy, Matt."

"You know it, Skinner. Well, Cappy, I'll have the book-keeper charge your account with this second donation and credit the account of the Orion."

"If there should be further developments in the matter of the man Gustafson, I will apprise you immediately, sir," Mr. Skinner promised unctuously. "That is," he added, "if Matt forgets."

"Come, Skinner, my boy; let us leave this melancholy presence—"

"I've forgotten more about making money than you two unlicked cubs will ever know," Cappy shrilled. "You two think I've lost my punch, eh? Well, I'll show you. To prove to you that I can come back, even if I am past seventy years old, I'll bet you two fresh birds five thousand dollars each that, if I live to be three years older, I'll make an independent fortune of a quarter of a million dollars in an enterprise which I shall launch this instant and pay no further attention to it from to-day on. I shall merely make the balls, and Joey Bender, here, shall fire them. Are you two practical jokers game for a wild man's bet like that?"

"I never gamble," Mr. Skinner protested, hastening to cover immediately.

"Well, I'll take a bet like that if it ruins me," Matt Peasley assured his aged superior.

"You'll lose your money," Mr. Skinner warned. "Mr. Ricks has ample resources; he can put a million-dollar bank-roll behind Bender and a couple of deals in ships, now that the war is on—"

"I'll not deal in ships, and I'll not put up a cent more than Joey. I'll match every dollar Joey puts up—that's all."

"Well, mine is a Los Angeles bank-roll," Joey assured them.

"What do you call a 'Los Angeles bank-roll?'" Skinner demanded.

"Oh, a little bale of dollar bills. Mr. Ricks, if you'll give me your check for four thousand dollars and let me have the benefit of that gigantic brain of yours from time to time, I will return you your money a hundredfold within three years. Don't let them spoof you, sir. We can do it."

"On what, pray?" demanded Skinner.

"Well, just to make it interesting, we'll start off by doing a little retail trading in pineapples, Mr. Skinner."

"Yes, sir; pineapples," Cappy hastened to back Joey up.

"I'll take your bet, sir," said Skinner, turning to Cappy.

"Eat it up, Mr. Ricks," Joey urged. "Don't let hem bluff you."

"Well, I have twenty thousand dollars' worth of confidence in myself, not to mention Joey," Cappy piped bravely. "While I am far from being an expert pineapple man, I recognize the fact that pineapples are coming to the front very rapidly. For instance, Joey, have you ever pondered the possibilities of

extracting the juice and then fermenting the pulp with a view to its possibilities as a commercial fertilizer?"

"Shake hands on it," Matt Peasley ordered, before Joey could catch Cappy's cue and frame a suitable reply. So they shook hands on it, and Cappy made a memorandum of the bet, and he, Skinner, and Matt signed it, with Joey as a witness.

"Now then, clear out!" Cappy ordered.

II

WHEN Joey and Cappy Ricks were alone once more, the president emeritus turned to his new partner.

"Well, Joey," he announced calmly, "they forced my hand; but never let it be said that I let those two jokers put anything over on me. My boy, let us consider the Bender Lumber and Trading Company as fully established, and pass promptly to the subject of pineapples—and may the Lord have mercy on our crazy souls!"

"I was breezing up the street yesterday afternoon, Mr. Ricks, and when passing the office of the American Railway Express Company, I observed in their window a thundering big Hawaiian pineapple bearing the legend: 'We will send this pineapple by parcel-post to any address in the United States or Canada for the sum of one dollar.' Instantly I had an inspiration."

"Hum-m-m."

"Mr. Ricks, have you ever paused to reflect on the number of persons in these United States who have never eaten an Hawaiian pineapple, without doubt the finest pine-apple grown anywhere?"

"I hadn't considered that at all, Joey. My mind has never run to fruit."

"Have you ever dreamed of a South Sea island, with coco-palms lifting against the sky, of breadfruit and guava and pineapple, of the seductiveness and romance of a coral strand, and so forth, and so forth? The pineapple is reminiscent of all that, Mr. Ricks. To me—and I take myself as a sample of the average person—there is something seductive and—interesting in the very word 'pineapple.' How many people do you suppose would buy a pineapple if they knew they could get a regular pineapple at regular rates via the parcel-post?"

"Skip the selling-talk, Joey. You forget that I am already sold. What's the program?"

"I went right into that office and saw the general manager. When I came out, I had a contract with the express company to the effect that every time I brought them in seventy-five cents they would give me a mighty nice big pineapple and deliver it for me to any address in the United States or Canada."

Cappy's heart sank.

"Joey," he declared solemnly, "you're an abandoned young idiot! I do believe I'm glad you're leaving our employ."

"You ought to be, because I'm going to make you a quarter of a million dollars. The proposition is simplicity itself. All we do is stick a nice little advertisement in a couple of national magazines—cut of a pineapple in colors, and a cordial invitation to send a dollar and a quarter to the Bender Trading Company and get a real Hawaiian pineapple. Money back if not satisfied. As fast as the orders and the dollar-and-a-quarter postal money-orders arrive, we take the order and seventy-five cents down to the express company, and it does the rest. We spend fifteen cents per pineapple on an investment of ninety cents you're making a mighty nice percentage of profit—"

"But, Joey! How do we know folks will buy these dratted pineapples?"

"We do not know. We're going to spend five thousand dollars to find out. And of course we're going to be mighty careful and send nothing but the very finest pineapples. We ought to get a lot of reorders, and those who buy will tell their friends."

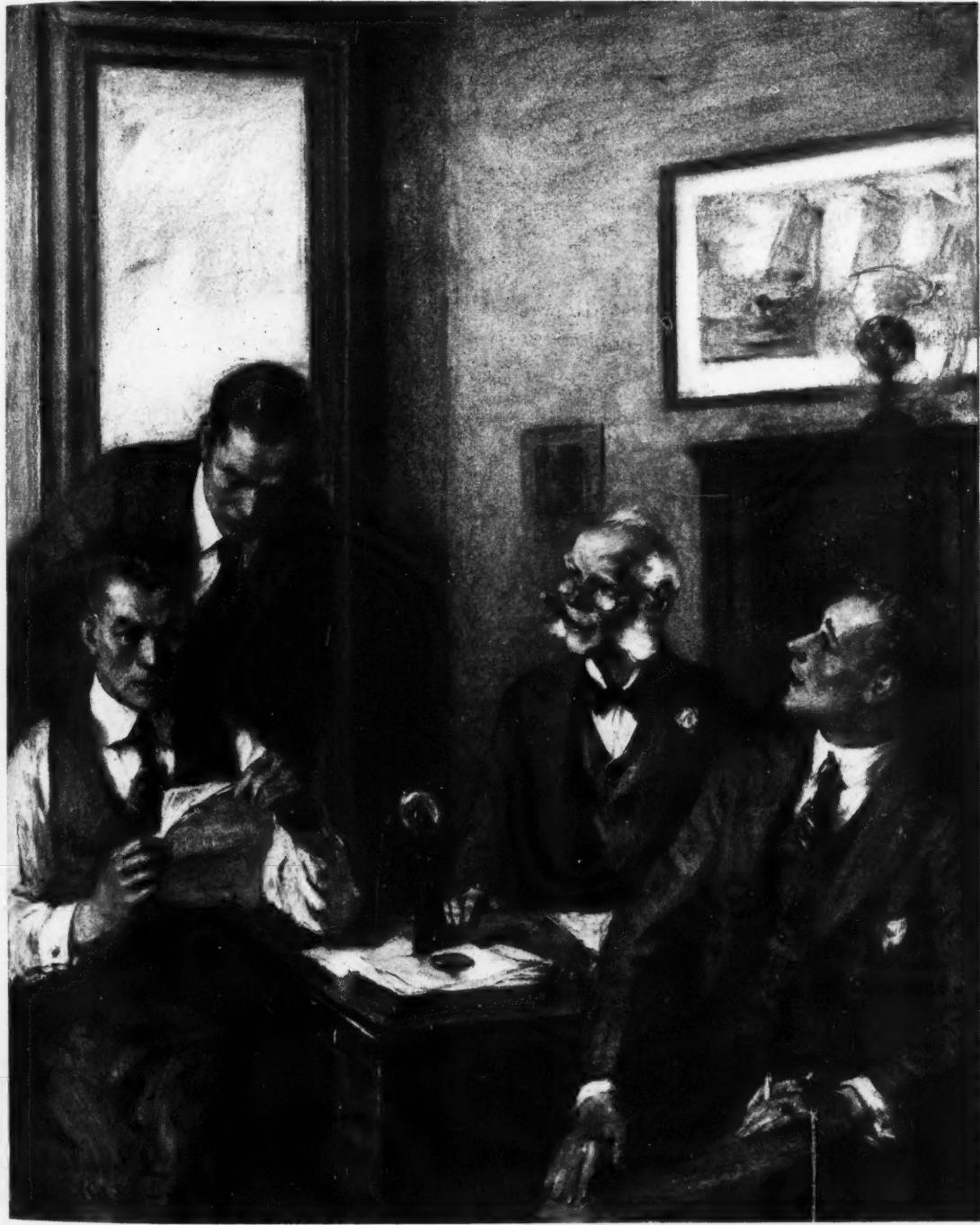
"They'll think it's a bunco game, Joey."

"Not at all. People nowadays know that bunco schemes are not advertised in reputable national magazines. Also, I'll have to give all kinds of references as to character and financial rating before we can even get our ads accepted. As a matter of fact, I need your name and reputation for probity and financial soundness far more than I need your money."

Cappy smiled, and his smile presently became a chuckle.

"Very well, Joey; go to it, my boy! It's a perfectly crazy idea, but it pays to advertise, and the confounded scheme might work. And if it does—"

"There must be nearly a hundred and ten million people in this country," said Joey Bender dreamily. "At least ten million."



"Read that, you poor boobs, and then let me see the color of your spondulix"

will read our ad, and of the ten millions, at least fifty per cent. are fond of pineapple. Of that five million, at least one per cent. will take a chance. Seventeen thousand five hundred dollars profit—just like that!"

Cappy raised a protesting hand.

"Boy dear, your figures dazzle me. You talk like a man who has been fed on a straight diet of white paper and pineapples." He sighed. "Well, money is only good to have fun with, Joey. I made the bluff to keep Matt and Skinner from putting more salt in my wounds, so I'll go through like a sport." He turned to his desk and wrote Joey a check for five thousand dollars.

"The express company binds itself to furnish the pineapples in any quantity we may desire, and to do all the packing, crating, and forwarding."

"Are we to confine our operations entirely to pineapples, Joey?"

"Ch, no, indeed, Mr. Ricks! I anticipate the acquisition of

a nice working capital on the pineapple stunt, after which we will branch out into other lines."

Cappy smiled—the tolerant smile that old age has for youth.

"Well," he suggested, "before you shoot your wad entirely away, send me down a fine, heavyweight-champion pineapple, Joey. I've got to have some sort of a dividend, you know."

"You haven't any faith in me, Mr. Ricks." Joey challenged, suddenly hurt. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll buy Skinner's bet off you for a thousand dollars cash—here and now."

"Give me the money," said Cappy Ricks. And it was a trade.

HI

SIX months passed, during which time the great war brought to Cappy Ricks daily thrills in the shipping game—thrills such as the shipping world will never know (*Continued on page 104*)



F. X. Leyendecker

The Sound Mind

*A new article on Mr. King's strange experience
with the Unseen*

By Basil King

Decorations by F. X. Leyendecker

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."
Paul to Timothy

IN nearly all investigations, side issues have proved as interesting as the main objective. The history of Jacques Cartier, who sailed from Saint Malo looking for the route to China, to end in exploring the St. Lawrence and opening the way to the Great Lakes, is repeated in most lines of research. It is also the history of alchemy, which, failing to turn baser metals into gold, surprised other secrets in the universal workshop of the utmost value to mankind. It is conceivable, therefore, that, in pursuing the laws of immortality, we may attain to ends not those we set out to reach. Much that some people consider communication with the plane above them is ascribed by others to telepathy, mind-reading, and suggestion, as if this ascription cleared all questions up. But it does not; it only raises more. Suggestion, mind-reading, and telepathy are still mysteries. That they exist as forces, most thinkers and observers concede; but by what law do they operate? By what law does a table tip when the fingers rest upon it? By what law does the automatic pencil bring out thoughts beyond the conscious mental reach of the nominal transmitter? Why does the tiny tripod of the ouija-board obey the touch of one, while that of another leaves it motionless? As a spark is an evidence of the existence of fire, so any of these effects, if traced to its source, might easily lead to a vast enlargement of knowledge.

My quotations from Henry Talbot purport to come from a man well known while on this plane, for whose real name I substitute a pseudonym. They are not answers to questions, but spontaneous dictations to a young woman who has placed them at my disposal. Written with the utmost speed, they have sometimes required slight verbal corrections; but in no case has the meaning been altered by a shade.

If the current interest in things psychical did nothing for the world but to call attention to our undeveloped powers, it would still contribute much.

Perhaps we have no greater handicap than our persistent sense of limitation. We see ourselves, not as vast and free but as fettered, thwarted, checked, whatever way we turn. Inhibited from within and prohibited from without, that which Henry Talbot calls "divine passion," or the "soaring impulse," is ever frustrated in us.

The real fight the human being is obliged to make is that between his endowments and his intelligence. Such reasoning power as he possesses is forever telling him that he is weaker than he is. In this, the personal intelligence has all the support of the general intelligence, to which the most primitive form of all commandments, "Thou shalt not," expresses a fundamental law. As a corollary to this, another fundamental law is promulgated, that of fear.

"Fear," writes Henry Talbot, "is a man-made evil, foreign to infants or the young of animals. It is only after God's creatures have been influenced by man that they become a prey to this emotion. Man's mistaken beliefs make it appear necessary to him to instruct his offspring in the laws of fear; and until these beliefs are corrected, fear will be taught."

Fear having been accepted as an essential element in life, certain large conceptions are next endowed with the attributes that make for calamity. Among the first of the agencies seen as hostile to man is time. Thought, speech, and literature abound to such a degree in lamentations over time, with its accompaniment of age, that I think it worth while to repeat what Henry Talbot says of its God-intended function.

The Sound Mind

"Time is one of God's loveliest creations, and has been misunderstood by men, who describe it as inexorable, an ally of death. In reality, time is music, a progression of harmonies based on rhythm. It is a gentle, assuaging influence, an expression of divine passion. It prevents congestion of action as the flow of a river prevents congestion of water. The conception of time as a force causing degeneration and decay and hurrying us on to the grave is as ludicrous as it is hideous. Time is the fertilizer of the tree of Life, that which enriches it with last year's leaves to make the next year's more luxuriant. Age is richness of beauty. Decrepitude is only the climax wrought by misunderstanding of God's laws. We should be more beautiful in face and more powerful in body at eighty than at eighteen."

That there is truth in this, the experience of a generation past, both in this country and the Anglo-Saxon states, will, I think, bear witness. While we have not perhaps counteracted age to any great degree, sufficient has been done in the last fifty years to enable us to see that, if we had only the courage to believe it, youth is our natural inheritance.

But fear will have none of that. Having made an enemy of time, it goes on to fill us with terrors as to the whole principle of sustenance. On this point, few people living have not had existence poisoned at the wells. It may not be amiss, therefore, to repeat some of the things my "correspondent" says of money.

"As the world was in its earliest days, men worked for themselves and their families; but those of greater capability produced a superfluity of the earth's fruit and disposed of it to the less enterprising. Money was invented as a medium of exchange, and the most energetic soon became the most prosperous. The most prosperous easily found themselves the most eminent and powerful, and society fell into its divisions. When a man neglected to put forth the divine passion with which he was endowed, he fell behind in the race, soon being obliged to sell his labor, instead of directly enjoying the fruit of it. . . . The natural tendency is for the man of little energy to work for the man with more, and the man with more for the man with most, just as the brook feeds the river and the river feeds the sea.

"Now, I will ask you to imagine, for a moment, the current of water reversed, to pretend that the sea feeds the river, and the river the brook. The sea, in this case, stands for money in general, and as a unit. This unit of money belongs to God, just as the earth as a unit belongs to God, however much men may mark its surface with frontier lines. This unit of money is placed by God at man's disposal. All have access to this sea; but to drain it they must understand the laws governing exchange, just as, in irrigation, they must understand the laws governing water. Now . . . the laws governing exchange are not understood, and spirituality is supposed to play no part in financial transactions. Men do not perceive that money is as much a representative of God as any other of the things which man has made with his God-given tools. It stands for an abstract unit of divine passion, whether that passion be expressed in the fruit of the earth or in man's energy and labor. If a man exchanges so much wheat for so many dollars, he trades in two manifestations of divine passion. A bit of silver or gold has been made a token of this, and divine passion is distributed equally to all. Thus, it follows that its tokens would also be distributed equally to all if all developed passion to the same degree. The root of all financial troubles is in insufficient development, or perverted development, of divine passion.

"God made the river of finance to flow according to his will. Man has erected dams and locks to tamper with its current. But there is always another law of God—evaporation—the merging of water into air, which presently turns into water again, and falls beneficially on the earth. So divine passion, of which money is a token, merges itself into God, the source of all munificence, and God, independently of the laws of man, rains down his blessing on the man who works harmoniously and puts his trust in him."

I beg to point out that these passages are quoted simply as indications that man, through sheer force of his life as man, has control of the powers which he generally thinks of as controlling him. If we were only daring enough to make time and money our allies, we should find them so. Each being an expression of divine passion, in neither can there be anything for us to be afraid of. Money will not fail us; time will not break us down. It is a matter of knowledge on our own part—a knowledge by no means new but which we have persistently refused to acquire.

The whole tenor of Henry Talbot's message is to instil largeness, mastery, audacity. Where a man is the representative of that passion of God which works eagerly and endlessly to achieve great results, there is no height to be climbed or task to be swung before which he need be dismayed.

So fear, which has raised the bogies of time and support, attacks us again. It undermines our instinct for accomplishment. To the command, "Thou shalt not," it adds another, "Thou canst not;" and, as one who is trained to answer, a man responds, "I can't." All our possible contributions to the world are blocked by this sense of inability. The divine passion which seeks nothing better than to urge us forward is thrown back on itself, and either churns to no purpose or is misdirected. But that we work with the power of God as our driving force is part of the teaching Henry Talbot seems anxious to convey to us.

"In the soul of man," he says, "the subconscious force is that part of himself which is cognizant of God's purpose, and directs his energies to its accomplishment. It is the seed of God, constituting the essence of his being. At a certain time in life, this subconscious force becomes a conscious force, and a man 'finds himself.' He is then presented with a definite desire for a definite medium of work."

Thus, we, as individuals, whatever our task, are instruments of the divine energy which cannot fail. Success lies in knowing our relation to that energy and endeavoring to keep pace with it. For this, our equipment is sufficient. Our enemy is a perverted intelligence which reasons us into weakness when, as a matter of fact, we are strong. Time, money, and ability are our God-given coworkers. Those who recognize their origin and motive will never lack any of the three.

There is no human being in existence to whom the sense of power should not be instinctive. A weak man or woman is a travesty on God. Mental or physical debility must be an offense to him who is forever pouring out energy which we neglect to use. No criminal act of our intelligence is more criminal than that which drills us into a conviction of feebleness, after the manner of nearly all upbringing. As soon as a child is able to learn anything, he is educated into a belief in dangers, as a Central African into the fear of evil spirits lurking in the trees. It is an exceptional man or woman of middle age who has not formed a habit of defeat or who keeps the inner self undaunted.

Perhaps more than at any other moment in the history of the modern world, the undaunted inner self is necessary now, for the reason that external supports are so generally failing us. In neither country, Church, nor civilization do we find any longer a sure stay for our souls. The weakest and youngest is being called on to stand more or less alone. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong" might be called a slogan both of the Old Testament and the New.

It may not be out of place to emphasize here the importance attached to strength throughout the books which Christians accept as sacred. It may be the more pertinent to do so, seeing that these books are so widely viewed as the charter of the weakling. The very opposite is their mission. From the first book of the Old Testament to the last of the New, the Bible is the strong man's text-book. Health, vigor, freedom, capacity are favorite themes. All are summed up in the tremendous word "power," which is nowhere in literature dwelt on so lovingly as by Peter and Paul and James and John. Nowhere in history is it so exemplified as by "the Son of God with power," the central figure of their pages.

This, too, I must note in passing. So much stress has been laid on the patient strain in the character of Jesus Christ that there is a tendency to see him as patient and nothing else. He is the Man of Sorrows, bowed beneath his cross. A morbid element in art and piety has delighted in seeing him beaten, bleeding, crowned with thorns, at the mercy of his tormentors. Millions of weak people have found in this submission a justification for their weakness. Seldom is anything made either by the artist or the teacher of that vigorous manhood which his foes could so little face that, even when he was willing to give himself up, he could be taken only by betrayal. Of the many occasions when they "sought after them that might kill him," and, awed by his presence, didn't dare, we rarely hear a word.

There are great pictures in these scenes, but, to the best of my knowledge, no painter has ever touched them, nor have I ever heard from a student of the Bible an allusion to the magnificent almost disdainful force of presence they display. Throughout the Gospels, this same attitude is underscored—a single figure against an enraged society, which was cowed the minute he confronted it. With a whip in his hand, and alone, he drove out the herd of merchants and bankers who were desecrating the temple, overturning their tables, and issuing commands which not one of them ventured to dispute. Those who came out with swords and staves to take him after he had been betrayed went backward and fell to the ground at his mere approach.

This was the essential quality of the Son (Continued on page 16)



"What do you think of my fiancé, Jensen?" Jensen looked down from his six feet two into the seriously questioning eyes. "If I might be so bold, Miss Darley, I'd say he was a very lucky man."

Proxies

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

"JENSEN!" The butler at Christopher Darley's Long Island house stopped with one hand on the dining-room door and turned back at the summons of his dazzling young mistress, who was perched upon the sideboard.

"What do you think of my fiancé, Jensen?"

Jensen looked down from his six feet two into the seriously questioning eyes set in that animated youthful face, framed in inconsequential ripples of sun-golden hair.

"If I might be so bold, Miss Darley, I'd say he was a very lucky man." Jensen tried to say it with an unsmiling face, but the corners of his lips twitched a trifle. She saw it.

"Jensen, you're laughing at me. I'm furious, simply furious with you." She meditated a moment. "And I'd be a lot furiously married. I shall never, never have a butler who dares to laugh at me, inside, even, or behind! I'm kind of Chinese-face mask. Answer my question this instant! Tell me what you think of Mr. Carleton aside from the fact that he is having such a run of luck in winning me."

"I think he is a sincere, straightforward young American."

Something new under the sun

By
Frank R. Adams

"Isn't that nice of you, Jensen? How is the weather way up there among the clouds? Darn it; I wish you were a human being instead of a murmur out of a book. I thought you might talk naturally to me; but I see this very expensive frock has frightened you, just as it has me. I can't be myself in the same room with it, either. Jensen, it has made you forget that you carried me up to bed in my nightie night before last, when I pretended to faint on the landing."

"Why, Miss Darley"—Jensen blushed furiously and for the first time lost his poise—"that was just in the line of duty. I didn't know you were aware who it was that carried you."

"I know you didn't." Carlotta enjoyed his confusion immensely. "If you had thought I was conscious, I dare say you would not have said what you did about some one being a darling or something like that. I didn't just catch it all. You have remarkable ideas of the duties of a butler. Don't faint, Jensen. I forgive you. I do more than that; I wish that Homer Carleton was as tall as you are and had two-thirds of your strength. I just adored being carried that way, and I'm afraid it has happened for the last time. If I fainted in Homer's arms, it would

Proxies

probably knock him down, and then I'd have to revive myself in order to take care of his bruises."

"I don't think it matters what size a man is, Miss Darley," the tall butler contributed, feeling his way carefully back to solid footing. "It's the spirit inside that counts."

Carlotta sighed.

"Of course you are right, Jensen. Do you think he has it?"

"He was in the army, miss."

"So was everybody else. You were yourself—weren't you, Jensen?"

"No, miss." He shifted miserably from one foot to the other.

"I—I couldn't go."

"Of course not. You are a Norwegian—aren't you, Jensen?"

"I was born in Norway, miss, but I'm an American citizen; so that was not the reason." He looked at her in dumb appeal not to ask the inevitable, "Then what was the reason?"

She sensed his plea.

"Don't mind because I asked you that question. I know there was some perfectly good cause, but I sha'n't ask you what it was."

"Then that is all, miss?"

"Yes, Jensen."

Jensen made his escape, and out in the hall he paused to mop his brow. It was not often that his equanimity was disturbed like this.

Down the stairway on noiseless feet came a girl in the uniform of a housemaid. In her hands was a jewel-case, and at the bottom of the stairs she paused a moment and opened it to gaze in admiration at a glittering diamond necklace that nestled within. She looked furtively behind her, and then lifted the gems from the velvet-lined box.

"Clare," Jensen said gently.

She started.

"Oh, it's you!" she sighed, relieved. "Aren't they beauties?" She showed him the case as he came to her. "Ain't it a shame to be honest when there's things like these lying about?"

"What is it?"

"Mr. Darley's engagement present to Miss Carlotta. You could break that up and have money enough to last ten years—that is, if you didn't have to split with the gang."

"Better not think about that, Clare."

"Why not? Is there something bigger in sight? I've been here two months now, and you were here before me, and you'd think we were a couple of detectives put here to guard all this stuff, instead of—"

"Instead of what, Clare? Never mind what I am; but what are you?"

The girl looked at him earnestly and finally dropped her eyes.

"I'm whatever you want me to be, I guess."

Clare was a girl woman of much bodily grace and shapeliness, but the beauty of her face was almost entirely in her eyes, which had a trick of talking before she opened her lips. They were wistful eyes, and sometimes they troubled him, even when he was away from them, by a dumb appeal to be kind to her. Jensen tried to shake it off. Who was he to have anyone dependent upon him, even for moral support? And yet he knew that his influence over this clever-fingered, lithe-limbed creature in the lying cap and apron of service was probably the greatest single thing in her life. It was something he had gained unwittingly, unintentionally. Perhaps it was because the two of them, marooned from an absolutely different world upon this island of desert peace and respectability, had been unconsciously drawn together by a common interest.

"I'm whatever you want me to be," she said, but her eyes, when she raised them, asked, "What is it that you want?"

Jensen answered the unspoken plea.

"I've changed a little since I knew you years ago, Clare, and—well, suppose you shut that box, and forget you ever saw that string of flash-lights."

The girl did submissively as she was told.

"I'd do anything you asked me to do, John."

"Thanks." He patted her on the shoulder. "I'll have a long talk with you about it to-morrow."

"There's a bigger job on?" she asked, with kindling eagerness.

He laughed.

"Much bigger, and ten times as hard. Now get on your way. Miss Carlotta is in the dining-room."



Jensen threw back his coat lapel, disclosing a police badge on

Clare started toward the door.

"Mr. Darley wants to see you, up-stairs," she told him, as an afterthought. "He was in his own study a moment ago."

Jensen, quite the perfect butler once more, climbed the stairs and knocked on the door of his master's private sanctum.

"Come in! Oh, it's you, Jensen—I want to talk to you."

"Yes, sir."

"Jensen, you seem to me to be too much of a man to be a servant. I don't see why you do it. It must be rather irksome to go around saying 'sir' and 'madam' to a lot of your fellow citizens."

"I don't really mind, sir. It's easy after a little practise. There are many things much worse."



bridge on his vest. "Yes, Sergeant Linton; I'm to take orders from you"

"Yes; I suppose there are. It's about something much worse than I want to talk with you. It's only because I like you that I speak of this. Remember that, when I ask you this question, Jensen: Were you ever in prison?"

"Yes, sir."

The answer was shot back before the question was fairly out of Mr. Darley's mouth.

The two men stood squarely on their feet, facing one another—the master heavy-set, rectangular, gray, determined-looking; the man tall, graceful, not quite middle-aged, tawny-haired, and equally forceful after quite another fashion. For half a minute, they searched each other unflinchingly.

"I presume that you would like to have me leave to-morrow morning," said Jensen finally, "or if you will not need me for the party to-night, I can get out immediately."

"There's no hurry. Nothing has been said about leaving yet. Were you guilty?"

"Yes." This answer just as unflinchingly as the first one had been.

"Have you been on the level since?"

"So far. I've never held a position where I had a chance to be dishonest until I came here."

"You would have a chance here?"

"Your silver service is solid, sir, and both you and your daughter are very careless in leaving money and personal jewelry around. I believe I have spoken of that, sir. Then there are the rugs and tapestries."

"And you haven't been tempted?"

"Yes, sir, I have; but I can remember, too." He moistened his lips. "I suppose Mr. Stover told you."

"What makes you think he was the one?"

"He has done it before. You see, he knows who I was before—before it happened. I found I couldn't get a commercial position where he didn't find me, but I thought that as a house-servant I might be overlooked. When I applied for the job here, I did not know that he was a friend of yours."

"Make that phrase 'business associate' instead of 'friend,' and we'll let it stand," growled Darley. "Yes; he's the one who told me, and partly because it was he, and partly because I believe you've learned a valuable lesson and want you to have your chance, I'm going to forget about it, Jensen. That's all. The guests will be arriving, and you'll have your hands full."

Proxies

The butler stood a moment before going, trying to think of something that would express the gratitude in his heart. Finally, he said huskily, "Thank you, sir, for everything," and withdrew.

The party was a huge success. Only the very intimate friends of the family were there. No farmers' harvest-social was ever more boisterous.

"I'm having such a good time, Jensen," Carlotta told him once, when she came out into the dining-room to see that everything was getting along nicely for the supper. "I wish you could have some of the fun. Make some excuse to step into the living-room. Mr. Carleton is performing some sleight-of-hand tricks with cards, and he is really wonderfully clever. When we're married, I'll probably have him do them every evening after supper. It will save a lot in theater tickets. I dare say I shall be very glad of the diversion."

The tall butler looked sharply to see if there was any bitterness in the remark, but he could not tell. Her eyes met his frankly and laughingly.

"I think one of the reasons I hate to marry is because I shall miss seeing you buttle, Jensen. It's a great comfort to watch so large a man stepping round the house without breaking a single egg."

Jensen laughed, quite out of character.

"There—thanks, Jensen! I love to make you do that, because I know you promised your favorite viking ancestor never to crack a smile. Oh, I forgot something! Homer—Mr. Carleton, that is—wants two cups and three saucers for a new trick. Get some of the old set, because, while I love him and everything, I'm not so foolish about him that I'd trust him with my best hand-painted china. Bring them in yourself, Jensen, so you can see the trick."

Jensen went through the swinging door to the butler's pantry. Clare, the housemaid, who was standing there, started away.

"Here!" he stopped her. "What's the matter, Clare?"

"Nothing." She avoided his eyes.

He caught her and forced her to look at him.

"You were listening?" She nodded. "Why?"

"No reason. Miss Carlotta thinks a great deal of you."

"Nonsense!" Jensen laughed.

"Too much," she persisted, "for a girl who is going to marry another man."

"Why, Clare, I'm her butler, her servant!"

"Do you think any kind of job you could get would make you any less attractive to a woman who happened to find out that you were—well, what you are? There are some people in this world, John, who have a kind of way with 'em that sweeps everything aside, knocks down fences and walls. You're like that, and you're twice as nice because you don't know it. It was what made you the slickest 'con' man in the country."

"Hush, Clare!"

"All right, John. But remember I told you about this. That girl is caring too much for you, just as all women are apt to. You ought to do something to break her of it."

The butler laughed once more. It was too absurd.

A bell in the kitchen sounded.

"That's the front door," said Jensen. "I thought all the guests were here. Take two cups and three saucers to Mr. Carleton in the living-room while I answer the ring."

He rather absent-mindedly turned over Clare's warning in his thoughts as he made his way to the front door. The idea that any woman, especially Miss Carlotta, could like him too well for her own good made him smile. But the smile froze on his face when he opened the door. The man who stood in the vestibule entered.

"So, you are still here, are you?" the visitor observed.

Jensen looked squarely into the shrewd, beady eyes that were six inches lower than his own.

"Yes, Mr. Stover: you could hardly expect Mr. Darley to get a new butler the very day you told him my record."

"No; but I warned him about you two weeks ago."

Two weeks ago! And Mr. Darley had said nothing. Jensen smiled in appreciation of the way his employer must have been watching him, testing him during all that time.

"Was Miss Darley expecting you, sir?" A burst of merriment from the living-room prompted the butler's question.

"If you mean by that to imply that I was not invited to this party, you are quite right. I don't train with this crowd—yet. But I'm seriously thinking of accepting an invitation to sit in. Tell Darley I want to see him on business."

Jensen left the unexpected visitor in the reception-hall while he went in search of the master of the house.

The living-room was an impromptu auditorium. Most of the guests, about two dozen all told, were grouped at one end, standing, sitting in chairs, and some squatting on the floor. Facing them, slightly flushed, young Homer Carleton was performing an intricate trick. Clare, the housemaid, stood by to hand him the props, a slightly scornful smile on her lips, detected only by Jensen. Well might she smile, as the butler knew, for her fingers were cleverer than those of any stage magician.

"*Po ändra handen hade hon worter,*" Homer was saying solemnly, as he waved his hands over the three saucers. "This trick always works best in Norwegian. I've tried it in many languages, but the one they use round the fiords is the most effective. Fortunately, I had a Norse nurse when I was a mere child, and she educated me to ask for what I wanted in her language."

Jensen grinned, because the sentence which the dapper young magician had used had absolutely no meaning so far as the trick was concerned. It was fairly intelligible Norwegian, but it certainly had nothing to do with cups and saucers.

Mr. Carleton was a likable young man, clean-cut and direct, just as Jensen had told his mistress earlier in the evening. He was small and slender, much to his own secret mortification. On his lip was a wisp of mustache, ash-colored, except when he heightened it a bit with an eyebrow pencil.

He had a halting, apologetic, shy manner, which, at first, was sometimes mistaken for lack of decisiveness and will-power, but which, when you got to know him, made him all the more boyishly engaging. He hated to be boyishly engaging, hated to be boyish anything, but he couldn't help it for the life of him—nature planned him to be one of those men whom women protect, not lean on. That he had not that sort of soul inside was the cause of Homer's daily exasperation.

For some reason or other, Jensen loo'ed through the boyish exterior to the man inside. Perhaps Jensen had learned to judge men quickly and accurately in those days when the fortune of the hour depended upon his ability to decide instantly upon the caliber of everyone with whom he came in contact. At any rate, the butler had sized up the *fixure* of his mistress, and approved of him heartily, because he saw more in him than did Carlotta.

To Mr. Darley, Jensen reported:

"Mr. Stover wishes to see you, sir. He is waiting in the hall."

Mr. Darley muttered something about Stover and hades.

"I suppose I'll have to see him. Come up to my study in ten minutes, Jensen, and say that Miss Carlotta has sent you for me. Don't fail."

Mr. Darley strode off in search of his unwelcome guest.

"I don't want to intrude business on a social function," declared Stover, as he lighted one of the cigars grudgingly tendered by his ruffled host, "but it struck me I had some information you ought to know about before your stockholders' meeting to-morrow. I've got control of a stock-majority in the Darley Automatic Tool Corporation, and to-morrow that majority is going to vote to sell out to a holding corporation of which I am the organizer and principal stockholder."

Mr. Darley laughed.

"That would be interesting if it could possibly be true, Mr. Stover. I've known for sometime that you wanted to do just that—but you haven't got the stock-control you speak of."

"Are you sure?"

"Uh-huh. I know right where forty-two per cent. of the available stock is, and I also know how it will vote. There's twenty-five per cent. not voting at the meeting, which gives me a comfortable majority of the seventy-five per cent."

"What," demanded Stover, laying his palm on the table and pressing on it for emphasis, "what makes you think that twenty-five per cent. won't vote?"

"Because it belongs to my cousin, Abel Darley, who is on a scientific expedition in the heart of Africa. He forgot to leave or send his proxy, just as he forgets most of the practical things of life; so his stock just won't vote until he gets back."

"That," stated Stover, rolling his cigar in his mouth in triumph, "is where all your calculations go wrong. You see, your cousin, the eminent Professor Darley, did send a proxy, and I've got it."

Mr. Darley did not jump to his feet in amazement.

"I don't believe you," he said calmly.

The door opened, and Jensen, the butler, entered. Neither man noticed him, but went on with the discussion of the situation, which meant such a vital change in the affairs of Mr. Darley.

"I didn't think you would believe me," admitted Stover. "That's why I brought the document with me."

"Well, let's see it," Darley demanded, after a moment's pause. Stover produced a small strip of somewhat soiled paper. Darley held out his hand for it.



She looked furtively behind her, and then lifted the gems from the velvet-lined box

"No," Stover decided; "it doesn't leave my hands until after the meeting. Do you know I had to send a messenger clerk to Africa after it?"

"I don't know that I can blame you for being careful," admitted Darley agreeably. "I presume you have among your friends a great many men who would grab that out of your hands and tear it up."

"If you want to see it, look at it over my shoulder," Stover continued, not decidedly wounded by his host's sarcasm.

Darley looked for a long time at the strip of paper.
"I don't know how you got it, but it seems to be O.K. Is that all you wished to see me about?"

"Yes—that, and to ask you if I should vote this proxy to-morrow."

"I suppose there is no alternative. If you went to the trouble to send a man all the way to Africa with authority to misrepresent the facts to Professor Darley—yes; that's what I said, and you know as well as I that you could not have obtained his signature if he knew what use you really intended to make of it—if you went to all that trouble, I presume you want to vote that stock rather more than anything else in the world, and I fail to see what I have to say in the matter."

"You wouldn't have, except that there is one thing that I want more than to vote that stock to-morrow, and that one

thing is the reason why I sent all the way to Africa to get something that would give me the nerve to speak about it."

"Meaning?"

"Your daughter."

"Carlotta?"

"I believe that is her name. I want to marry her. I know I don't belong in your class, but I want to get there. Your son-in-law can do the trick. There—my cards are on the table."

Darley laughed.

"It's a very greasy old deck of cards, and the trick you propose to take is one of the most ancient in fiction or melodrama. Now, I admit that you've got me in a damnable tight place. But I don't believe I care to ask Carlotta to pull me out of it. I'm pretty old, and I don't know for sure if I can come back or not. Carlotta, however, has made her own arrangements, and she is already engaged to another man, Mr. Homer Carleton."

"Who is he? I know him; but what does he amount to? What good would his social position be to him in a financial panic such as you and I know is coming to this country sooner or later?"

"There is no use talking about it, Mr. Stover; I'll take my medicine as in your original prescription. Vote your proxy as you wish and be damned!" That settled, Mr. Darley's eye caught the figure of his butler. "Was there something, Jensen?"

"Miss Carlotta wishes you to come down-stairs as soon as possible and suggests that you ask Mr. Stover to stay."

"What? Oh, of course. Certainly. Mr. Stover, my daughter presents her compliments and trusts that you will honor us with your company for this evening."

"Delighted. I'm sure!" declared the somewhat overwhelmed visitor. "I didn't mean to butt in."

"Not at all." Mr. Darley hid his vexation under his best social manner.

"And about that proxy—" began Stover.

"You are my guest, sir, and I cannot discuss it further."

"Just as you say." Stover tucked the fateful strip of paper back in his inner pocket, and the two men left the study by the door which Jensen held open for them.

After Mr. Stover had been introduced to the party, Mr. Darley, at the first convenient opportunity, drew his daughter one side and demanded why on earth she had sent him the message to invite Stover to stay.

"But I didn't send you any message, daddy."

"Didn't you tell Jensen to have us come down-stairs?"

"Why, no. I hadn't missed you until I saw you coming in with your diamond-in-the-rough friend in tow. Who is he?"

"A very wealthy man, dear. Incidentally, he wants to marry you."

"Then, thank heaven, I am nearly married to some one else. I'd much rather marry Jensen, the butler, thank you."

"Hm." The name of the butler recalled to his master his grievance against him. "Now, why in the name of Gallipolis did Jensen tell me you wanted Stover to stay?"

"I can't imagine, but I'll bet there was a good reason. I suspect Jensen of using his brain. Why don't you ask him?"

"I will."

But Mr. Darley never had an opportunity to quiz his butler upon the subject of his mendacity, because the next time he saw him, which was about half an hour later, Jensen was standing in back of an automatic revolver saying: "Hands up! Ladies on that side of the room"—indicating with a vicious nod his left—"and gentlemen on the other." He stood at the door of the living-room, his tall figure and suddenly stern and savage features easily dominating the startled guests.

"Keep 'em up and step!"

There seemed to be no alternative. Carlotta looked round despairingly at Homer, only to find him with his arms over his head, the same as the others. There was nothing else that he could do, but bitter disappointment swept over her. It was no way for an engaged girl to see the man she was hoping would be a hero. Jensen uncannily read her thoughts.

"He can't help himself, Miss Darley. Put up your own arms—quick!"

She obeyed without question.

"I told you—" began Mr. Stover, with a note of righteous exultation in his voice.

"Silence!" commanded the butler highwayman. "Clare!" The housemaid stepped to Jensen's side. "Clear that table and dump everything on the spread."

That was the last word which was spoken for a long time. While Jensen held the crowd with his eyes almost as much as with the automatic, which Mr. Darley recognized as his own pet

weapon, Clare systematically relieved the ladies and the gentlemen of their valuables. She was very deft at it, because, in her former profession, she had been in the habit of doing that very same thing without letting the victim know that he had been touched. A vacuum cleaner could hardly have been more thorough.

When her search was quite finished, Jensen examined the pile of booty. Satisfied, he apparently spoke to Clare in a language which was unintelligible to everyone except Homer Carleton. The moment Homer heard the Norwegian gutturals, he pricked up his ears. What was this strange man saying? By the Lord Harry, it was a message to Homer himself!

"Listen closely, young man with the small mustache: When I walk in front of you the second time, knock my gun out of my hand and give me a fight. I will not shoot. Don't ask any questions or make any explanation after it is over. This is for the sake of the little lady of the house."

Homer was not quite sure that he had heard this amazing message aright, but the brigand repeated it word for word very carefully once more, and at the end looked squarely at him. Homer nodded imperceptibly to show that he had understood.

While Jensen had been speaking, the housemaid had knotted up the corners of the table-cloth and made a pretty fair looking bundle out of the loot.

"Put it at the door," Jensen commanded in English, "where I can pick it up as I go out, and then get out of the way. I'll give you five minutes' start."

When Clare had gone, he walked the length of the line of men, examining each one carefully with a searching eye, as if looking for some trifle that his confederate might have missed. In front of Mr. Stover, he paused.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Stover, on being so good a judge of men. You kept insisting that I was a thief so long that I finally had to become one in order to save your reputation for cleverness. A little higher, Mr. Stover. Thank you."

He said nothing to any of the other men, but as he went down the line, he paused significantly in front of each and, with a glance, assured him that he had done well to make no struggle against the maxim that discretion is the better part of valor.

But walking back toward the door, he looked neither to the right nor the left. Perhaps he was thinking of what he would do after he left the house. Anyway, he was a little more careless. A man who has established a reputation as carefully as he had can afford to relax a little.

As he passed in front of Homer Carleton, the latter, uttering a silent hope that both his knowledge of Norwegian and his hearing had been accurate, leaped forth from his place in the line and, with a sweeping blow on the wrist, sent the automatic spinning from Jensen's hand.

The latter, startled, turned to see the others, now that he had no weapon, closing in on him. In this phase of the disturbance, Jensen proved that he was a very clever man in a rough-and-tumble fight. He prudently abandoned science and the marquis of beloved memory, and placed his faith in a number of low tricks known to lumberjacks, sailors, and miners the world over. Somebody hit Homer Carleton. That was probably a mistake. But Mr. Stover was also given a pass to slumberland by some one who evidently intended to do just that.

The reason for supposing that the blow on Mr. Stover's jaw, which so quickly followed the other more decorative ones on his nose and eyes, was more or less premeditated is that, almost immediately after it was delivered, the fight resolved itself into a chase. Jensen extricated himself from the aggregation without much of any difficulty, just as if he could have done it at any time, and, passing through the servants who were hovering betwixt joy and trepidation in the hall, he vanished through the front door into the friendliness of a very dark night.

The scene which he left behind him impoverishes description. There were three groups in the room. The largest was around the carefully knotted table-cloth which the bandit had not been able to pick up in his hurried flight. Owners who had mentally kissed good-by forever to their most cherished jewelry were claiming in passionate delight at its unexpected recovery.

The next largest group was around Homer Carleton, who lay on the floor. This group consisted of Carlotta, who was holding his head on her lap and dabbing at a bump on his forehead with a tiny dry handkerchief which made it hurt twice as much, and her father, who was leaning over both of them, saying that it was one of the bravest things he had ever seen.

The smallest group of all consisted of Mr. Herman Stover in plastic poses all by himself. A doctor was finally secured for him, who, upon ascertaining the financial (Continued on page 159)

The Heiress

A story of Arts and Craft

By Perceval Gibbon

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

hazard on this unfamiliar beach, stared at her speechlessly as she went by their table. She was a girl of some two or three and twenty years, slender and boyish in figure. With her hands in her pockets, her shapeless velvet cap sagging over one eyebrow, her dense black hair cropped at the level of her ears, and the forward droop of the face, thin, strong-browed, wide-lipped, she was unusual, even in a community where to be commonplace is to be invisible.

The elder of the two tourists found his voice.

"Apach!" he whispered to his friend. "See her?"

The other nodded.

"I've seen 'em on the stage," he whispered back.

The men at the long table, three Frenchmen between the ages of twenty and thirty and a large youth with a briar pipe, looked up to greet her as she pushed her way round the corner of the table to the seat at its end. The big youth—his shabby tweed clothes were stained here and there with modeling clay—took his pipe from his lips.

"Hello! What's all this?" His voice had a faint spice of Irish. "Breakfasting early—or not dined yet?"

"Not the menu, Jesse," directed Olive, ignoring him. "Bring me some cigarettes—yes, a packet of Maryland—and some grapes and"—her glance flickered with a hint of self-consciousness over the faces of the men—"and the wine list." The dwarf waiter scuttled off; she accepted a cigarette from the proffered yellow packet of the nearest Frenchman, lighted it, and arranged herself with her elbows on the table, her chin propped on her joined hands.

"Hello, Jerry!" she said. "Still loafing, I see. As a matter of fact, I dined some hours ago." She breathed a cloud of smoke before her. "At the Ritz," she added, in carefully casual tones.

"Eh?" The youth she called Jerry grinned. "And now you've come here to see how the poor live—is that the idea?"

"That's the idea," agreed Olive. "Slumming—we're all doing it just now. We millionaires, I mean. I've been dining with my lawyer."

They spoke, for the benefit of the one-tongued Frenchmen, in a jargon of mixed English and the French of the Boul' Miché. One of the Frenchmen, with the delicate complexion of a girl above a beard yet in the stubble stage, turned eyes of mock concern upon the others.

"She has a lawyer!" he exclaimed. "Ciel! Of what is the child accused?"

They laughed, and Olive, abandoning her air of mock superciliousness, relaxed to a smile, and the big youth, watching her, stirred suddenly in his chair and then was still again. Her smile was one of the chief of Olive's assets, a mirth that seemed to break loose in the depths of her being and pervaded the whole of it. Jesse James, returning with the wine list, added the tribute of his sympathetic grin to the spirit of the party.

"Dear Jesse!" said Olive. "He always opens the list at the champagnes; he means it as a compliment, really. And to-night



Olive appeared in the opening. "Good-morning, *maitre*," she said cheerfully, giving him the title which is the artist's patent of nobility

At ten o'clock in the evening, the little thrifty street was already asleep—only the small, white-fronted restaurant, half-way along it, showed yet a soft, hospitable glow through its curtains. Olive, walking more swiftly than her wont, turned out of the evening briskness of the Boulevard St. Michel to the deserted sidewalks and the stare of the darkened windows, and hurried toward the lights of the Restaurant Dandin. She had a need just then for light and company. With hands sunk deep in the pockets of her half-buttoned coat, she laid a thin shoulder to the unlatched door, shoved it open, and passed in before it could swing back.

The long room of the restaurant had still a sprinkling of customers; its gay neatness, with its paper-frilled lights repeating themselves in the mirrors and its double row of little white tables, was like a repartee to the dreary gloom of the street without. From the *comptoir*, at which she sat like a great idol on a little altar, Madame Dandin delivered her automatic smile of welcome, which took on a maternal quality as she recognized whom she greeted. Jesse James, the dwarf waiter—nicknamed by some American art student of a forgotten generation—pattered forward with his spaniel's eyes and his pleading grin to pull out a chair for her at the nearest table. Olive shook her head.

"Nothing doing, Jesse," she refused, in what she believed to be an American accent, and passed on toward the further end of the restaurant, where three or four men were seated over their coffee-cups about the end of a long table set athwart the room. A couple of tourists, washed up by hunger and



Olive, smiling, turned and marked the solitary man for the first time. Jerry, watching her, saw the smile die on her lips

he gets his reward. Heidsieck, Jesse—unless there's anything that costs more. Hurry, now—these gentlemen are thirsty!"

Jesse, doubtful of a jest, lingered, smiling deprecatingly, awaiting a sign. Olive gave him a little peremptory nod; it was what he had needed. Forthwith, his wizened conciliatory face turned grave, and Jesse James was the decorous, responsible *sommelier* with an order for a respectable vintage. He bowed with dignity and moved away. Olive turned to the others.

"Did you see that?" she whispered delightfully. "Oh"—she clasped her hands as though in a rapture—"it's so wonderful to feel rich! To be rich is only part of the fun; but to feel it, to have it rubbed into you——"

"But"—the others were staring at her—"that lawyer—at the Ritz, too! Something has really happened, then? It is not one of your *blagues*?"

Olive laughed aloud with the joyous, rather deep-toned laughter that was hers. It was a moment of triumph, and she reveled in it. Art student on a minute scale, a sparrow of the studios and the *ateliers*, so acclimatized to their life and atmosphere that it was difficult to think of her as having a part or a future apart from them, she gained a living as precarious as that of a mouse. Copyist in the great galleries for any dealer that would employ her, model for the head and hands, teacher of French to English and American newcomers, hers were the crumbs that fell from the Stoic table of the arts. Poverty, picturesque but not the less actual, was as much a character-

istic of her as her cropped hair and *gamin* attitudes. So now, while they stared at her, suspicious of a joke, she laughed.

It was Jerry who spoke the disarming word.

"Come, now, Olive," he put in; "if you're really in luck, tell us just what it is we've got to be glad about."

He gave him friendly eyes across the bantering and still disbelieving stares of the Frenchmen. He was perhaps a year or so older than herself, tall and large in the frame, with a clean-shaven face that was just redeemed from an ordinary young comeliness by a hint of the

soul that shows on the surface of the Celt.

"It's just what I said, Jerry—I'm rich!" said Olive. "These imbeciles"—a grimace at the stubble-bearded painter—"needn't believe it if they don't want to. I cashed the check this afternoon, and the lawyer took me to dinner at the Ritz. He's been smothering me with good advice for hours. I had to come on here to breathe."

"I see," Jerry nodded. "Somebody died and left you money. I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Olive. "My uncle Oliver. I was named after him—sort of; and now he's made it worth my while. He was a collector, I'm told; but I never saw him myself."

"Collector?" said Jerry. "Pictures, was it?"

Olive shook her head.

"No—rents," she replied seriously. "That sort of collector. And he left me a hundred pounds."

"A hundred—oh!" exclaimed Jerry. "I thought for a minute, when you said you were rich, that it must be more."

Olive shook her head with gay confidence.

"No," she replied contentedly; "a hundred pounds—I am rich."



"How much is a hundred pounds?" inquired the painter. Olive had the answer pat.

"It is two thousand five hundred and thirty-one francs, twenty centimes, at the exchange of the day," she recited. "Ah, that's right, Jesse!"

The bottle, ritually enveloped in its napkin, yielded its froth and bubble to the glasses. The wine was faintly warm and had a bite like acid; but, in the Restaurant Dandin, champagne is not so much a beverage as a symbol. It purred and sparkled satisfactorily enough.

"Messieurs!" Olive raised her glass. From her *comptoir*, madame smiled toward them; the few remaining guests at the little tables looked on interestedly. A man who entered from the street at that moment paused in the doorway to stare. "Here's to—here's to—" Olive hesitated for a subject for her toast. "Oh, here's to the exchange of the day!" she cried.

"The exchange of the day!" they cried, and drank toward her with laughter and applause. The bizarre toast tickled them. Only Jerry, catching her eye, nodded over the brim of his glass and breathed the words: "Good luck!"

The man who had paused in the doorway to watch came slowly up the room toward them, his head a little bowed, his face shadowed by the wide, drooping brim of his hat. In the brightness of the little restaurant, he showed a figure somber as a mute. He went past the desk where Madame Dandin presided, unseeing that her duty-smile was withheld from him, and found himself a seat at a small table a few yards away from where Olive was enjoying the process of paying for the champagne.

There, slouched in his chair, his hat dropped on the floor beside him, he showed to the warm light that filtered through the pink-paper frills a thin, desperate face, stilled by his mood of thought to a painful quiet, with eyes too large above the high cheek-bones and a mouth too bitter through the pointed brown beard. The preservative of his youth—he might have been thirty—had not withstood the corrosive agencies of life.

"Twenty francs, Jesse?" Olive was demanding. "Is that all?" She lowered a deliberate hand to the gaping patch-pocket of her shabby coat. "I hope I'll have to ask you for change," she said. She drew forth and laid before her on the table a crumpled handful of colored bank-note paper, bills of fifty, a hundred, and five hundred francs carelessly crushed together.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jerry. "Is that how you carry them? How much of it have you got there?"

"All of it," replied Olive cheerfully, spreading them out before her in a crazy-quilt pattern of pink, blue, and yellow. She rustled

her slender fingers among the crisp money. "How can I feel rich if I haven't got the riches with me to feel? Here you are, Jesse! Change that for me, will you?"

The dwarf waiter, his face aslit with its grin, captured the hundred-franc note she flicked at him and went toward the *comptoir*. As he neared the table where the newcomer sat alone, the latter lifted his head.

"*Garçon!*" he summoned abruptly.

"*Tout de suite!*" promised Jesse, hurrying on. Olive, smiling above the show of money spread before her, heard the call, turned and marked the solitary man for the first time. Jerry, watching her, saw the smile die on her lips. With a motion almost stealthy, as though she took precaution to be noiseless, she withdrew her fingers from the rustling bills.

The others, following her gaze, looked round. "Tiens!" exclaimed one of them. "It is Sarasin."

The man at the little table, through his deep abstraction, heard his name spoken and turned his face slowly toward them, returning cloudily to the present as he recognized them and took in their grouping. Jerry, lips closed on the stem of his pipe, gave him back his gaze stonily; the Frenchmen nodded and smiled and turned away; but as his dark and sorrowful eyes rested on Olive, she seemed to flinch and shrink. He stared for a space of seconds at the mass of money before her, and something lighted for an instant in his face ere he looked once more at the girl whose poverty was a byword.

Olive smiled tremulously at him across her show of wealth.

"Good-evening, Gaston," she said timidly.

It seemed, at first, that he was not going to return her greeting; but presently he murmured something inaudible. He turned to encounter the dwarf waiter standing before his table.

"Enfin?" he said.

He reached to take the menu from the little man. But it was not the menu which Jesse James surrendered to him. Sarasin stared at the slip of ruled paper with a frown.

"What is this?" he demanded.

Jesse James shrugged and wriggled uncomfortably.

"Madame la patronne regrets"—he was careful to speak quietly, but his words were audible enough to Olive and her companions—"but it is necessary that monsieur should pay this bill—it is already old, as monsieur sees—before I can serve him. I am sorry, but—"

Olive dragged her eyes away in order not to be caught staring as the man she had greeted leaned down for his hat and rose without a word. She heard the scrape of his chair on the floor as he thrust it back, and, as she gazed straight before her, it seemed, for an instant, that she felt his eyes rest on her still and averted face. On the cloth in front of her, the tumbled money lay dead, its glamour and its promise evaporated. She heard his footsteps recede down the room and the door that closed behind him.

"Hard luck, that!" commented Jerry. "Sarasin's a bad lot; still—" He stopped; Olive was looking at him with eyes bright and wet.

"It—it was horrible!" she said. "It was ghastly! All this—this blatant money spread out here like a deliberate insult—and us drinking champagne and all—while he—while he— Oh, I hate it!"

The stubble-bearded painter laughed.

"Our Olive is indeed rich," he cackled. "Already she cannot endure the spectacle of poverty."

"Oh, me?" cried Olive. "What does it matter when I am poor—or when you are? We are not painters of genius."

Jerry took his pipe from his mouth.

"And is Sarasin?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," she answered. "Jerry, go and see his work and see him working. I—I sat for him the other day; he couldn't get a model. It was like—like watching a priest—he was so—well, so devout at it, so utterly just a painter painting. And the picture! A great big thing, Jerry—a dozen figures or so. And the glow, the strength! No wonder he doesn't pot-boil for his dinner with a thing like that following him about." She spoke with an ardor of enthusiasm.

"Sat for him, did you?" said Jerry. "Well, you know your own business. But he's got a bad name, you know."

The Heiress

"Geniuses aren't bad," enunciated Olive, as she began to shuffle her money together.

They parted company with the Frenchmen at the door of the restaurant, and Olive and Jerry went together through the lighted streets in the direction of her one-room apartment. Despite Jerry's remonstrance, she still carried her money crushed together in the pocket of her coat, walking with a hand firmly thrust down upon it.

"I say!" remarked Jerry presently. "Talking of sittings, don't forget that you gave me a few, too. Well, if you'll look in sometime, I've got something to show you."

"What?" inquired Olive.

"Oh, just a sketch in clay," he answered. "But—I got interested in it, and it's not so bad—and not so sketchy, either."

"Jerry!" She was excited at once. "A statuette of me?"

He smiled down on her and nodded.

"About that," he replied. "There's a way you've got of standing, sometimes, that tempts a man to try to be witty in clay." A thought obtruded on his humor, and he ceased to smile. "Though we can't all be painters of genius," he added sourly.

"Don't, Jerry!" begged Olive. "Don't nag."

"Well," he said, "it's what I was wanting to talk to you about. You see, Olive, I like you a lot. And it's not just because Sarasin's a bad lot—Yes, but he is!" he insisted, as Olive would have interrupted. "Still, that isn't what angers me when you tell me you've been posing for him."

"What is it, then?" demanded Olive.

"It's your going to waste," he replied. "Wearing yourself out in pity and admiration for a fellow like that. You don't know how to take care of yourself, Olive. That money, now—how much of it are you going to lend him, instead of putting it away safely till you need it or—" He stopped short, aware suddenly that the girl at his elbow was laughing to herself. He stared down at her doubtfully; she lifted to him a face of quiet mirth. "Funny, isn't it?" he said resentfully.

"Sorry, Jerry," said Olive; "but it was funny. Lend it to Sarasin! Why, Jerry, I could as easily strike him across the face with a whip. I can't help how bad you think he is; but I know that in things like that—letting me offer him money, for instance—his feet are on the mountains and his head is among the stars. You see, Jerry, he is a great artist."

They came to a standstill while she spoke at the doorway of the gaunt house in whose antique recesses Olive had her home. She pressed a bell-button, and a wicket clicked open and hung. She held out her hand to him.

"Good-night, Jerry," she said. "Don't worry about me. I'm ever so wide-awake and all right. And, by the way, Jerry—you aren't hard up just now, are you?"

He laughed, holding her hand.

"You come and see that sketch," he said, "and you'll not dare offer me money again. Good-night, kiddie."

The black oblong of the wicket swallowed her as she stepped within. Jerry stood listening to the ring of her footsteps in the vault of the entry, then turned and went homeward.

The studio of Gaston Sarasin was a spacious attic, the northern slope of whose roof, glass-paned to provide a light, looked over the lesser roofs that hid the river to the splendor of central Paris and the house-clad heights beyond. Here, while noon ripened over the city and the clear glow of it filled the great window and flooded the room with light, the painter sat on his couch-bed, coatless, his chin propped in his hands, staring motionlessly at a great canvas that stood on its easel. The figures grouped upon it were hardly more still than he; rather, they shone with vigor and promise by contrast with the stagnation and lassitude in which he sat, gazing with empty eyes at the unfinished creation of his hands and spirit.

There was a noise of quick feet on the stairs without and a sharp rap on the door. The painter stirred and looked up.

"*Eh bien? On ne répond pas ici?*" cried the rapper without. "I'm coming in!" The door was pushed open, and Olive appeared in the opening.

"Good-morning, maître," she said cheerfully, giving him the title which is the artist's patent of nobility.

He gazed at her drearily. Her new wealth had not operated to change her appearance; she had yet all the picturesque shabbiness—the sloven effect of coat half buttoned and cap awry upon her bush of hair, the jaunty aggression of attitude—which were her livery before the world. Unchanged, too, were the vividness and delicacy of her strong, small face and the ready comradeship of her voice.

"Good-morning child," he replied, after some moments.

She considered him swiftly; the man was plainly worn out. She moved forward to a view of the canvas.

"Ah! Your portrait of my neck!" she said lightly. "But you haven't done much to it since I was here. It must be hard to rest from such a work as that."

"I am not resting," he answered. He sat up and yawned, casting his arms back and stretching himself. "I have finished with it. Presently I shall take a knife and cut it to pieces."

He rose stiffly and began to put on his coat. Olive, watching him with startled eyes, saw, when he faced the light, the ravage of a night of brooding and despair.

"What is it?" she demanded quickly. "Gaston, something has happened. Tell me!"

He turned to her, one arm in a sleeve, the other groping. A travesty of a smile, bitter as a curse, curved the thin line of his lips.

"Just an incident of this trade of mine," he said. "I have to leave here, and the picture and everything else has to stay. My landlord was here this morning; he gives me till to-night."

"Oh!" Olive understood completely. The rent unpaid, the eviction, the retention of the canvases and the meager goods—these were too common an experience among the adventurers of the quarter to be remarkable or even, in most cases, very pitiable. One found a bed in some friend's rooms and began life again, not much worse off. But this was not such a case. Apart from Sarasin's suffering—the man's very soul was plainly prostrate within him—there was the picture! Olive swung round to look at it. The splendid thing, its perfection of concept and execution shining through its unfinished condition as through a thin veil that waited to be raised, stared calmly at the day. She made a small grimace of pain.

"Is it much?" she asked concisely.

He shrugged. Anything is much when one has nothing. Again Olive understood, and her brain raced. That he would do what he had threatened and destroy the picture she never doubted; such gestures are the local substitute for suicide.

"And you have been sitting here all the morning, brooding and sweating blood, with this hanging over you? Oh, you need a nurse!" she cried. "The rent overdue—here; why, it is as common as death, almost, but it isn't deadly. You are an artist, and you would let a bourgeois destroy you like that! And destroy this!" Her finger pointed with a motion like a stab at the canvas. "You use my throat to paint, and at the first annoyance you are ready to take a knife and cut it! Why don't you borrow from somebody?"

Her urgency had startled him somewhat from his posture of bitter resignation.

"Borrow?" he repeated uncertainly.

"Of course!" she retorted. "Don't we all borrow? And, just now, several of us have money." Her hand dipped to her pocket. "Even—even I," she ventured. An expedient flashed up. "Why, of course; there's Jerry—Jerry Flynn. He'd do it in a moment. Only last night I was telling him about the picture. And he's had the loan of my neck, too. There's a bond between you already."

She could handle Jerry—she must—so that the money should seem to come from him. It wouldn't be easy, perhaps, in view of his opinion of Sarasin, but she'd manage him somehow.

Sarasin stood hesitating. He had neither eaten nor slept for over twenty-four hours, and his mind and will were numb.

"I've—I've hardly spoken to your Monsieur Flynn," he said weakly.

Olive crossed the floor to him and put a hand on his arm.

"You can't let the picture go without an effort," she urged. "Look at it—your picture! Come over there with me now, Gaston; we'll go and see his statuette of me, and we'll make him give us some lunch. Come!" He looked at the picture as she bade him, resisting feebly her pull on his arm. "Come!" she said, and he yielded upon a sudden. She shepherded him to the stairs and so to the street.

In Jerry Flynn's big workroom—it was a large brick-and-glass structure in the yard of a tile-works—there were already visitors. It was a chamber spacious as a chapel and as light as the open air; beyond the fragments of statuary and the litter of sculptor's gear that stood about its floor, its further end was furnished in the likeness of a dwelling. Jerry himself, leaning back against the wall, was chatting with a couple of lunch-hour visitors who lounged in his chairs.

"Hello, Jerry!" cried Olive from the door, hailing him across the great echoing workshop. "Got anything to eat? We've come to lunch with the statuette of me."



She knew what it was—her money, her toy fortune, that had dropped from the slack pocket when she had tossed her coat aside. Sarasin was bending forward in his chair, a hand outstretched toward it

She advanced toward him through the sheeted clay figures, going with careful slowness, for Sarasin moved heavily at her elbow. Jerry stared at her blankly. That she should have brought the man there at all struck him like an insult. He stood upright, his face flushing angrily; and then he saw the quality of the gaze she fixed on him, warning, nervous. He took hold of himself.

"It's you, Olive?" he replied. "Yes; come along. I expect there's something to eat."

"You know Sarasin, of course," she said, nodding to the other two men, and once again her eyes under the strong brows warned and deprecated. "I'll explain presently, Jerry," she said rapidly in English.

"Yes; we've met," answered Jerry. "Won't you sit down?" The painter gave one of his half-articulate murmurs. Olive glanced swiftly in his direction as he let himself drop into the seat. His fit of abstraction had come on again; he slouched, brooding palely, his face a tragic mask, upon the thoughts that burned in him. She collected herself quickly to show her usual front.

"What's all this, Jerry?" She had flitted to the table and was lifting covers. "Salami—I love it!" She took a slice in her fingers and nibbled. "Presently I'll sit down and eat like a Christian."

One of the men laughed. Olive made a lightning grimace in his direction, wiped her fingers on the skirts of her coat, and began to remove that garment. She flung it across an empty chair. Jerry, gaging her mood, was watching her intently.

"Oh!" cried Olive, catching his serious eyes. "Of course! *Hors-d'oeuvres*, first, then real food. Trot out your statuette, Jerry. I really came for that, you know."

"It's over here," said Jerry, motioning with his head. But the other two men rose to follow as she went forward, and he was denied that chance of a few low-spoken words apart. Only Sarasin, lifting his head vaguely to look after them, did not move from his chair.

"This is it," said Jerry, lifting a cloth that draped a shape on a modeling-stand. They gathered round.

"Now, that"—the elder of the two visitors, a competent, grizzled-haired Frenchman, was a sculptor himself; he chose his view-point expertly—"now, that is *spirituel!*" His companion smiled and nodded. They moved about the little figure, interested and amused.

Olive looked at it and laughed. It was a thing about a foot high, a portrait and a caricature at once. Jerry had caught the combination of frail slenderness and bravado of posture to the life. The aggressive forward thrust of the (Continued on page 112)

Star-Dust

Illustrated by

James Montgomery Flagg

*The story of what a girl
did with her freedom*



"You funny, funny girl!"
Visigoth said, regarding
her intently through crinkling lids. "My! What
big eyes you have!"

XXVI

ONE day, after eight weeks of minute fidelity to routine, Lily was startled somewhat by a request from Robert Visigoth, in the form of a note sent over to her desk, to remain after six to take some dictation. In all these weeks, three of which, it is true, he had spent in Chicago, she had not once encountered him alone. She had subconsciously developed the habit of peering down the dark stairs that led to the stage-door before descending them, and, on one or two occasions, when they chanced to pass, had flattened herself rather unduly against the wall. Her comings and goings, whether by maneuver or not, were seldom alone. She and Mrs. Blair, a spare umbrella of a woman with a very bitter kind of widowhood, had formed the noonday habit of taking a dairy-lunch of milk and cereal at a near-by White Kitchen, and of departing evenings

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thence, too, since it spelled strong, hot, simple foods and a very superior kind of cleanliness.

It was with distinct sinkage, well laid over with office imperturbability, that she showed Mrs. Blair the note, saw her stab into her greenish-black bird's nest of a hat, and depart. Then the office-boy, the publicity-man, whistling; a clerk or two, and finally, a sixteen-year-old girl, who pasted clippings into scrap books.

The pleasantly cool summer day had thickened up rather suddenly into the beginnings of dusk, the electric sign down over the theater throwing up a sudden glow through the windows. She sat before her machine, shorthand-book in lap, her attitude quiet enough except that her hands, as they clasped one another, showed whitish at the nails, and she would not swerve her gaze by the fraction of an inch, even with the consciousness of a presence behind her.

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SHE is Lily Becker, of St. Louis, who, from childhood, has dreamed glorious dreams of achievement. She wants to be a great singer. She hates her commonplace environment, yet her will has not been strong enough to break its chains. When only eighteen, she permits her dull, ordinary parents to marry her to dull, ordinary Albert Penny, a hardware salesman. In a month she revolts, and disappears without a trace. Freedom to work out her career she must have. She arrives in New York with a few hundred dollars, and illusion after illusion begins to vanish. A promising vaudeville engagement ends abruptly on the unwelcome advances of Robert Visigoth, proprietor of a great circuit. Then comes the discovery that in a few months she will be a mother. These months are filled with tragic happenings. She is turned out of her living-place; another position is lost; most of her money is stolen, and finally, in the public ward of a hospital, a baby girl is born. She calls it Zoë, to her "the most beautiful name in the world—it means 'free.'"

In the first ecstasies of motherhood, Lily's thoughts dwell most on the miracle that has happened to her. The baby's father is ignored. "Mine alone," she tells herself. "Not his. Mine! You must be the miracle and show me the way, Zoë. You shall be me, plus everything that I am not." But the problem of existence for herself and her child intrudes itself harshly into this

web of fancy, and, after a hopeless struggle, Lily seeks Robert Visigoth, asking for work, not as a singer but in an office position. Her appeal to him is as strong as ever. He advances her money and installs her as a stenographer and assistant in his office. Zoë is placed in a suburban home, and Lily, with more illusions shattered, attacks the problem of life from a new quarter.

It was him, a washed very close. She had need, did endure. "Let He had garded Lily more of them have?" "Please the look. "Please advance withdrawal quite difficult. "Please letters. "I've never." "I'm rather "Wha "The your wife? "I h weeks." "I meant- "Ah promises cannot indefinitely within "The rected. "Con your ch "We're "My best human. "I s the report of a big "Coo with each other her human thing untemp "I m what y "No "No "Ex "Oh "Vo "I k thing you "I h "No and you office to medic your w ward a

Fannie Hurst's first novel—

one that places her
among the greatest of
American novelists

It was Visigoth at her shoulder, the male aroma of him, a mixture of cigar smoke, bay rum, and freshly washed hands, and the feel of his rough serge suit very close.

She rose, withholding herself stiffly from his nearness, marveling, as always, at this power of hers to endure him so casually.

"Letters?" she asked.

He placed a knee on the chair, tilting it toward him and leaning across the back at her.

"You funny, funny girl!" Visigoth said, regarding her intently through crinkling lids. Lily met his eyes in a challenging sort of silence. "My! What big eyes you have!"

"Please!" she said, retreating from the look in his.

"Please what?" he rather mimicked, advancing the exact distance of her withdrawal, the smile out on his never quite dry lips.

"Please—don't! Shall I take those letters now, Mr. Visigoth?"

"I would rather take you—to dinner."

"I might have known," she said, rather tiredly.

"What?"

"That you would not keep your word."

"I have, though, for eight weeks."

"I thought your promise meant—"

"Ah, no. I never broke a promise in my life, but even I cannot be expected to keep one indefinitely with a girl like you within eyeshot."

"That can be easily corrected."

"Come now; I'm giving you chance here to make good."

"Well then, let me take it."

"My dear girl, never expect the best of us to be more than human."

"I suppose, then, this is to be the regulation, theatrical-manager-dangers-of-a-big-city kind of scene."

"Come now," he said, his voice plushy with the right to intimacy; "we understand each other—Lily." She stood silent, flaming her humiliation. "And I like you for it. If there is one thing to my mind less interesting than another, it is the untempted kind of woman who—"

"I never pretended to you, Mr. Visigoth, that I was what you are pleased to term 'tempted.'"

"No? But how much more redeeming if you had been!"

"Nothing can ever redeem that—night—except—"

"Except?"

"Oh, I don't know—maybe—except—God."

"You funny, funny girl!" he repeated. "I like you."

"I know your kind of liking. You like me for the kind of thing you would protect your wife or your daughter from with all the fury of your little elemental soul."

"I haven't a wife; I haven't a daughter, and I like you."

"No; but you will have presently. Your kind always does, and you'll be the ideal family man who telephones home from the office three times a day to see if the baby has taken her cough-medicine regularly, and you'll knock the man down that brushes your wife too closely in a crowd, and because of your attitude toward all but your own women, you'll suspect every man who even



JANICE MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Lily met his eyes in a challenging sort of silence. "Please!" she said, retreating from the look in his

approaches your daughter. In the eyes of the world, you're entitled to your wild oats. That's what I am—a wild oat to be sown at your pleasure! If you haven't any letters, Mr. Visigoth, I'm going—I—"

"No!" he said, closing his hand over hers. "Don't!"

"You force me."

"Nonsense! Haven't I promised to let you be, Lily? I've respected that promise to the letter, as I always respect a promise. The past is dead; it died with that night. I swear it over again."

"Dead?" With your reminding me with every word you utter—every look."

"Nonsense, I tell you! I've treated you like everyone else in this office. Made things easy for you. Helped you."

"And I've tried to justify my position in your office. To hold it by sheer merit, so that this—this wouldn't—couldn't happen. And now you—your daring to keep me here like this shows me I've failed."

"You haven't. You've raised the efficiency of the office forty per cent. I'm turning you over to my brother as a prize. I've got you in mind for the booking-end of the business. That's what I think of you."

"Oh, Mr. Visigoth, if you knew—if you knew what that would mean to me! I'll give you my best! Let me go on proving to you that I want to stay here to make good on my merits."

"I wish to God I could figure you out!"

"I made it clear—that night—"

"But I flattered myself at least that—"

"You hadn't that right. Ours was a cold business deal. So much for so much! I never for a moment pretended otherwise. I was in need—terrible need. I didn't think, when I came to you, that you would do business on any other terms than you did."

"I envy the fellow that awakens you."

"Oh, I've been awakened. Awakened to the fact that a woman out in the world has to fight through a barrier of yourselves that you men erect. But I'm not afraid of your barrier. In the last analysis, I know that I have the situation in hand. Every woman has. It is a matter of whether she will or she won't. I had an alternative—that night. Could have taken it, but wouldn't. Would do the same over again. A man invariably takes his cue. You took yours."

"Right; but the sentiment is all on the woman's side."

"It's worth more to me to know that the situation was in my own hands than it is to play the sensational rôle of more-sinned-against-than-usual."

"You're immense!"

"Doubtless, from your point of view"—dryly.

"From any—"

"Now, look here: I need this position here more desperately than I ever needed anything in my life. It means the success or failure of something that I've staked every card on, of a fight that nobody in the world would understand—possibly not even myself. But that doesn't change the fact that the situation again is mine. I am in a position now to demand fairer terms than I was—then, I return to work to-morrow only on those terms, Mr. Visigoth."

He sat down, straddling the chair, his arms across the back and his chin down upon them.

"Who are you?" he said, regarding her with the intense squint of one in need of glasses. She felt her power over the moment, and, with her old slant for it, began to dramatize.

"I'm the grist being ground between yesterday and to-day. Sometimes I think I must be some sort of unfinished symphony which it will take another generation to complete. I am a river, and I long to be a sea. I must be the grape between the vine of my family and the wine of my progeny. That's it! I'm the grape fermenting!" Then she felt absurd, and looked absurd, and stood there with the quick fizzing spurt of exultation died down into a state of bathos. "Let me stay on here on my terms, Mr. Visigoth," she finished, with a sort of broken-wing lameness of voice.

"What terms?"

"The terms you have been generous enough not to violate up to now. I've the most glorious reason for wanting to make good that a girl—a woman could have. I don't think the 'career stuff,' as you once called it, is ranking any more. I'm suddenly glad and quiet about my job. Let me stay on. Let me make myself indispensable to this growing, interesting enterprise of yours. I'm like a bad girl who has been spanked by life and is all chastened and ready to be good. I played the game on your terms, Mr. Visigoth; now meet me on mine."

"Put your cards on the table then; no fine flights of speech, either. Who are you?"

"I told you from the first I am a married woman with nothing to be said against my husband except that he was part of a condition that was intolerable to me."

"Where is he?"

"West."

"Stage ambition, eh?"

"Yes, or—I don't know. I seem to have been stretching all these years for—for something my arm isn't quite long enough to touch, and now my child—my little girl—"

"You have a child?"

"A little girl."

"How old?"

"Eleven weeks."

He looked at her across a long silence.

"Good God!" he said, and then again, "Good God!"

"Yes," she said, watching belated comprehensions flood up into his face; "that was it."

"You mean you had on your hands that night a—"

"Yes, a three-and-a-half-weeks' old one."

"You were broke?"

"Stony."

"Good God—you—poor—"

"I'm not pleading for your sympathy, Mr. Visigoth. Only a square deal. Will you give it?"

He walked over to his desk, turning on a green-shaded bulb, the clip back in his voice and manner.

"That will be all for this evening, Mrs. Parlow—"

"Penny."

"Mrs. Penny," he said, picking up a random sheaf of papers and not meeting her eyes, "I want you to go over to Newark Monday afternoon and bring back a report on an act over there, and, by the way, you are to begin your new week in the booking department at twenty dollars."

She wanted to speak, and her lips did move, but the tears anticipated her, and, blink as she would, they sprang, magnifying her glance, and, besides, there were footsteps coming up the flight of stairs that led from the stage-entrance, and a young, a lean, a honed silhouette rather suddenly in the doorway, the right side borne down by the pull of a suitcase.

"R. J.?"—peering into the gloom.

"Good Lord!"—from the figure at the desk leaning forward on the palm of his hand. "That you, Bruce?"

They met center, gripping hands.

"When did you get in, youngster? Didn't expect you for another couple of days."

"Just now. Took a chance on finding you here."

Lily knew, instinctively, even while she marveled at his youth and the merest and most lightning-like resemblance to his brother, that here was Bruce Visigoth, and what she did not know was that a certain throaty resonance to his voice had a tendency to gooseflesh her and that quite suddenly her eyes were very hot and her hands very cold.

"Well, R. J.," he was saying, and she noticed that his head came up with a fine kind of young defiance, "I'm for taking a chance on the Buffalo lease. I stopped over yesterday, and the little theater looks good to me."

It was then Lily began noiselessly to move toward the door.

"Ch—here—Mrs. Penny—my brother, Mrs. Penny—sort of secretary in the booking department, and a darn good one."

"How do you do, Mrs. Penny; mighty pleased," he said, through the resonance that had a little aftermath of a ting to it.

Her five fingers rather trailed along the palm of his hand as he slowly released her.

"Thank you, Mr. Visigoth," she said, smiling up at him with her eyebrows, pressing down her sailor-hat, and hurrying out toward the staircase.

Outside, the darkness had the quality of cool water to her face. The palm of her right hand and the tips of her fingers were tingling as if they had been kissed. She could have run before the wind.

XXVII

FROM now on, and for many a month to come, the curve of Lily's life would have shown a running festoon—six days whose uneventful continuity was bearable because they were looped up by the rosette of the Sundays at Sputten Duyvil.

When Zoë was two years old, this hebdomadal consciousness was already awakened in her. Into her earliest vocabulary, as haphazard as if words had been dished up out of the alphabet of a vermicelli soup, crept the word "Sunday," mysteriously boiled down to "Nunk"—the first time her mother heard it, the pride seeming to crowd around her heart, fairly suffocating her.

As if the luster of this girl child could be any brighter, yet here was the new shine of the mental beginning to radiate through Nunk! Was there any limit to this ecstasy of possession? It ran through her days like a song.

It meant that, in the home-going, six-o'-clock rush at Union Square, Lily, even in her weariness, could be deterred by the lure of a curb-vender and a jumping toy dog. There was never a time or a weather that she could pass without pause Wertheim's art-needlework shop on Broadway and its array of linen-lawn dainties, and, remarkably enough, the purchase of the toy dog or a five-cent peppermint cane could send her home with an actual



Bruce caught her hand. "D-don't go! I'd be so grateful if you'd have dinner with me to-night"

physical refreshment, as if she had slept off, rather than cast off, fatigue.

She would line up during the week Monday's toy dog, Tuesday's peppermint cane, Wednesday's cap-rosettes (fashioned out of five yards of baby-ribbon at one cent the yard), and so on to Saturday's climax of bootines and, on one occasion, a large circular wooden arrangement, a sort of first aid to the first step, which she carried out herself, standing with it on the train platform.

With her three months' running start, paid in advance and duly received by Mrs. Dumas, Lily's weekly expenditures, by the nicest calculation, reduced themselves thus:

Room-rent.....	\$2.50
Car-fare (one round-trip to Spuyten Duyvil).....	.60
Breakfast (gas-jet boiled egg, an apple, three biscuits from a tin, and coffee).....	.70
Lunch (milk, cereal, sandwich).....	1.50
Dinner (lamb or beef stew, green vegetable, pie, coffee, Tip).....	3.50
Laundry.....	.75
	<hr/>
	\$9.55

There were already forty-two dollars and sixty-eight cents hoarded in a little biscuit-tin in the depths of her valise, and out of it had come a gift for Mrs. Dumas, a rather interesting relic of

an old silver thimble wrought in cunning filigree, which she had bought in two payments of seventy-five cents each, and largely by eliminating the pie for a month, from a rapidly diminishing keep-chest of Ida Blair's.

A friendship had sprung up here, which, born out of the merest propinquity, had sent down strong roots into the common ground between them.

One or two nights they had attended the theater together, on orchestra passes given out to them by one or the other of the Visigoths.

One Wednesday evening, they saw the "School for Scandal," presented at the Academy of Music, and once, just before the permanent departure of Robert for Chicago, he had tossed negligently across the desk a single balcony ticket for Eames in "Faust."

"Here is something ought to keep one of you busy this rainy evening."

Ensued a highly feminine parley.

"Mrs. Blair, you take the ticket; really, I'm too tired, and I've some sewing to do."

"Nonsense! You're musical, and I'm not. Besides, it will do you a world of good."

"I don't know," said Lily, her lips giving a sensitive quiver. "I've put it so out of my mind that it might only tantalize."

But, in the end, she did attend, seating herself for the first time in her life in the F-minor, the perfumed twilight of the Metropolitan Opera House, just as the velvet curtains swished apart.

Day was breaking, and in all the passion and churchoiness of Gounod, the student-calls for death, the echoes of human happiness rustling through the background like the scything sound of harvesting.

Lily could hardly breathe for the poignancy of sensation. She was all throat. Faust's opening greeting to the dawn, his challenge to happiness pierced her. She sat forward on her chair, already anticipating the lyric vision of Marguerite, her hands clasped over the handle of her wet umbrella and her knees crowding up unconsciously about its dampness.

She bought a libretto, humming down into it between acts, and leaping ahead to verify her memory of the score.

There was unrest in the balcony, because Faust was singing through laryngitis and a cloud of fog in his throat. A critic who wrote in terms of elliptical rhythms and tonal arabesques tiptoed out for a smoke. One of those sympathetic fits of coughing swept the house. But Lily sat hunched in her habitual beatific attitude against the chair-back, the old opera flowing back to her in association that caught her at the tonsils.

Eames down there, flinging up the jewel-song like a curve of gold! Her place!

She half rose to her feet.

"Down in front!"

She sat again, but a sudden, an inexplicable sense of wanting to plunge from the height of the balcony seized her. It had been so long since the old neuralgic stabbings of spirit. She wanted to jump, and had a ludicrous vision of herself landing down in the cream of white shoulders and crashing through the U of one of those immaculate shirt-fronts. She could have torn and scratched the indestructibility of her failure, and wanted suddenly and terribly to wrap those pearl-twined taffy braids round the rising throat of Marguerite as she sprayed the auditorium with the jewel-song, a great fire-hose of liquid music finding out every cranny.

In the deep-napped velvet of this melodious darkness, Lily rose suddenly, pushing her way out through knee-impeded aisles and a string of protestations. An usher helped her find a door. She ran down several flights and into a side-street. A slant of rain met her, and she charged into it with bent head and umbrella.

When she reached home, there was an envelope beneath her door. It contained a snap-shot picture of herself and child taken by Mrs. Dumas one Sunday afternoon. She sat down with it on the bed-edge. Against a background of shrub and stone steps, Lily was little more than a blur, but Zoë, with five little fingers dug into her cheek, leaped from the picture, all her dimples out.

The mood induced by the opera fell off like a cloak, a warm, easy tear splashing right down on the adorable little face. She wiped it off ever so painstakingly, holding the little print up to the gas to dry.

Then she stood it up on the table, so she could gaze down and smile while she undressed, and even placed it on the floor as she leaned down to unlace her shoes. She climbed into bed with it under her pillow, but rose in the darkness to transfer it, against crumpling, beneath the mattress.

She went to sleep right off, with a little smile on her lips, as if the picture had kissed it there; but it was many a day, many a year, in fact, before she could be induced to enter the Metropolitan Opera House again, and then only in the most crowded hour of her life.



Bruce plunged down a point

XXVIII

Quite a friendship was thriving between Lily and Mrs. Blair the older woman had opened the door to her upon that famous skeleton, one of which, by the way, lurks in the cupboard of mine, the unproduced play. This one, a sketch called "The Web," was read by Lily, and even placed by her with a written word of appreciation on Robert Visigoth's desk. He carried it with him to Chicago, posting it back one day without comment.

"Just the same, there is a corking idea there. You ought to develop it into a long play, Mrs. Blair."

"I will—some day," she replied, with a cryptic something in her voice that Lily was only to understand a year later.

One spring evening, that year later, as she and Mrs. Blair sat in her small room beside the open window that looked out over the lighted rear of rooftops, Lily was induced to sing, quietly, almost under her breath, sitting there on the floor with her hand clasped about her knees, her invariable shirt-waist and dark-blue skirt discarded for a pleasant sense of negligee in a pink cotton-crepe kimono, her hair flowing with the swift sort of rush peculiar to



forefinger toward the bag. "Open that up!" he said

She sang "Jocelyn," a lullaby dimmed in her memory by the mist of years and full of inaccuracies. She had last sung it at Flora Kemble's. It lay on the twilight after she had finished.

"How pretty! Why don't you let one of the Visigoths hear you? It might lead to something."

"R. J. has heard me."

"Well, I don't pretend to be a judge of music, but considering your youth and looks, and when I see the kind of thing that does get across—"

"I know. I used to feel that way about it, too. I know now—strange that it should have taken my child to show me—and I'm glad I know that my ambition was bigger than my talent."

"I suppose that is what you thought about me, too, when you read my sketch."

"No! No! I admit I did think it amateurish, but there is an idea in 'The Web.' Almost as if you had lived it yourself and had written it in blood. Besides, you know the secret of concentration; it shows in your work at the office. I couldn't stick night after night over one of those trial-balances of yours. I'd throw it over. I've never in my life really worked for anything."

Even as a child I used to cheat myself. How clear it all seems now!"

"The cruellest clarity in the world is wisdom after the event."

"Oh, but I wouldn't have one thing different! It simply wasn't in me to want badly enough, and therefore I didn't attain. But I know—I know, Mrs. Blair, that there is a logic running somewhere through it all. Nothing has been in vain. I'm out on a high road now, with open running ahead. I'm going to rear her into a superwoman. She is my song—Zoë! There is logic, I tell you, Mrs. Blair, straight through the apparent mix-up. Off somewhere in Corsica, a vine is putting down roots that there may be wine in somebody's glass some day. The Vine! The Grape! The Wine!"

"The Vine! The Grape! The Wine!"

"Don't you understand now, a little better, Mrs. Blair, why this poor little fermenting grape couldn't stay on the vine?"

"You've told me so little, dear."

"More than I've ever told a living soul. There's one thought I love to carry about with me about Zoë. She was born out of captivity. No Chinese shoes for her little mind or her little soul

or body. I'm vague about it now, just as I'm half crystallized about everything. But this time my will to do is unlimited and unfaltering. Her whole life is going to be a growth toward fulfillment of self. I want life to dawn upon her in great truths, not in ugly shocks and realizations. She is a plant, and I am her trellis toward the light. Do you see? Do you? Do you? I may be wrong, as you think I am, Mrs. Blair—terribly, irrevocably wrong, but I wouldn't take her back there into that—that—sedentary fatness—I wouldn't—"

A musing sort of silence had fallen into a gloom that was thickening into darkness.

"The more I see of your case, Lily, the less I understand it. To think of anyone in this world of suffering deliberately bringing it upon herself! Why, my dear, it isn't any of my business, but when I think of those parents of yours out there, comprehending nothing, and that poor bewildered husband of yours, I could cry for them."

"Do you think I haven't, Mrs. Blair—whole nightfuls of tears?"

"I'm not saying so much about the husband—only God knows why a woman should throw away a lifetime of protection just because a man chews with his temples and—"

"Surely you haven't taken that literally—I only tried to symbolize for you that the unimportant mannerisms which may even delight one person can become monstrosities in another—Oh, I haven't made you understand—"

"Yes, dear child, you have made me understand this much—what a fine sense of satire the power behind the throne of the world must have. Take me—that first little two-by-four home of mine over in a back street in Newark. Talk to me of freedom! I married to get away from it. Somebody who cared whether I came or went. Somebody who cared enough to want to restrict me."

"Ah, yes; but—"

"We had a little house on Dayton Street, must have been a hundred years old. We painted the floors ourselves, and Lon did the doors in burnt wood. He had a feeling for the artistic, Lon had. That was the way we met—"

"How?"

"He was a police sergeant then, and I was bookkeeping for the time for the Metz Producing Company. Lon used to drop in once in a while for passes. Then he got to waiting for me evenings with little pencil drawings of all the funny things that had happened to him during the day. I was strong for him to get off the force and take up art, but even then, now that I look back on it, I can see that Lon was fed up on propositions that were driving him half mad to resist. That in itself should have put me on my guard, but it didn't—I don't know why I'm telling you all this—"

"Go on."

"Oh, I must have known, in a way, that Lon was drinking, in his effort to keep his eyes shut to the bribe-money that could have come his way. He never came home to me under the influence, but toward—the end—his eyes began to glaze up. I was all for getting his beat changed. You see, it took him down into the gang and red-light districts. More than that. I had my heart set on seeing him off the force altogether. I wanted to keep my position for a year or two after we were married and send him to Paris to study art. That boy would have made good as well, it didn't happen. I blame myself. Marriage made a great baby of me, Lily. You see, I'd never been coddled in my life—all those years of struggle on my own. Well, I just turned soft, and he loved to baby me. Why, when I went back to bookkeeping, I had to learn it all over like a beginner—that's how wrapped up I became in that little home of ours!"

"How long, Mrs. Blair, did you live in it?"

"Fourteen months and five days. It was a tiny place, and we didn't have much to spend at first, but what I had, I managed to good advantage. Lon hated makeshift. He couldn't get the fun out of simplicity that I could. He wanted to dress me up. He wanted a big house. Big! Everything big! That was his undoing. That's what they called him in the 'ring,' I learned later—'Gentleman Lon.' And I never even knew there was a ring. Never knew the filthy inside workings of the graft game existed. That's the way he protected me from everything ugly—from poverty. O God, if he'd only been truthful with me those last few months! I—I can't talk about it—I—"

"Then don't, dear Mrs. Blair. I didn't mean to—"

"He began bringing home more money than was natural, but he always explained it. A tip from a bucket-shop on his beat. Extra duty. If I had been right strong those days, I might have suspected. Once he walked the floor all night; said it was

toothache—my poor boy!—and let me fix a hot-water bottle to him. Then two men came one evening, and there was some talk down in the parlor and I heard words like 'squeal' 'gangsters.' He told me, when he came up-stairs, that one of them was Eckstein. But how was I to know who Eckstein was? Didn't, until later, when I heard it was he who had been shot—I—you see, the captain had closed in on Eckstein's place because of a personal grudge, and Eckstein came running to Lon to save him. Threatened to squeal on Lon—on the whole business if he didn't. Lon was hot-headed—got frightened—lost his head. O God, I don't know what—never will know—"

"Know—what?"

"That evening, he stayed home and helped me fix up the nursery. Yes; I was expecting in the spring. That's why he was so for keeping things from me. Next night—next night, didn't come home—and at eight o'clock the following morning the extras were on the street—about the killing. Even then he didn't tie up—Lon and Eckstein. O God—God—how could I—"

"Tie up what? Who?"

"He was a cat's paw, Lily. Never believe otherwise. My boy was caught in the filthy cesspool of politics. You wouldn't know of my boy, Lily; you were too young then. The whole country knew him eleven years ago. Lon Blaine. It's easier Blair—questions asked. It was the beginning of a clean-up that my boy blazed the way for. He went to the electric chair, Lily—my boy—"

"No! No!"

"He died a gunman. Thank God, his child was born dead. But he lies in my heart, Lily, like a saint washed clean. He sinned for love. And because stronger forces than he wanted him for a tool. He killed in self-defense, and he sinned for love. I'll exonerate him in a play, yet! I will! I'll tell them! I tell them!"

She was grim in her tragedy, and her lips were as twisted and dried as paint-tubes; yet Lily crept closer, laying her cheek rather timidly against the corduroyed one.

"Ida Blair," she said, "I see now. 'The Web!' Oh—Ida Blair!"

They fell silent, the two of them dry-eyed, cheek to cheek, drowning back into a long twilight that finally blackened.

"I don't know why I've told you all this—it's been ten years since I've talked it. But your telling me that you threw it over—that little home out there, and a man that was driven down deeply the stakes of his home—threw it over because the black spot from his collar-button made you feel hysterical. Oh, tell you there is a grin through the scheme of things! A laugh!"

Chin cupped in hand, Lily stared out into a back yard that was filled with the tulle of winding mist, the lighted rear windows of the houses opposite blurry as if seen through tears.

"Just the same," she said, her lips in the straight line peculiar to this not infrequent reiteration, "I'd do the same if I had to do over again."

"How do you know that, some day, your child is not going to turn upon you with the bitterest reproaches?"

"She won't; she's too much like me. That is why it is good to be something sublime to have the rearing of her. It is good to be like living my life over again the way I once dreamed it, course, you are right—he they have the right to know. Take the shine off that creature? Clip the wings of her spirit? Fatten her little soul back there in that sluggish environment? She'd hate it as I hated! Never! She's mine! We two on the open road!"

"I shouldn't want the responsibility of rearing my child in a paid institution if I had better to offer."

"I haven't better! I've proved to myself, Mrs. Blair, to what limit I would go to—to save her from back there. Proved horribly! No—no; she's mine. No—not even mine. She belongs to herself. As soon as her little brain is ready to take it in, shall decide—but until then—she's mine."

"Lily—Lily—a father ignorant of his child!"

"They'd suck us back, I tell you! Self-preservation, even against family, is a first law of life. Squirrels often eat the young. So can human beings feed on the thing they love. If not these first years that matter—but ten, fifteen, twenty years from now! They would hitch her vision, not to a star but to a tin dipper—you don't understand. You know, it seems to me, Mrs. Blair, that most people, women anyhow, are like big houses with only half the rooms in use—the mentality close up and musty from disuse because they have never found the keys. I want my child to know the world she lives in, from attic to cellar—the good from the (Continued on page 11)



TESSA KOSTA, who has a fine lyric-soprano voice, enacts the leading part in "Lassie," a delightful musical comedy from the popular play, "Kitty MacKay," of a few seasons ago.

PORTRAIT BY EDWARD THAYER MONROE



MARGARET FALCONER
impersonates Roulette in
an act of the "Midnight Frolic."

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO



ANN MASON, a noted beauty from Virginia, has been playing the rôle of Edith Craig in "The Acquittal."

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWARD THAYER MORRIS

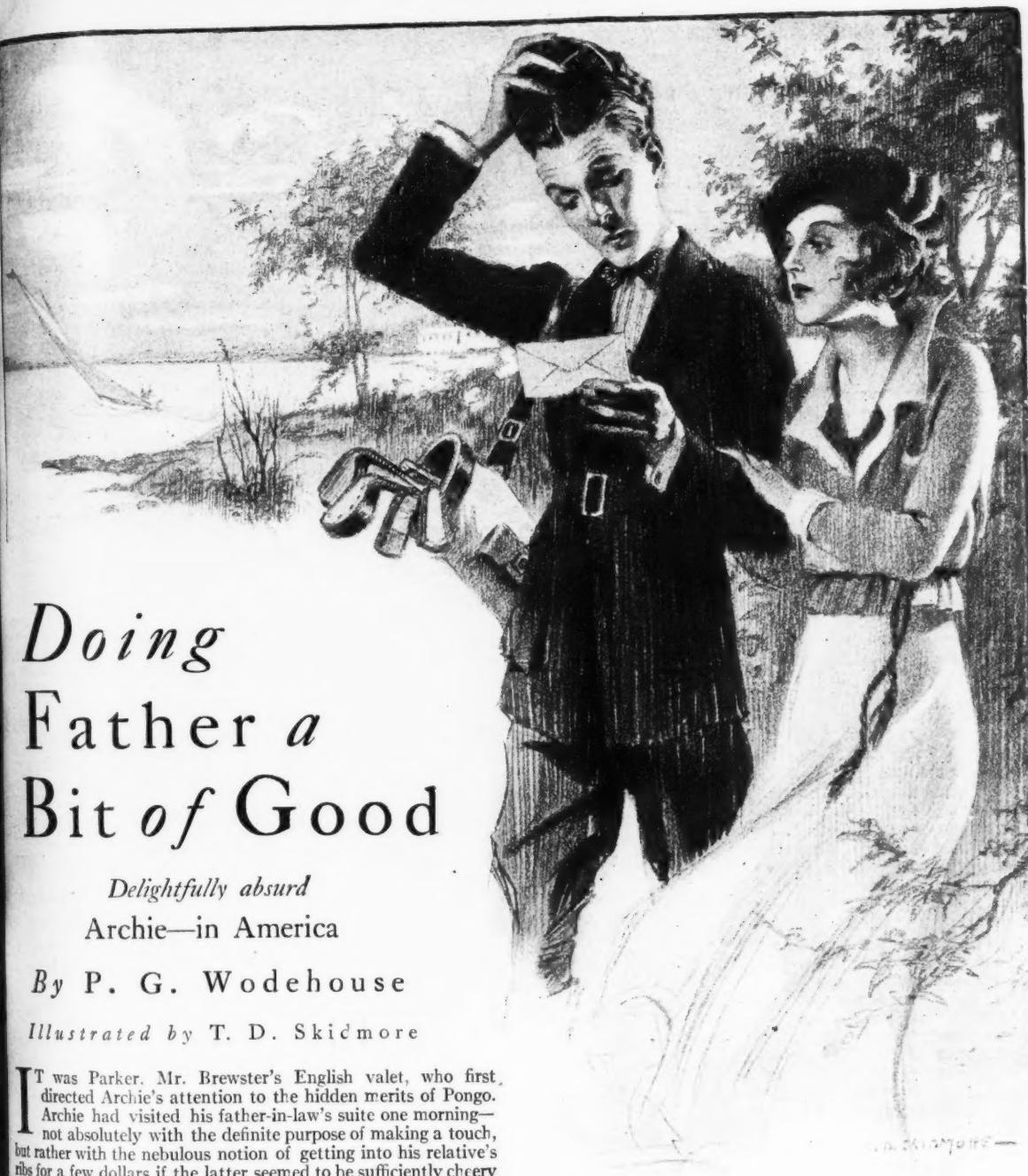
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MARGALO
GILMORE,
with her captivating
charm and grace,
has done much to
make "The Famous
Mrs. Fair" a big
New York success

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
CAMPBELL STUDIOS

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Doing Father a Bit of Good

Delightfully absurd

Archie—in America

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

IT was Parker, Mr. Brewster's English valet, who first directed Archie's attention to the hidden merits of Pongo. Archie had visited his father-in-law's suite one morning—not absolutely with the definite purpose of making a touch, but rather with the nebulous notion of getting into his relative's ribs for a few dollars if the latter seemed to be sufficiently cheery and full of the milk of human kindness—and he had found the sitting-room occupied only by the valet, who was dusting the furniture and bric-à-brac. After a courteous exchange of greetings, Archie sat down and lighted a cigarette. Parker went on dusting.

"The guv'nor," said Parker, breaking the silence, "'as some nice little *objay d'ar*, sir."

"Little what?"

"*Objay d'ar*, sir."

"Of course, yes." Light dawned upon Archie. "French for junk. I know what you mean now. Dare say you're right, old friend. Don't know much about these things myself."

Parker gave an appreciative flick at a vase on the mantelpiece. His encomium had been quite justified. One of the things which made the Hotel Cosmopolis different from other New York hotels was the fact that its proprietor had an educated taste in matters of art. Archie's taste in art was not precious, and he found a difficulty in looking civilly at most of his father-in-law's belongings.

Parker had picked up a small china figure. It was of very delicate workmanship, and represented a warrior of pre-khaki days advancing with a spear upon some adversary who, judging

Archie inspected the envelop. It provided no solution

from the contented expression on the warrior's face, was smaller than himself. Parker regarded this figure with a look of affectionate admiration which seemed to Archie absolutely uncalled-for.

"Very valuable, some of the gov'nor's things," said Parker. "This one, now. Worth a lot of money. Oh, a lot of money!"

"What—Pongo?" said Archie incredulously.

"Sir?"

"I always call that rummy-looking little what-not 'Pongo.' Don't know what else you could call him—what?"

The valet seemed to disapprove of this levity. He shook his head and replaced the figure on the mantelpiece,

Doing Father a Bit of Good

"Worth a lot of money," he repeated. "Not by itself, no."

"Oh, not by itself?"

"No, sir. Things like this come in pairs. Somewhere or other there's the companion-piece to this 'ere, and if the gov'nor could get 'old of it, he'd 'ave something worth 'aving. But one's no good without the other. You 'ave to 'ave both, if you understand my meaning, sir."

"I see. Like filling a straight flush—what?"

"Precisely, sir."

Archie gazed at Pongo again, with the dim hope of discovering virtues not immediately apparent to the casual observer. But without success. Pongo left him cold—even chilly. He would not have taken Pongo as a gift to oblige a dying friend.

"How much would the pair be worth?" he asked. "Ten dollars?"

Parker smiled a gravely superior smile.

"A little more than that, sir. Several thousand dollars, more like it."

"Do you mean to say," said Archie, with honest amazement, "that there are chumps going about loose—absolutely loose—who would pay that for a weird little object like Pongo?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. These antique china figures are in great demand among collectors."

Archie looked at Pongo once more and shook his head.

"Well, well, well! It takes all sorts to make a world—what?"

What might be called the revival of Pongo, the restoration of Pongo to the ranks of the things that matter, took place several weeks later, when Archie was making holiday at the house which his father-in-law had taken for the summer at Brookport on the south shore of Long Island. The curtain of the second act may be said to rise on Archie strolling back from the golf-links in the cool of an August evening.

It was, to coin a phrase, the end of a perfect day. The setting sun fell pleasantly on the waters of the Great South Bay. A gentle breeze was blowing in off Fire Island. Crickets chirped unceasingly in the meadows, and birds sang their evening hymn in the trees. The peace of it all had induced in Archie a mood of tranquil happiness which nothing could disturb. From time to time he sang lightly, and wondered idly if Lucille, his wife, would put the finishing touch upon the all-rightness of everything by coming to meet him and sharing his homeward walk.

She came in view at this moment, a trim little figure in a white skirt and a pale-blue sweater. She waved to Archie, and Archie, as always at the sight of her, was conscious of that jumpy, fluttering sensation about the heart which, translated into words, would have formed the question: "What on earth could have made a girl like that fall in love with a chump like me?" It was a question which he was continually asking himself, and one which was perpetually in the mind also of Mr. Brewster, his father-in-law. The matter of Archie's unworthiness to be the husband of Lucille was practically the only one on which the two men saw eye to eye.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" said Archie. "Here we are—what? I was just hoping you would drift over the horizon."

Lucille kissed him.

"You're a darling," she said. "And where is father? Why didn't he come back with you?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, he didn't seem any too keen on my company. I left him in the locker-room, chewing a cigar. Gave me the impression of having something on his mind."

"Oh, Archie, you didn't beat him *again*?"

Archie looked uncomfortable.

"Well, as a matter of fact, old thing, to be absolutely frank, I, as it were, did."

"Not badly?"

"Well, yes. I rather fancy I put it across him with

some vim and not a little emphasis. I toolled him in nine down."

"But you promised me you would let him beat you to-day. You know how pleased it would have made him."

"I know. But, light of my soul, have you any idea how dashed difficult it is to be beaten by your festive parent at golf?"

"Oh, well"—Lucille sighed—"it can't be helped, I suppose. But I do wish we could think of some way of making father fonder of you."

"So do I. But what's one to do? I smile winsomely at him and what-not, but he doesn't respond."

"Well, we shall have to try to think of something. I want him to realize what an angel you are." Lucille felt in the pocket of her sweater. "Oh, there's a letter for you. I've just been to fetch the mail. I don't know who it can be from."

Archie inspected the envelop. It provided no solution.

"That's rummy! Who could be writing to me?"

"Open it and see."

"Dashed bright scheme! I will. Herbert Parker. Who the deuce is Herbert Parker?"

"Parker? Father's valet's name was Parker."

"And still is, no doubt—what? Do you mean the long, thin bird—the one he fired just before we came down here?"

"Yes. Father found he was wearing his shirts. But read the letter. I expect he wants you to use your influence with father to have him taken back."

"My influence? With your *father*? Well, I'm dashed. Sanguine sort of johnny, if he does! Well, here's what he says:

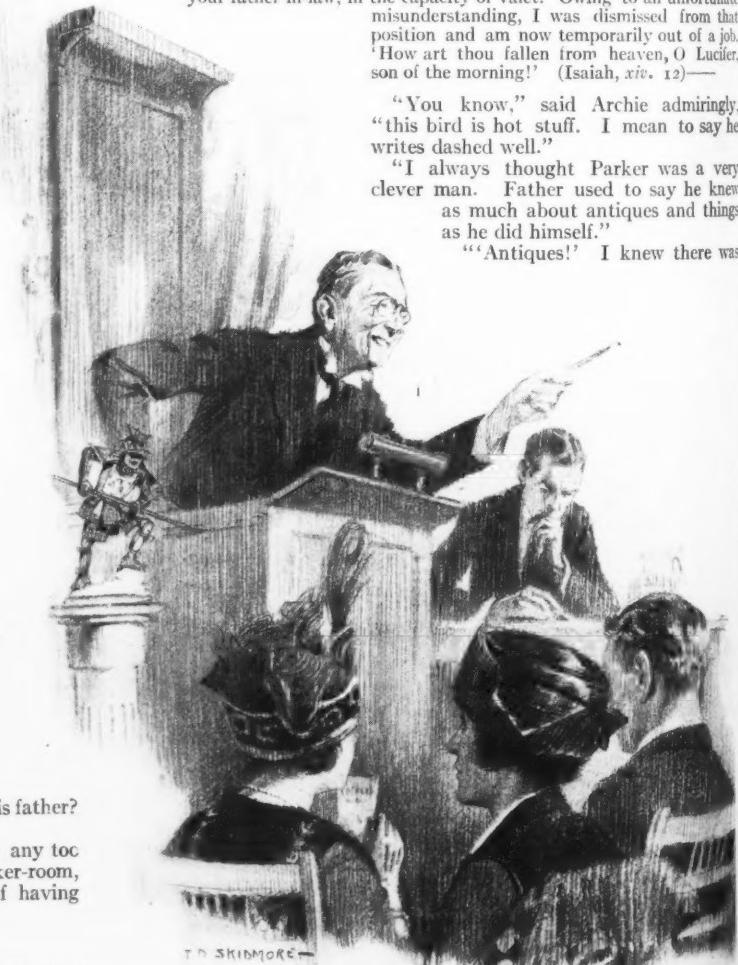
DEAR SIR:

"It is some time since the undersigned had the honor of conversing with you, but I am respectfully trusting that you may recall me to mind when I mention that until recently I served Mr. Brewster, your father-in-law, in the capacity of valet. Owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, I was dismissed from that position and am now temporarily out of a job. 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!' (Isaiah, xii. 12)—

"You know," said Archie admiringly, "this bird is hot stuff. I mean to say he writes dashed well."

"I always thought Parker was a very clever man. Father used to say he knew as much about antiques and things as he did himself."

"Antiques!" I knew there was



T.D. SKIDMORE

Archie glared defiantly at the spectacled man.

something at the back of the old bean. All along I've been trying to remember just how and when it was that friend Parker and I became the good old college chums he seems to think we are. We had a long and animated conversation one morning in your father's suite. He told me something dashed interesting, I recollect. I can't recall what it was, but I know it struck me as dashed interesting. Well, let's get on with it.

"It is not, however, with my own affairs that I desire to trouble you, dear sir. I have little doubt that all will be well with me and that I shall not fall like a sparrow to the ground. 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor him that begg'd bread.' (Psalms, xxvii. 25.) My object in writing to you is as follows: You may recall that I had the pleasure of meeting you one morning in Mr. Brewster's suite, when we had an interesting talk on the subject of Mr. B.'s *objets d'art*. You may recall being particularly interested in a small china figure. I informed you, if you remember, that, could the accompanying figure be secured, the pair would be extremely valuable.

"I am glad to say, dear sir, that this has now transpired, and is on view at Beale's Art Galleries on West Forty-fifth Street, where it will be sold to-morrow at auction, the sale commencing at two-thirty sharp. If Mr. Brewster cares to attend, he will, I fancy, have little trouble in securing it at a reasonable price. I confess that I had thought of refraining from apprising my late employer of this matter, but more Christian feelings have prevailed. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' (Romans, xii. 20.) Nor, I must confess, am I altogether uninfluenced by the thought that my action in this matter may conceivably lead to Mr. B. consenting to forget the past and to reinstate me in my former position. However, I am confident that I can leave this to his good feeling. I remain,

"Respectfully yours,
HERBERT PARKER."

Lucille clapped her hands.

"How splendid! Father will be pleased!"

"Yes. Friend Parker has certainly found a way to make the old lad fond of him. Wish I could!"

"But you can, silly! He'll be delighted when you show him that letter."

"Yes, with Parker. Old Herb Parker's is the neck he'll fall on—not mine."

Lucille reflected.

"Oh, Archie darling, I've got an idea!"

"Decant it."

"Why don't you slip up to New York to-morrow and buy the thing and give it to father as a surprise?"

Archie patted her hand kindly. He hated to spoil her girlish day-dreams.

"Yes," he said. "But reflect, queen of my heart! I have at the moment of going to press just two dollars twenty-five in specie, which I took off your father this afternoon. We were playing a quarter a hole. He coughed it up without enthusiasm; but I've got it. And that's all I have got."

"That's all right. You can pawn that ring and that bracelet of mine."

"Oh, I say—what? Hock the family jewels?"

"Only for a day or two. Of course, once you've got the thing, father will pay us back. He would give you all the money we asked him for, if he knew what it was for. But I want to surprise him. And if you were to go to him and ask him for a thousand dollars without telling him what it was for, he might refuse."

"He might," said Archie. "He might."

"It all works out splendidly. To-morrow's the Invitation Handicap, and father'd hate to have to go up to town himself and not play in it. But you can slip up and slip back without his knowing anything about it."

"It sounds a ripe scheme," Archie pondered. "Yes; it has all the earmarks of a somewhat fruity wheeze. By Jove, it is a fruity wheeze! It's an egg!"

"An egg?"

"Good egg, you know— Hullo, here's a postscript. I didn't see it.

"P. S. I should be glad if you would convey my most cordial respects to Mrs. Moffam. Will you also inform her that I chanced to meet Mr. William this morning on Broadway, just off the boat? He desired me to send his regards and to say that he would be joining you at Brookport in the course of a day or so. Mr. B. will be pleased to have him back. 'A wise son maketh a glad father.' (Proverbs, x. 1.)"

"Who's Mr. William?" asked Archie.

"My brother Bill, of course. I've told you all about him."

"Oh, yes, of course. Your brother Bill. Rummy to think I've got a brother-in-law I've never seen."

"You see, we married so suddenly. When we married, Bill was in Yale. Then he went over to Europe for a trip to broaden his mind. You must look him up to-morrow when you get back to New York. He's sure to be at his club."

"I'll make a point of it. Well, vote of thanks to jolly old Parker! This really does begin to look like the point in my career where I start to have your forbidding old parent eating out of my hand."



"A thousand!" he cried. There were excited murmurs. Necks were craned. Feet shuffled

Doing Father a Bit of Good

"Yes; it's an egg, isn't it?"

"It's an omelet!" said Archie enthusiastically.

The business negotiations in connection with the bracelet and the ring occupied Archie on his arrival in New York to an extent which made it impossible for him to call on brother Bill before lunch, and the fact that his friend Reggie van Tuyl happened to join him at the table prolonged lunch till a few minutes before the time scheduled for the opening of the sale. Archie decided to postpone the affecting meeting of brothers-in-law to a more convenient season.

"I say, Reggie, old top," he said, confiding in his friend, "do you know anything about sales?"

"Sales?"

"Auction sales, don't you know."

Reginald considered.

"Well, they're sales, you know. Auction sales, you understand."

Archie sought further enlightenment.

"Yes; but what's the jolly old procedure? I mean, what do I do? I've got to buy something at Beale's this afternoon. How do I set about it?"

"Well," said Reggie drowsily, "there are several ways of bidding, you know. You can shout, or you can nod, or you can twiddle your fingers—I'll tell you what. I've nothing to do this afternoon. I'll come with you and show you."

When he entered the art galleries a few minutes later, Archie was glad of the moral support of even such a wobbly reed as Reggie van Tuyl. There is something about an auction-room which weighs heavily upon the novice. The hushed interior was bathed in a dim, religious light, and the congregation, seated on small wooden chairs, gazed in reverent silence at the pulpit, where a gentleman of commanding presence and sparkling *pince-nez* was delivering a species of chant. Behind a gold curtain at the end of the room, mysterious forms flitted to and fro. Archie found the atmosphere oppressively ecclesiastical. He sat down and looked about him. The presiding priest went on with his chant:

"Sixteen-sixteen-sixteen—worth three hundred—sixteen-sixteen-sixteen-sixteen-sixteen—ought to bring five hundred—sixteen-sixteen-seventeen—seventeen-eighteen-eighteen-nineteen-nineteen-nineteen-nineteen." He stopped and eyed the worshipers with a glittering and reproachful eye. They had, it seemed, disappointed him. His lips curled, and he waved a hand toward a grimly uncomfortable-looking chair with insecure legs and a good deal of gold paint about it. "Gentlemen! Ladies and gentlemen! You are not here to waste my time; I am not here to waste yours. Am I seriously offered nineteen dollars for this

eighteenth-century chair, acknowledged to be the finest piece sold in New York for months and months? Am I—twenty? I thank you. Twenty-twenty-twenty-twenty. Your opportunity! Priceless! Very few extant. Twenty-five-five-fifty-thirty-thirty-thirty. Just what you are looking for. The only one in the city of New York. Thirty-five-five-five-five. Forty-fourty-fourty-fourty. Look at those legs! Back it into the light, Willie. Let the light fall on those legs!"

Willie, a sort of acolyte, maneuvered the chair as directed. Reggie van Tuyl showed his first flicker of interest.

"Willie," he observed, eying that youth more with pity than reproach, "has a face like Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy—don't you think so?"

Archie nodded briefly.

"Forty-five-five-five-five-five," chanted the high priest. "Once forty-five. Twice forty-five. Third and last call, forty-five. Sold at forty-five. Gentleman in the fifth row."

Archie looked up and down the row with a keen eye. He was anxious to see who had been chump enough to give forty-five dollars for such a frightful object. He became aware of the dog-faced Willie leaning toward him.

"Name, please?" said the canine one.

"Eh, what?" said Archie. "Oh, my name's Moffam, don't you know." The eyes of the multitude made him feel a little nervous.

"Er—glad to meet you and all that sort of rot."

"Ten dollars deposit, please," said Willie.

"I don't absolutely follow you, old bean. What is the big thought at the back of all this?"

"Ten dollars deposit on the chair."

"What chair?"

"You bid forty-five dollars for the chair."

"Me?"

"You nodded," said Willie accusingly. "If," he went on, reasoning closely, "you didn't want to bid, why did you nod?"

Archie was embarrassed. He could, of course, have pointed out that he had merely nodded in adhesion to the statement that the other had a face like Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy; but something seemed to tell him that a purist might consider the excuse deficient in tact. He hesitated a moment, then handed over a ten-dollar bill, the price of Willie's feelings. Willie withdrew like a tiger slinking from the body of its victim.

"I say, old thing," said Archie to Reggie, "this is a bit thick, you know. No purse will stand this strain."

Reggie considered the matter. His face seemed drawn under the mental strain.

"Don't nod again," he advised. "If you aren't careful, you get into the habit of it. When you want to bid, just twiddle your fingers. Yes; that's the thing—twiddle."

He sighed drowsily. The atmosphere of the auction-room was close; you weren't allowed to smoke, and altogether he was beginning to regret that he had come. The service continued. Objects of varying unattractiveness came and went, eulogized by the officiating priest but coldly received by the congregation.

"If your thing—your whatever-it-is doesn't come up soon, Archie," said Reggie, fighting off with an effort the mists of sleep, "I rather think I shall be toddling along. What was it you came to get?"

"It's rather difficult to describe. It's a rummy-looking sort of what-not, made of china or something. I call it 'Pongo'. At least, this one isn't Pongo, don't you know—it's his little brother, but presumably equally foul in every respect. It's all rather complicated, I know, but—Hullo!"

He pointed excitedly. "By Jove!

We're off! There it is! Look! Willie's unleashing it now!"

Willie, who had disappeared through the gold curtain, had now returned, and was placing on a pedestal a small china figure of delicate workmanship. It was the figure of a warrior in a suit of armor, advancing with raised spear upon an adversary. A thrill permeated Archie's frame. Parker had not been missed. This was undoubtedly the companion-figure to the redoubtable Pongo.

The high priest regarded the figure with a gloating enthusiasm wholly unshared by the congregation, who were plainly



"I always call that rummy-looking little what-not 'Pongo.' Don't know what else you could call him—what?"

looking up things.
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"I suppose the price wasn't particularly stiff?" "Twenty-three hundred." Mr. Brewster seemed to reel in his tracks. "Twenty-three hundred!"

looking upon Pongo's little brother as just another of those things.

"This," he said, with a shake in his voice, "is something very special. China figure, said to date back to the Ming Dynasty. Unique. Nothing like it on either side of the Atlantic. If I were selling this at Christie's, in London, where people," he said nastily, "have an educated appreciation of the beautiful, the rare, and the exquisite, I should start the bidding at a thousand dollars. This afternoon's experience has taught me that that might possibly be too high. Will anyone offer me a dollar for this unique figure?"

"Leap at it, old top!" said Reggie van Tuyl. "Twiddle, dear boy; twiddle! A dollar's reasonable." Archie twiddled.

"One dollar I am offered," said the high priest bitterly. "One gentleman here is not afraid to take a chance. One gentleman here knows a good thing when he sees one." He abandoned the gently sarcastic manner for one of crisp and direct reproach. "Come, come, gentlemen; we are not here to waste time. Will

anyone offer me one hundred dollars for this superb piece of—" He broke off, stared at some one in one of the seats in front of Archie. "Thank you," he said, with a sort of gulp. "One hundred dollars I am offered. One hundred-one hundred-one hundred—"

Archie was startled. This sudden, tremendous jump, this wholly unforeseen boom in Pongos, if one might so describe it, was more than a little disturbing. He could not see who his rival was, but it was evident that at least one among those present did not intend to allow Pongo's brother to slip by without a fight. He looked helplessly at Reggie for counsel, but Reggie had now definitely given up the struggle. He was leaning back with closed eyes, breathing softly through his nose. Thrown on his own resources, Archie could think of no better course than to twiddle his fingers again. He did so, and the high priest's chant took on a note of positive exuberance.

"Two hundred I am offered. Much better! Turn the pedestal round, Willie, and let them look at it. Slowly. Slowly. You aren't spinning a roulette-wheel. Two hundred. Two-two, two-two."

Doing Father a Bit of Good

Archie's concern increased. He seemed to be twiddling at this voluble man across seas of misunderstanding. Nothing is harder to interpret to a nicety than a twiddle, and Archie's idea of the language of twiddles and the high priest's idea did not coincide by a mile. The high priest appeared to consider that, when Archie twiddled, it was his intention to bid in hundreds, whereas, in fact Archie had meant to signify that he raised the previous bid by just one dollar. Archie felt that, if given time, he could make this clear to the high priest, but the latter gave him no time.

"Two hundred-two hundred-two-three—thank you, sir—three-three-four-four-five-five-six-six-seven-seven—"

Archie sat limply in his wooden chair. One fact was clear to him: he must secure the prize. Lucille had sent him to New York expressly to do so. She had sacrificed her jewelry for the cause. She relied on him. The enterprise had become for Archie something almost sacred.

He twiddled again. The ring and the bracelet had fetched nearly twelve hundred dollars. Up to that figure, his hat was in the ring.

"Eight hundred I am offered. Eight hundred. Eight-eight-eight-eight—"

A voice spoke from somewhere at the back of the room. A quiet, cold, nasty, determined voice.

"Nine."

Archie rose from his seat and spun round. This mean attack from the rear stung his fighting spirit. As he rose, a young man sitting immediately in front of him rose, too, and stared likewise. He was a square-built, resolute-looking young man, who reminded Archie vaguely of somebody he had seen before. But Archie was too busy trying to locate the man at the back to pay much attention to him. He detected him at last, owing to the fact that the eyes of everybody in that part of the room were fixed upon him. He was a small man of middle-age, with tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles. He might have been a professor or something of the kind. Whatever he was, he was obviously a man to be reckoned with. He had a rich sort of look, and his demeanor was the demeanor of a man who is prepared to fight it out on these lines if it takes all summer.

"Nine hundred I am offered. Nine-nine-nine-nine—"

Archie glared defiantly at the spectacled man.

"A thousand!" he cried.

The irruption of high finance into the placid course of the afternoon's proceedings had stirred the congregation out of its lethargy. There were excited murmurs. Necks were craned. Feet shuffled. As for the high priest, his cheerfulness was now more than restored, and his faith in his fellow man had soared from the depths to a very lofty altitude. He beamed with approval. Despite the warmth of his praise, he would have been quite satisfied to see Pongo's little brother go at twenty dollars, and the reflection that the bidding had already reached one thousand and that his commission was twenty per cent. had engendered a mood of sunny happiness.

"One thousand is bid," he caroled. "Now, gentlemen, I don't want to hurry you over this. You are all connoisseurs here, and you don't want to see a priceless china figure of the Ming Dynasty get away from you at a sacrifice price. Perhaps you can't all see the figure where it is. Willie, take it round and show it to 'em. We'll take a little intermission while you look carefully at this wonderful figure. Get a move on, Willie!"

Archie, sitting dazedly, was aware that Reggie van Tuyl had finished his beauty-sleep and was addressing the young man in the seat in front.

"Why, hullo!" said Reggie. "I didn't know you were back. You remember me, don't you? Reggie van Tuyl. I know your sister very well. Archie, old man, I want you to meet my friend, Bill Brewster. Why, dash it!"—he chuckled sleepily—"I was forgetting. Of course! He's your—"

"How are you?" said the young man. "Talking of my sister," he said to Reggie, "I suppose you haven't met her husband by any chance? I suppose you know she married some awful chump?"

"Me," said Archie.

"How's that?"

"I married your sister. My name's Moffam."

The young man seemed a trifle taken aback.

"Sorry," he said.

"Not at all," said Archie.

"I was only going by what my father said in his letters," he explained in extenuation.

Archie nodded.

"I'm afraid your jolly old father doesn't appreciate me. But

I'm hoping for the best. If I can rope in that rummy-lo king little china thing that Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy, is showing the customers, he will be all over me. I mean to say, you know, he's got another like it, and if he can get a full house, as it were, I'm given to understand he'll be bucked, cheered, and even braced."

The young man started.

"Are you the fellow who's been bidding against me?"

"Eh, what? Were you bidding against me?"

"I wanted to buy the thing for my father. I've a special reason for wanting to get in right with him just now. Are you buying it for him, too?"

"Absolutely. As a surprise. It was Lucille's idea. His valet, a chappie named Parker, tipped us off that the thing was to be sold."

"Parker?" Great Scott! It was Parker who tipped me off. I met him on Broadway, and he told me about it."

"Rummy he never mentioned it in his letter to me. Why, dash it, we could have got the thing for about two dollars if we had pooled our bids."

"Well, we'd better pool them now, and extinguish that pill at the back there. I can't go above eleven hundred. That's all I've got."

"I can't go above eleven hundred myself."

"There's just one thing: I wish you'd let me be the one to hand the thing over to father. I've a special reason for wanting to make a hit with him."

"Absolutely!" said Archie magnanimously. "It's all the same to me. I only wanted to get him generally braced, as it were, if you know what I mean."

"That's awfully good of you."

"Not a bit, laddie, no, no—and far from it. Only too glad." Willie had returned from his rambles among the connoisseurs, and Pongo's brother was back on his pedestal. The high priest cleared his throat and resumed his discourse.

"Now that you have all seen this superb figure, unique in the civilized world, we will—I was offered one thousand. One thousand-one-one-one. Eleven hundred? Thank you, sir. Eleven hundred I am offered."

The high priest was now exuberant. You could see him doing figures in his head.

"You do the bidding," said brother Bill.

"Right-o!" said Archie.

He waved a defiant hand.

"Thirteen," said the man at the back.

"Fourteen, dash it!"

"Fifteen!"

"Sixteen!"

"Seventeen!"

"Eighteen!"

"Nineteen!"

"Two thousand!"

The high priest did everything but sing. He radiated goodwill and bonhomie.

"Two thousand I am offered. Is there any advance on two thousand? Come, gentlemen; I don't want to give this superb figure away. Twenty-one hundred. Twenty-one-one-one-one. This is more the sort of thing I have been accustomed to. Twenty-two-two-two-two-two. Three-three-three. Twenty-three-three-three. Twenty-three hundred dollars I am offered."

He gazed expectantly at Archie, as a man gazes at some favorite dog whom he calls upon to perform a trick. But Archie had reached the end of his tether. The hand that had twiddled so often and so bravely lay inert beside his trouser leg, twitching feebly. Archie was through.

"Twenty-three hundred," said the high priest ingratiatingly.

Archie made no movement. There was a tense pause. The high priest gave a little sigh, like one waking from a beautiful dream.

"Twenty-three hundred," he said. "Once twenty-three. Twice twenty-three. Third, last, and final call, twenty-three. Sold at twenty-three hundred. I congratulate you, sir, on a genuine bargain."

Reggie van Tuyl had dozed off again. Archie tapped his brother-in-law on the shoulder.

"May as well be popping—what?"

They threaded their way sadly together through the crowd and made for the street. They passed into Fifth Avenue without breaking the silence.

"Bally nuisance!" said Archie at last.

"Rotten!"

"Wonder who that chappie was."

(Continued on page 106)



*The story of a man
who lost himself*

An Eye for an Eye

By Will Payne

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

THE main street of the country town was mostly shut up, for this was Sunday. Several men, smoking after-breakfast cigars or pipes, stood on the new cement sidewalk in front of Hecker's tobacco shop and news-stand, with bulky Sunday papers—from Milwaukee or Chicago—under their arms. Their neighborly gossip was partly about the progress of the cement paving that was being laid in Main Street, as the belittered aspect of the thoroughfare showed. When Ben Bodet, also smoking an after-breakfast cigar, strolled by, they eyed him as a stranger, with mild and momentary curiosity. Two blocks further on, which was nearly at the other end of Main Street, Bodet turned off to the right and followed a pleasant, maple-shaded street, along which stood story-and-a-half and two-story frame dwellings, each with its lawn and flower-beds. Where the cement walk ended, he took to a path under the maples. It had rained heavily the day before, and the

muddy clay of the path soon clogged his shoes. He passed the square yellow house which had been described to him, turned into a grassy lane, and soon saw the low roof of the little cottage above an unpruned thicket of lilacs, whose blossoms loaded the calm air with perfume. The May sun was shining its brightest that morning—a sweet day for a sour deed.

Passing the lilac thicket, where he flung away his cigar, Bodet saw that the cottage, or shack, was so small that it probably contained only two rooms, or perhaps only one. It had been painted brown, but time and weather had almost obliterated the paint. The front door was shut. Keeping noiselessly to the soft grass, he started round the house.

Fortunately, the shades at the side windows were up and the window on that side was open; so, in a moment, he was looking into a small and poor room, furnished with an iron cot, a little table, a warped bureau of stained pine, and two common chairs.

Although it was hardly nine o'clock, the cot was already neatly made up and the poor room was in order. A man sat at the table, contemplating a photograph which was propped up against the kerosene-lamp on the table. Bodet had seen that man only once, years before, but at a glance he knew it was the man he wanted.

The detective took three steps forward and looked into the window of the other room—the kitchen. Its signs of cleanliness and order gave him satisfaction. They looked workmanlike and self-respecting. To him, they denoted a mind braced and firm.

The kitchen door stood open. Bodet went round there, stepped lightly in, crossed the kitchen, and from the doorway looked down on the seated man. At once the man looked up and saw a stranger standing in his house. But was it a stranger? He seemed to remember that face.

The man was of medium height and strongly built, but spare. At a glance, one might have put his age well above fifty, for his short, thick brown beard and hair were full of gray threads. A light tan overlay his face, saving it from pallor. It was a face and brow of the square sort. He wore overalls, patched and stained with cement, and a collarless, faded calico shirt. His heavy shoes seemed never to have been blackened, and, besides the mud of the path, they, too, were stained with cement. His strong hands had been diligently washed, but no washing could remove the indurated marks of heavy manual toil.

Boden spoke only a word:

"Samson."

For a moment after that, the eyes of the two men held together. Then the man at the table got up deliberately and walked over to the warped pine bureau at the head of the iron bed. Two steps took him to it, and he had pulled open the top drawer before the detective fairly understood his purpose.

Understanding, Bodet said, "I'm not armed, Samson," and exhibited his bare hands.

And Samson, his hand in the bureau drawer, turned his head to say, over his shoulder, "You might kill me; but I'll not go back alive." There was no boast about it—hardly a threat. It was just a plain statement that carried conviction, and when Samson's hand came out of the bureau drawer, it held a weapon—a comparatively new weapon, costly and very efficient, as Bodet noted at a glance. This man would live in a shack and wear patched overalls, but when it came to a firearm, he could afford the best in the market. That agreed with the theory on which Bodet had been proceeding.

"I want a little talk with you," said Bodet. "There'll be no shooting. Keep your gun if you like, but sit down and talk with me."

While he was saying it, he stepped up to the table and sat down in the chair that Samson had just vacated.

The cement-worker, his new and efficient automatic in hand, stood by the bureau, eying the visitor and apparently suspicious of some trap. He drew his bearded nether lip between his teeth, he bit it gently, and repeated:

"I will not go back alive. My mind is made up to that."

Boden only smiled and spread out his empty hands.

After a further suspicious moment, the cement-worker said:

"Who are you?"

"My name is Bodet," the caller replied. "I talked with you for half an hour in the county jail at Chicago fourteen years ago."

Samson evidently remembered then and remarked,

"A bank detective?"

"I'm a friend of Bedford Holt and of Tom Thorpe," Bodet replied.

Those names evidently struck some responsive chords. But Samson neither lowered his weapon nor raised it. After a moment, he said, as a sort of concession:



"Bedford Holt is a good man. I've always been sorry for the trouble I made Tom Thorpe." He said it very simply.

"You were my second case," Bodet remarked. "A man's first cases leave an impression on him. Afterward, I made up my mind that you'd got a raw deal." Samson's only response was a slight compression of the lips. "I felt sure of it," said Bodet. "I've wanted to have a talk with you for quite a while."

"How did you find me?" Samson asked.

"Why, that was simple enough," Bodet replied. "I'll tell you all about it in good time. But, first, I want to know whether I am right in some other matters. If you did get a raw deal, I can do you some good. Sit down. Let's talk it over a bit."

Yielding in anything was not easy for Samson, it seemed. He stuck to his place by the bureau, gun in hand, his suspicious eyes on the caller for a long moment. Then he bit his lip a little and sat down in the chair near the bed.

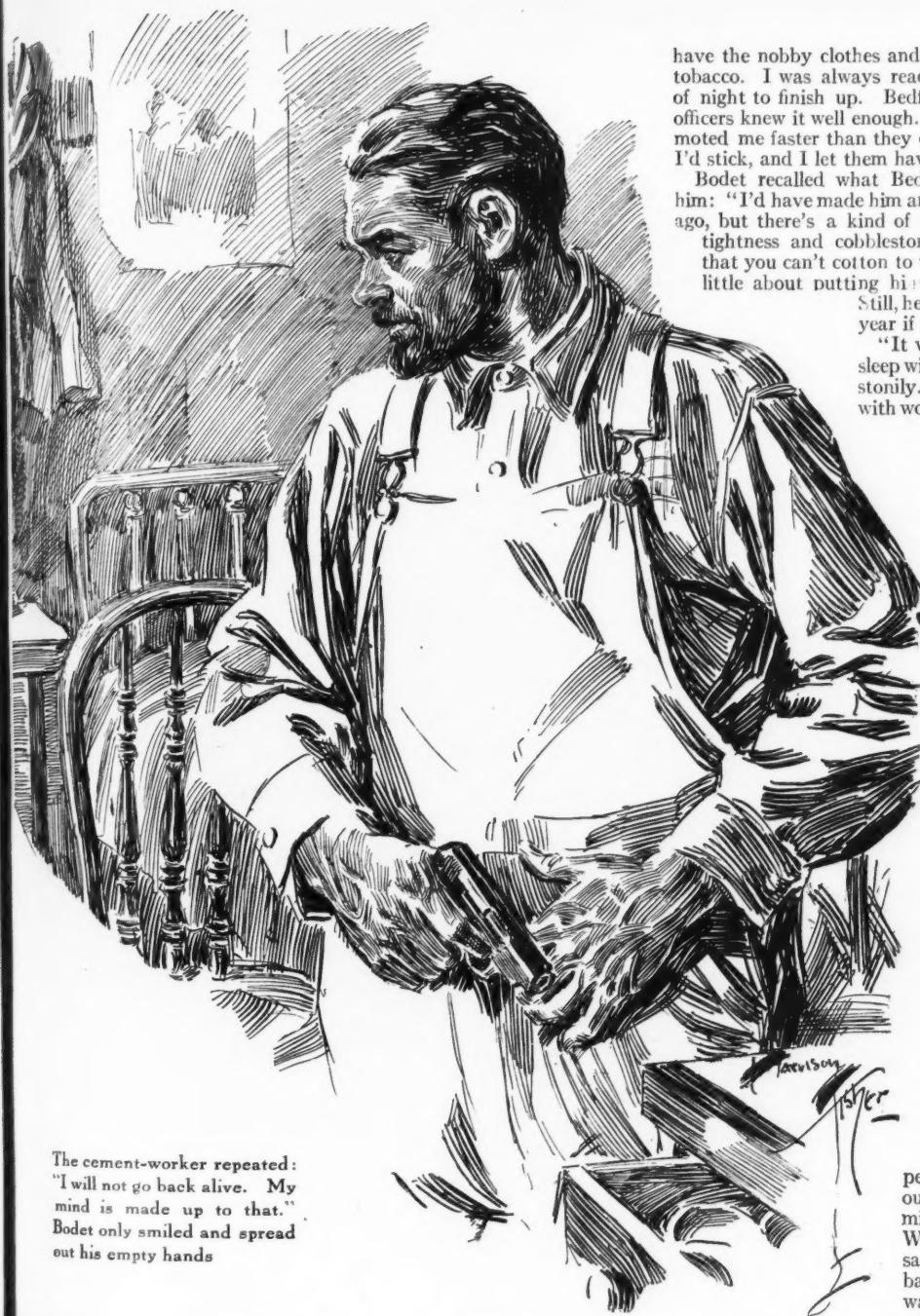
"I got a raw deal if ever a man did," he said grimly.

"I've never forgotten what Bedford Holt said to me when he called me in that first time, fourteen years ago," Bodet observed. "He said you were the steadiest-going man in the bank, and he would have no more expected you to do what you did than he'd have expected the clock to jump off the wall."

"I wouldn't have believed it of myself," Samson replied simply. "I was a steady-going man until I met her."

"Holt couldn't understand what had become of the money," said Bodet. "That was why they suspected Tom Thorpe of having a hand in it."

"I've always been sorry about Tom Thorpe," Samson repeated. "He knew no more about it than the man in the



The cement-worker repeated:
"I will not go back alive. My
mind is made up to that."
Bodet only smiled and spread
out his empty hands

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"moon." He paused a moment and added, "I didn't have the money myself."

Bodet waited for him to say more and, by way of invitation, repeated,

"Can you do some good, Samson, if I'm right about this case?" It seemed hard for Samson to yield anything whatever in the nature of a confession. Bodet felt him to be inwardly struggling with himself. After a moment, he said ungraciously, "I don't know what your idea of the case is."

"Tell me the beginning of it," Bodet suggested.

Samson struggled over that a moment, eying the caller. Then, with a kind of grim loathness, he began:

"I went into the bank when I was thirteen years old and worked up to first paying teller. I saved half a dollar out of the three dollars I got for my first week's work. When I was thirty-one, I had near thirty thousand dollars that I'd saved out of my salary and invested in good bonds. 'Steady-going' is the word for it. The other fellows in the bank called me 'Tightwad' and 'Old Five Per Cent.' They were welcome to. I knew where I was going—or thought I did. I proposed to be rich. They could

have the nobby clothes and theaters and drink and tobacco. I was always ready to stay on any time of night to finish up. Bedford Holt and the other officers knew it well enough. They might have promoted me faster than they did, too; but they knew I'd stick, and I let them have it their own way."

Bodet recalled what Bedford Holt had said to him: "I'd have made him an assistant cashier a year ago, but there's a kind of dog-goned hickory-bark tightness and cobblestone hardness about him that you can't cotton to very much. I held off a little about putting him at a desk up in front. Still, he'd have got the desk this year if he'd gone straight."

"It was work and grub and sleep with me," Samson went on stonily. "I had nothing to do with women. And church meant

a lot to my people, poor as they were. I went to church myself. You can give me credit for a moral reason if you want to. About the only amusement I had was swimming in the summer-time. I always liked that. There was a beach down on the South Side where you could get a room to dress and undress in for a dime if you brought your own bathing-suit and towel. I used to go there Saturday afternoons and holidays and summer evenings.

"They were having a big Labor Day parade. There'd been a strike, and the town was excited about this parade, for public sympathy had been with the strikers. They were going to make a grand affair of it. I didn't care anything about the parade, so, in the afternoon, I went over to the bathing-beach. Only a few people were there. I swam out maybe a quarter of a mile or more and back. When I came up on the sand, a girl in a black bathing-suit and red cap was sitting there all alone."

Samson looked at the

photograph propped against the kerosene-lamp on the table and gave a little nod.

The photograph showed many marks of time and wear. The margins of the pasteboard on which it was mounted had been rudely cut away, leaving frayed and dog-eared edges. The likeness itself was somewhat faded and stained. It was the likeness of a slim and adorably pretty young woman in evening dress—a smile in her eyes and touching her curved lips. Bodet didn't doubt that, curled on the sand in a black bathing-suit with a red cap, she had been sufficiently alluring.

"Of course I saw her," said Samson. "I wouldn't have thought of trying to speak to her or to any other woman; but she spoke to me, laughing. She said: 'I've been watching you. How can you swim so far?' I said something—I don't remember what. She said, 'But aren't you all tired out?' You know how women can do those things. She seemed to make a place for me on the sand beside her. I sat down, and we began to talk about swimming. She wanted to learn. That was the beginning of it.

"I went wild about her. That was fifteen years ago. I was thirty-one then. A girl was something new to me., I would have

An Eye for an Eye

married her within two months of that day on the beach, but she was married already. She told me a long story about it—married him when she was only sixteen, and so forth." A wry and bitter smile appeared beneath his beard as he added: "I guess some of what she told me was true. But I would have believed anything she said. I wanted to believe it, you see.

"Part of that story was about some property in Colorado—her father's estate. She had just started a suit against her husband for divorce and to get back the property he'd done her out of, or what was left of it. Her attorney was a man named Louis Ashley—a handsome chap with his mustache curled up at the ends. I believed it all. I thought Ashley was in love with her, and I was jealous of him; but, of course, I wouldn't let them see that. She let me lend her money and make her presents. That was all. I was the fall-guy from the start.

"Ashley spent his money right and left—theaters and suppers and all that. I kept up with him. I went off by myself and learned to smoke cigarettes. She and I were to be married as soon as she got her divorce. She'd promised it. She kissed me when I went to see her and when we said good-night, and patted my cheek. My salary was twenty-five hundred a year then. It wasn't long before I was spending it all and some of the interest on my bonds. Saving and putting the money in good five-percent bonds had been my plan up to then. But that wouldn't answer; it was too slow. Whatever else she lied about, she certainly expected somebody to provide her with a good deal of money. That seemed as natural to her—pretty clothes and jewelry and suppers and cabs and all that—as preening and singing is to a bird. Probably I was all the more infatuated with her on that account.

"I began speculating in wheat. The old story. I made some money for a while and then lost a lot more and tried to recoup and lost again. When my money was gone, I dipped into the bank's. Tom Thorpe was my assistant in the teller's cage. One day I was careless, and Tom caught me; but I bamboozled him about it—said it was just a mistake. Tom swallowed the explanation, for a man doesn't naturally take up with the idea that his friend and associate is a thief. But it gave me a terrible jolt. I saw it was only a question of time before I'd be caught. But the jolt wasn't what you'd suppose. It didn't come from looking myself in the face and knowing myself for a thief. It came from the idea that I might be separated from her."

Samson lifted a gnarled and lime-eaten hand to his grizzled beard and was silent a moment. Then he went on:

"It seems strange to me now. I can't put myself back into that crazy frame of mind. But I went to her and told her how I stood, and proposed that she run away with me. I must have been so crazy that I thought she was as crazy as I was. It scared her, and she put me off, saying we'd have to make some preparations and find out the best place to go and so forth. I've no doubt now that she'd grown afraid of me. Probably, to a woman like her, having a man in my state of mind about was like holding a bomb and not knowing when it might go off.

"Well, she went to Ashley. Of course I'd been seeing Ashley all the while; we pretended to be good friends. Ashley and I talked it over. He said it was a situation that any man with a little nerve could get out of easily enough. He asked me how much cash I could get hold of at any given time, and I told him anywhere from half a million to a million dollars. He said to get hold of a million and skip with Lucy to some country that the United States had no extradition treaty with covering cases of embezzlement. I would just sit down there, and then he'd take the case up with the bank. He'd say, 'Samson's got a million dollars of your money and you can't touch him; but

he'll give you back six hundred and fifty thousand dollars if you'll wipe the slate and say no more about it.'

"Well, we talked that over—all three of us. The long and short of it was that Ashley looked up the extradition treaties and picked out Peru as the country to go to. But, finally, two difficulties came up. In the first place, I would have to take the chances of getting out of the United States without being caught. It wasn't fair to ask Lucy to take the risk of being nabbed in my company and so brought publicly into the affair. I would go to New Orleans and across Mexico, and Lucy would go to San Francisco and sail from there. We had the routes and dates all figured out, and the hotel in Lima where we were to meet, and the assumed names we would use. The other difficulty, at the last moment, was that, if I took the actual stolen property into Peru with me, I could be brought back. But after I lifted the money from the bank, I would have no time to exchange it; I'd have to skip that same night. So I would take only a few thousand dollars for traveling-expenses with me and turn the rest of the money over to Ashley and Lucy. He would help her convert part of it into sterling exchange, and the rest he would put in a safe-deposit vault to hand back to the bank when it was ready to compromise.

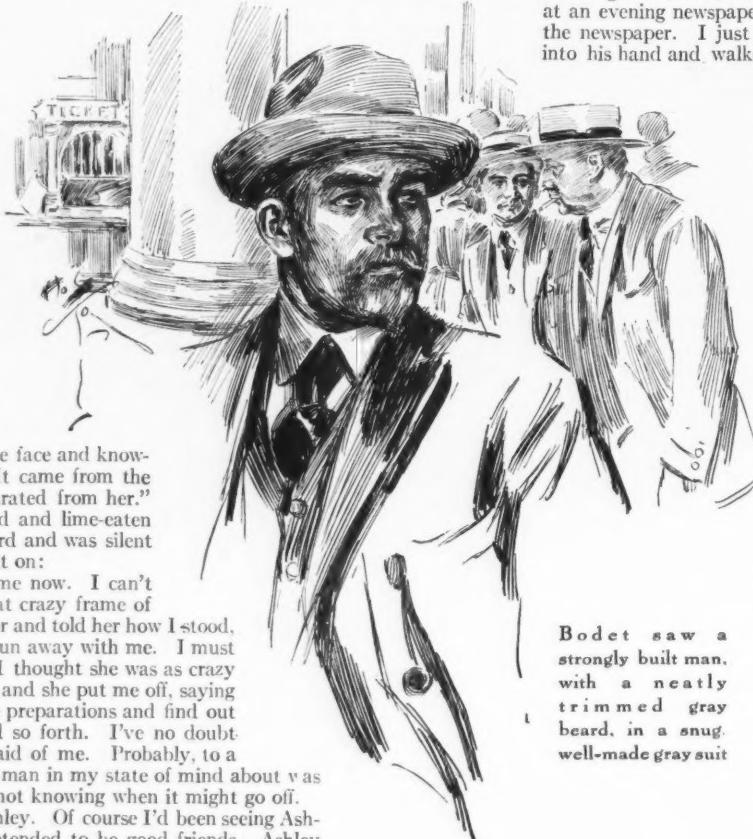
"As it happened, six hundred and thirty thousand dollars was all the cash I could lay my hands on, in large bills, that day. I chose that particular day because I knew Tom Thorpe was anxious to get off early, so I would be alone in the cage. I carried a suitcase down to the bank with me that morning. Getting the money into it and walking out was even easier than I had thought. After the bank closed, everybody else near my cage was busy finishing up for the day.

"I carried the suitcase over to the Union Station and checked it in the parcel-room and walked toward the stairs. Ashley was standing over there smoking a cigar and looking at an evening newspaper. He hardly lowered the newspaper. I just slipped the brass check into his hand and walked out. I went several blocks down West Madison Street and bought a couple of collars and two pairs of socks in one shop and a cheap bag in another, and caught the evening train for New Orleans.

"I registered at the hotel in Lima and was shown to a room, and about fifteen minutes later, I was arrested. Only Ashley and Lucy had the assumed name I was to use and the name of the hotel I was to go to. I knew that I'd been sold out.

"I had plenty of time to think it over on the way back to the United States and while I lay in the county jail at Chicago waiting trial. If I could prove anything against Ashley, it wouldn't help me much. And I couldn't prove anything against him without proving that I'd been the biggest sucker ever born.

"Bedford Holt came over to the jail to see me, and Latimer, the cashier, and the bank's attorney, and you. Of course they wanted to know where the six hundred and thirty thousand dollars was. I just stuck to the statement that I never took it. Naturally, nobody believed it. They thought I had the money planted somewhere, and suspected Tom Thorpe for a while—for which I'm sorry. The judge thought I had the money planted, too; so he gave me twenty-five years.



Boden saw a strongly built man, with a neatly trimmed gray beard, in a snug well-made gray suit

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"She seemed to make a place for me on the sand beside her. I sat down, and we began to talk about swimming.
She wanted to learn. That was the beginning of it."

You'll think it's strange, Mr. Detective, but all this while I had a kind of crazy little hope, although I knew it was idiotic. I had a kind of crazy little hope that some day Lucy would appear and explain it. Chicago courts are always away behind. The bank got a postponement of the trial—always hoping I'd tell where the money was. I lay in jail a year. The week of my trial, I learned that Lucy and Ashley were married. I got a sheet of paper and envelop and managed to smuggle a letter out of the jail without its being opened—which wasn't hard. I addressed the envelop to Lucy and just wrote on the paper, 'I will kill you both.'

"I spent ten years in the penitentiary." Samson paused there,

looking at the detective, and asked, "What do you know about that?"

"They were beginning to take convicts outside of the prison by that time—honor men," Bodet replied. "A gang of twenty was taken up to Stony River to build a road and bridge. You had worked in the stone-yard. Your record was good. You were one of the twenty. The men lodged in an old mill. You and the others that wanted to were permitted to go swimming in the river sometimes. The record says that you went in one afternoon and were drowned."

Samson nodded and explained:

"It took a pretty good swimmer to do it. Another convict—

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a good fellow—couldn't do it himself, but he was willing to help me. Part of the work, you know, was building a cement bridge over the river; so we were sometimes on one bank, sometimes on the other. My friend and I, between us, stole a right shoe, then a left shoe, then a pair of overalls, a coat, a shirt. We stole some biscuit and cheese and put them in two old tin cans. It took us seven weeks—watching a chance. We hid the things in the brush along the river and in the litter at the bridge. He told me just where he had put his things so I could find them. It took us seven weeks. An old oak tree had fallen into the river at the bend down from the mill and on the other side. A lot of brush and stuff, carried down by the current, had collected against it. The river was fairly wide there, for the old dam, although partly broken down, still kept in part of the old mill-pond.

"The guards were good-natured enough, but we had to do our swimming in broad daylight. Four or five of us went in about half-past five—no bathing-suits, you know. I swam away from the others, keeping toward the mill side, and threw up my arms and sank. Then I swam over under water until I struck the submerged branches of the old tree. It took a pretty good swimmer to do it. I dragged myself into the brush, and stood with my nose and mouth out of water. They looked for my body down-stream until after dark. I think it was ten o'clock or so before I crawled up out of the water. This was July, and the water seemed warm, but I was cold enough when I got out. I got a stick and switched myself, and jumped up and down till my blood began to circulate; but the overalls were all I dared look for that night. I went over into the woods and covered myself with leaves and brush and lay all night and all next day. That night, I got a shirt and shoe, and ate one can of the biscuit and cheese, and went back to the woods. It was three days and nights before I got my wardrobe together, and I was pretty hungry then, for the tin cans didn't hold a great deal.

"The guards were satisfied that I'd been taken with a cramp and drowned: for what could a perfectly naked man do—not a cent or a stitch of clothes? They made a kind of search, but without much interest in it, or no doubt they would have caught me. You see, my head was shaved, and anybody could spot me for a convict a mile away. The fourth night, I started for the railroad station, or in the direction I thought it was. After a good while, I lay down to rest a bit and fell asleep in spite of myself. When I woke up, it was daylight, and there were three other chaps—hoboes or eggmen—hardly fifty rods further on. They were getting up, too. I went over to them. They saw my shaved head and gave me something to eat."

Samson smiled a little, and observed simply:

"So far as I remember now, the convict who helped me steal the things and those three hoboes are the only ones I've met since I grew up who ever went out of their way to do me a good turn. I hung out with them a while until my hair and beard grew—tramping. But I had a trade. I could work in stone and cement. I've been here a year. I manage to make a living."

He stopped and, for a moment, seemed to be thinking of the passage of time—ten years in the penitentiary—many months of tramping and then of incidental jobs—a whole year in this village—he growing older all the while. Mere lapse of time might finally defeat him; but as though setting his will against that, he gnawed at his nether lip a moment, and then suggested abruptly,

"You said finding me was easy enough."

"Quite easy," Bodet replied. "I've told you that you were my second case. Bedford Holt called me in to see if I could find out what became of the six hundred and odd thousand. I couldn't, and that humiliated me. But I found that you had been paying much attention to a young lady, and I smelled Ashley's trail in it—but all indefinite, inconclusive. The mystery excited me then rather more than mysteries do now, for I've discovered that about two times out of three they will fairly solve themselves."

"But I began to be taken up with other affairs—your case getting further back in my head all the time. I'd all but forgotten it when I read that you'd been drowned in Stony River. About two months after that, a woman knocked at the door of my lodging one afternoon. She was veiled and nervous. By that time, you see, the newspapers had bestowed a fine reputation on me—mostly undeserved. She'd heard about me, and was much impressed by that newspaper reputation. She'd brought fifteen hundred dollars in currency with her, and she offered it to me if I would find out, beyond a doubt, whether you were dead or, if you were not dead, where you were."

"She didn't purpose telling me anything about herself; but I was too curious about your affair to let it go at that. Finally, she said she was a relative of Mrs. Louis Ashley, and Mrs. Louis

Ashley had a doubt that you were really dead, and that doubt spoiled her sleep—a mortal fear, Samson, and a morbid fear, too—one of those obsessions that people sometimes get. Mrs. Louis Ashley wouldn't sleep well again as long as she had the idea that you might be at large, and that any time she opened a door or turned a corner, you might be standing there to exact payment. The veiled woman wished to relieve her relative of that fear.

"But I declined to take her money or her case. For one reason, when I was in college I dabbled around in Greek tragedy quite a bit, and I have always liked the general view of things which Greek tragedy expresses—the view that if you're due to be soaked, you're going to be soaked and you can't get away from it. If Mrs. Louis Ashley were living in mortal fear of you, I didn't particularly care to relieve her of that fear. And my notion then was that you had really drowned in Stony River, for it seemed decidedly improbable that a penniless, naked man with a shaved head could have gotten away. I wouldn't take her case, but I told her that she might, if she wished, arrange a method by which I could communicate with her, and I told her that if I ever learned definitely that you were alive, I would let her know.

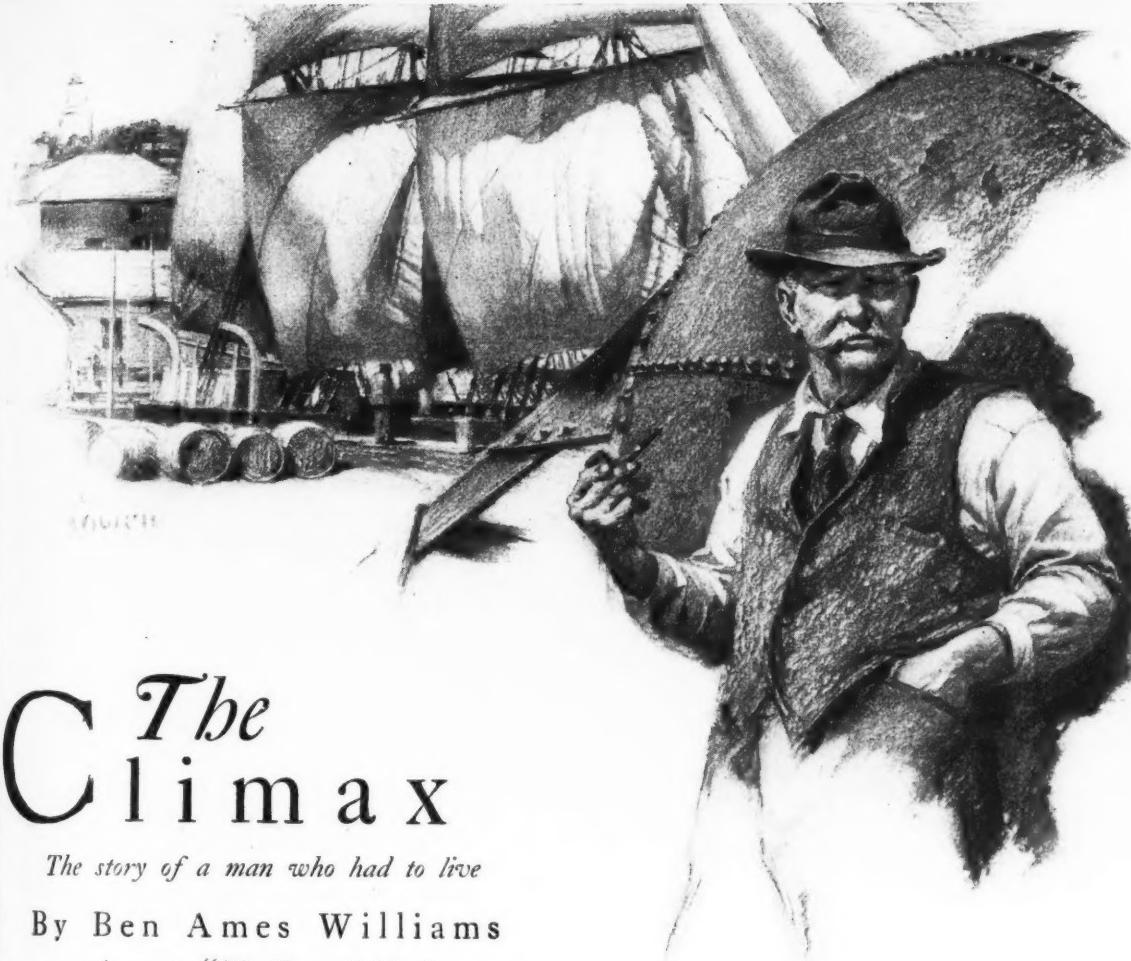
"Well, there it stopped again—or seemed to stop. Then, very recently, I ran across something that brought it all up again and made me quite curious to learn more about Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ashley. With that six hundred and odd thousand dollars in hand, you know, they were comparatively rich. They came up here to Lake Lobago and bought a pleasant country place where they spent about half the year—spending the other half in a hotel in Chicago or traveling. Ashley gave up his shabby law practise, and they led the lives of people with a sufficient income and nothing in particular to do except amuse themselves. But about four years ago they sold the Lake Lobago place and disappeared from these parts.

"As I told you, I was curious to learn something about Mr. and Mrs. Ashley. I wanted to get out of town for a couple of weeks and rusticate, anyway, and Lake Lobago is pleasant at this time of year—before the summer season opens and when there's nobody in particular about. Partly with some reason, and partly just with a hunch, I came up to Lake Lobago and established myself at a little all-the-year hotel where the landlord would probably know all the local gossip, and began nosing around. I learned that when Mr. Ashley disappeared, after selling his country place, he left quite a little batch of unpaid bills—no great amount, you know—rather small sums which a man might have forgotten; but, all the same, a number of tradesmen and workmen would like to know his address. And pretty soon I learned that a man calling himself John Stahl—a cement-worker living in the village of Hilltown, fourteen miles away—dropped in regularly every fortnight. He had first appeared there over a year ago, and lived in the village, or hamlet, two or three months. But when the summer hotel closes and the summer residents depart there isn't much left of Lake Lobago—practically nothing for a stonemason or cement-worker to do. So John Stahl had gone on to Hilltown, where there would be enough work in his line to keep him busy a good part of the time. During his sojourn in Lake Lobago, Stahl had told several people that, some time before, he did a bit of work for Louis Ashley and Ashley never paid him for it. He was very anxious to get trace of Ashley. Several people had promised to let him know if they ever heard where Ashley was. Once a fortnight, Stahl came down from Hilltown on the trolley—not exactly making inquiries, but just putting himself in the way of the people who had promised to tell him if ever they found out where Ashley was.

"Of course," the detective added, with a smile, "it occurred to me that if Samson hadn't drowned in Stony River and if he were looking for Ashley, he couldn't go to the police and make inquiries without making some explanation of himself, and he was in no position to make an explanation. Probably he would just hang round the last abiding-place of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ashley that he knew of in a dogged hope that, some day, the clue to their whereabouts would turn up. It gave me the idea of a grimly resolute man, not to be discouraged or turned aside by disappointments or disadvantages. I made some more inquiries about Stahl and came up here yesterday afternoon, and when I looked through the window there, I knew you were the man I wanted to see."

Samson looked at the window, which was open. Outside, the sun shone strongly, and the green foliage rustled. The deep, old instinct to live stirred in him. Nevertheless, he turned to Bodet and said:

"I will not go back alive. My mind is made up to that. I served ten years in the penitentiary. You've caught me, Mr. Detective. I can't kill you, for I'd be caught (Continued on page 122)



The Climax

The story of a man who had to live

By Ben Ames Williams

*who wrote "The Great Accident"
and "All the Brothers Were Valiant"*

Illustrated by Percy Cowen

THE telling of the tale was invoked by an idle question on my part. I had come down to the harbor-side to taste the full flavor of the May sunlight, and to smell the rich fragrance of oil that rose from the sun-warmed planks of the ancient wharves. The Peter Cooper was tied up there, making ready for sea; and Cap'n Palfrey stood also on the wharf above her, while Blagden, one of the officers, superintended the actual work of taking on the stores and stowing them away.

Frank, the captain's son, climbed like a monkey here and there through the rigging, full of energy as only a boy can be, alive with interest in every detail of the proceedings. The captain's eye followed him fondly, for the boy was his only blood in all the world, and well and dearly loved by him.

All about us, made infinitely more vivid by the sparkling, rain-washed air through which we perceived them, shone the bright colors of spring. The oil-soaked casks, piled high at the shoreward end of the wharf, glowed rich and warm and brown; the town that climbed the hill above us was a sweet medley of greens and reds and grays and spotless whites. The water of the harbor, ruffled into white flashes by the gentle scouring of the wind, gleamed like an emerald sea between the whitecaps. Gulls drifted past the end of the wharf, scudding on silent wing, or fighting their way with squawks and raucous cries against the pressure of the gusts; and about each one of them a very rainbow of color seemed to play.

Even the dingy sails of the Peter Cooper, loosed to dry in the sun after the shower that had wetted them during the night, borrowed a certain colorful beauty from the air. It was as though the whole world were seen through a prism. Color played everywhere. Such days come only after a sweet and cleansing rain.

When I looked, I saw that his eyes were turned back along the wharf, toward where a man was picking his shambling way in our direction

Cap'n Palfrey and I were ancient friends. He greeted me, this day, with a nod and a murmured word, and puffed his short pipe abstractedly. I saw that he was watching the boy, who had climbed to the fore'gallant crosstrees and was gesticulating there, so high above our heads. There was a certain anxiety in the captain's countenance, and I asked,

"Aren't you afraid he'll fall?"

He nodded a little.

"Oh, aye. I'm ever full of fear for him. That's the way of fatherhood. But you cannot hold a boy from life for the sake o' your selfish fears."

The Peter Cooper was a bark equipped with auxiliary steam-power, in the fashion that was then just coming into vogue. They had led the fall of the tackle to this engine, and were using it for the hoisting of the stores they swung aboard. The roar of the exhaust each time the throttle was opened drowned our words; we talked together in fragmentary fashion between these staccato bursts of sound. I remarked to the captain that it was a strange thing to see power on a whaler; and he nodded and said:

"Oh, aye. But we'll be needing more power still afore so very long. The trade is dying fast, you'll understand."

There was a pile of boxes on the wharf behind where we stood, and Mr. Blagden, the officer in charge of the work, swung his tackle now in our direction to snake these stores aboard. Thus dislodged from our position, Cap'n Palfrey and I moved slowly out toward the end of the wharf and stopped presently in the sunny lee of an old bell-buoy. I was near the wharf's edge, and I bent over to look down through the clear water and watch the fish coming in with the tide. A cloud of tiny ones, so closely packed that I could not distinguish individuals, swept in toward the shore with larger creatures preying on the flanks of the school. I spoke to the captain, called his attention to them, asked what

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they were; but he did not answer, and when I looked, I saw that his eyes were turned back along the wharf, toward where a man was picking his shambling way in our direction. The man stopped uncertainly when he came to where the Peter Cooper lay, and he stood there, looking down at her. This seemed to release Cap'n Palfrey's eye; he looked toward me, took his pipe from his mouth.

"Eh? What say?" he asked slowly.

"I was watching the fish below us here," I told him, "coming in with the tide."

He nodded.

"Oh, aye, they do."

A sculpin, drifting along the bottom, caught my eye. Hideously ugly, its mottled fins spread wide, its head distended, and the wide jaws opening and shutting lazily, it swam out of sight beneath the wharf. I had had enough of fish, and I stepped back and leaned against the bell-buoy beside the captain and filled my pipe and set it going in tune with his. The ugly creature I had last seen stayed in my lazy thoughts, and, after a little, I asked, idly enough,

"Wonder what the Lord made a sculpin for, anyhow?"

Cap'n Palfrey puffed his pipe and slowly shook his head.

"Dunno," he said, at last. "There's a many a thing he does that has always puzzled and bothered me."

Something in his tone awakened my attention, and I saw that he was again watching the disreputable figure of the man who had caught his eye before. After a moment, he said, half to himself,

"F'r instance, Jim Dennie there." He jerked a thumb toward the man, his eyes turning to me. "Jim ought to ha' died, for his own good, twenty year ago."

I studied the shabby man with more interest. A shambling, sodden figure, there seemed to be nothing about him to inspire Cap'n Palfrey's dislike.

"Dead?" I repeated. "What have you got against that poor chap?"

"Against him?" the captain echoed, a little wistfully. "Against him? Why, there's nothing I wouldn't fix to do for Jim Dennie if I could."

"Then why do you wish he were dead?"

"I didn't say that," he corrected me. "I said he ought to ha' died, for his own good. Twenty year ago, he were a man. Dying would ha' put the capstone on his life. 'Stead, he's been let to drag along and drag along. Lord knows why. You can see for yourself what Jim Dennie's come to now."

"He's coming to you," I said; and Cap'n Palfrey nodded, and said, in a somber tone:

"Aye; looking for me. 'Tis most always so with him."

As Jim Dennie shambled toward us, I was able to see a thing that I had missed before. The man's right arm was gone, gone at the shoulder. But even while I was pitying him on this account, I saw that it was the least of his deformities. For there was upon him the hideous mark of a sodden and ugly life. His garments were unkempt and unclean; his eyes were glazed and dull and, at the same time, blazing red; his cheek was pale. I saw that he was clean-shaven, and this seemed curiously out of keeping with his shabbiness—a contrast that emphasized his lack of other graces. As he approached us, Cap'n Palfrey went a step or two to meet him, greeted him cheerfully, and took him by the hand. Thereafter, they talked for a little together in lowered tones, and the captain gave him money. Then the man drifted back toward the Peter Cooper, stopping there, and Cap'n Palfrey turned again to me.

"That looks like mistaken kindness," I suggested. "You know where the money will go?"

"Oh, aye," the captain agreed; "I know. But what is there

that I can do? There's nothing o' mine that Jim Dennie can't have for the asking. I've tried other ways of kindness for many a year; but this poor fashion is all that's left to me now."

He fell into silence, eyes fixed on a fishing-boat that was working slowly up the harbor from the sea. After a little time, I asked him softly,

"What is your debt to Dennie, that you owe the man so much, Cap'n Palfrey?"

"Eh?" he asked, as though he had not heard, and I put the question again. This time, he nodded.

"Debt—yes," he said. "That's the word." And, after a moment, filling his pipe afresh, "It's a lengthy like of a tale."

"It's a lengthy like of an afternoon," I told him; and the captain put a match to his pipe and puffed and puffed at it, and set his shoulders hard against the bell-buoy. Then slowly, as though he groped for words, he began:

"We-ell, this were the way of it, d'ye see?" he said. "And a long twenty year ago, as I said a while back. On the old James T. Hawkes. My father's old ship—and Cap'n Markham's after him, when my father left the sea for good and all. He'd bought the James T. Hawkes while he was skippering her; and Jim Markham was his mate then, and skipper when my father stay ashore. Time I came to get my growth, I went two y'g under Cap'n Markham for the sake of seasoning; and the old ship was give to me, and Cap'n Markham stopped with my father on the hill.

"The James T. were a good ship. Old, maybe, but sound; and, being my first, she looked better than she were to me. I was swelled with it all. And happen the swelling give me heart to speak to my Annie and win her to my way o' thinking. Whatever, Annie said she would; and we were married in her father's house, and she went off to sea with me.

"You never saw my Annie. Eh, but she was worth the seeing, too! But no matter for that. A man's wife is a man's wife to him. Annie were my wife to me. Nineteen then—a girl, but a woman, too. Light-footed, with a laughing way about her. Laughing eyes, yet steady and deep. She had a way of giving me a quick-like sort of a hug now and then, with n warning nor no reason for it—But you're married yourself, man. Annie was my wife, and that tale is told.

"She had a love for the James T. Hawkes like Frank's love for the Peter Cooper back there—every stick and stay of her. Some women take hardly to a whaling cruise; some will never go at all, and some go once and will never go again. It's no fair place

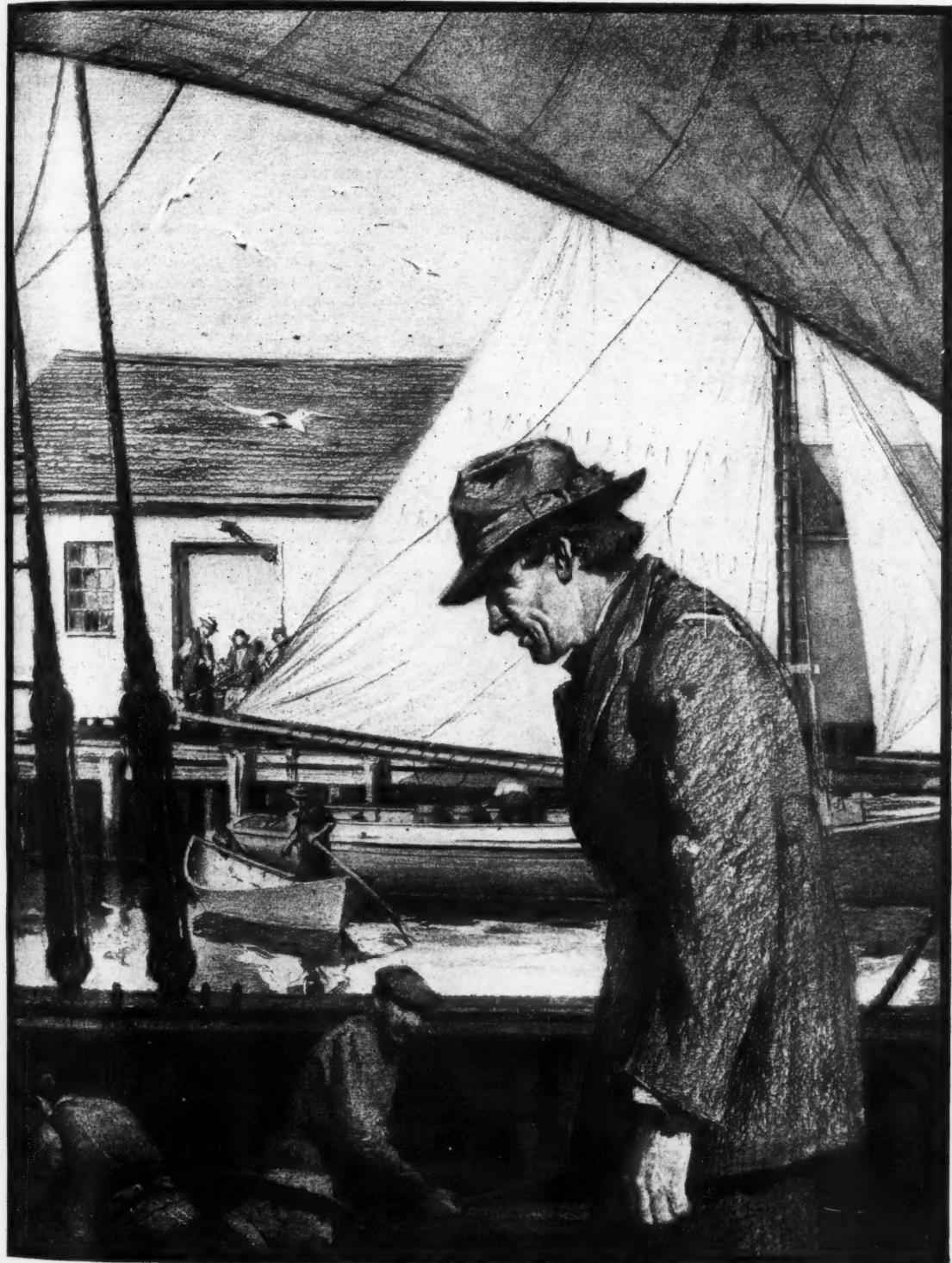
for a woman, barring she has the love of it. But—Annie had. She knew the rigging and the working of the ship, and used to go aloft when she chose, and took fair joy of it all. So you'll not be hard put to understand that I was a happy man in those days—when Annie sailed with me.

"Jim Dennie was in the fo'c'sle on that cruise. And the drink was not on him in those days at all. He'd shipped as green hand; but his father and his uncles and their forebears had been whale men. He was there for seasoning, as I had been before, and would have a ship in time, if he showed fit for it. Four or five year



(Continued)

"She was sitting on the rail, holding on to the spanker-sheets with one hand and laughing at something old Hooper had just said to her."



The man stopped uncertainly when he came to where the Peter Cooper lay, and he stood there, looking down at her

younger than me. A brisk younker, and a reckless one, with a quick hand and eye, and a smiling way in a tight place that was good to see. The makings of a man in him, plain enough. D'ye understand?"

He fell silent, and I followed his eyes toward the Peter Cooper, and saw that Jim Dennie, having left us, had stopped by the ship and descended to her deck. He was standing, with drooping shoulders, against the rail in the waist, watching the activities of the crew. I found my eyes stayed on the man as the captain took up his tale.

"The thing that happened," he began again, "come when we'd been near two year at sea. Our casks were all but full, for

luck had played our game. I used to tell Annie it was her that brought the luck to us. The fish we had struck had died as easy as cows, with but a stove boat now and then for the sake of change, and never a man lost nor hurt bad in the whole two year. In another month we'd be heading for home. So you'll understand that we were easy-natured and well pleased.

"I mind the day well enough. We'd finished trying out an eighty-barrel cow a matter of two or three days before, and were all cleaned and scoured for the next one that should come along. A fine day, with but a mild stirring of wind to push us along, and the blue of the water and sky all round, and a whitecap foaming for a minute here and there. We were working south-

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'ard, in no hurry at all, deep-loaded, and making nothing of the easy swell that come to lift us now and then.

"I'd stopped below, on some business or other in the cabin; but Annie was never one to stay down there for less than a bitter, driving gale. Always on deck she was; for she loved the smell o' the sea and the brush of the wind across her cheek. Old Walt Hooper, my mate in them days, and more like a father than not to both of us, was talking with her. He was twice my years, and near ripe to quit the sea; but a crook-jaw whale fluked him two year after that in the Seychelles. Her and Hooper was aft, and Jim Dennie, yonder, had the wheel.

"I never could rightly figure the way of what happened. It was one of the things that comes about so quick a man can't tell much after. Jim Dennie's back was turned, so he couldn't see anyhow; and Hooper felt so bad about the thing that he could never understand on his own account, let alone make it plain to me. Annie said, after, that she was sitting on the rail, her feet dangling, holding on to the spanker-sheets with one hand and laughing at something old Hooper had just said to her.

"Hooper was smoking, and his pipe had burned dry. He filled it again, and tamped it down, and struck a match to set it going fresh. One of these sulphur matches it was, that has such a stink to them, and such a fashion of spluttering and fizzing while they're deciding whether or no they'll burn. This one that Hooper had, it snapped when he scratched it; and a bit o' the sulphur, blazing, flew toward Annie's face.

"Well, she flung up her hand in front of her eyes, as anybody will. Let go of the sheets to guard her face. She told me, when we'd got her safe aboard again, that she had no feel of falling at all—that it was more as if she did it because she wanted to. The swell must have

"I was on deck a minute after that. Hooper had caught the wheel and bawled to the men and brought us to, and Annie and Jim was no more than fifty fathom astern before we'd a boat overside, with me in her, and were pulling toward them. I see Jim had her safe, and my heart begun to slow to normal again. But when we was half-way to where they was, here come a fin slanting through the water toward them, and the blood in my throat was fit to choke me.

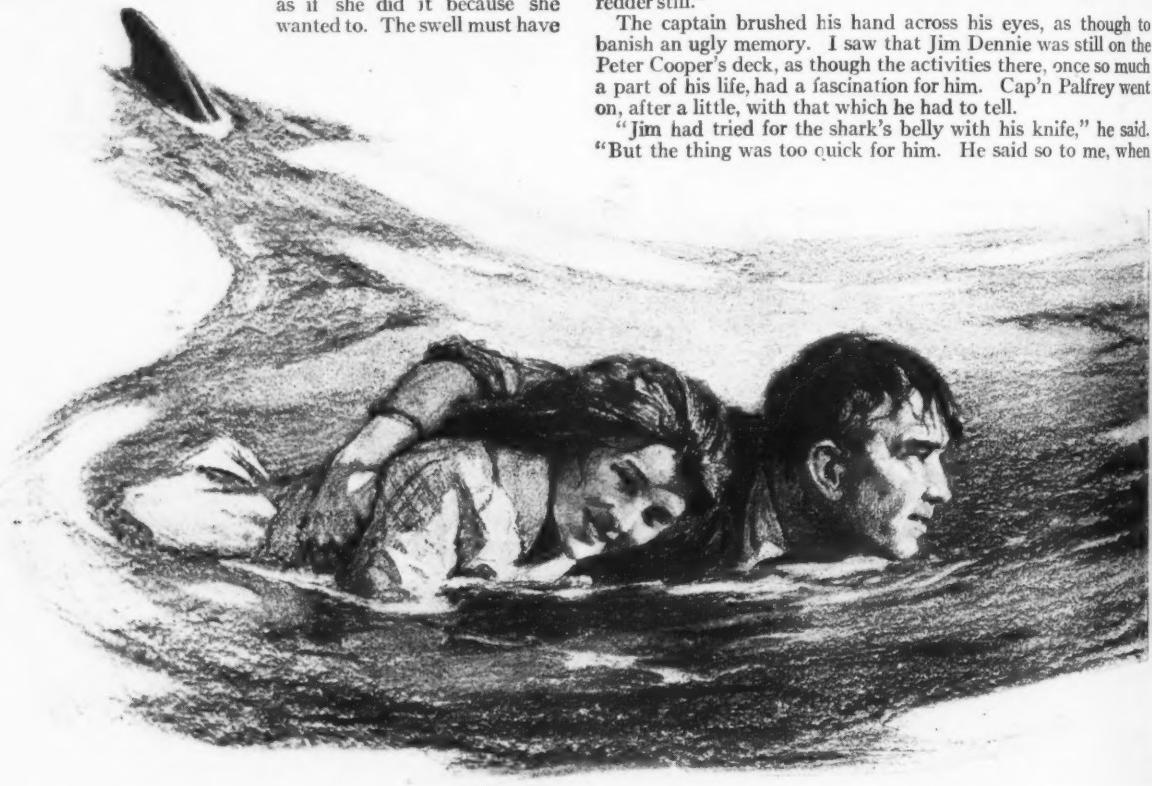
"I yelled to Jim, and made sure that he'd sighted the shark's coming; and then I spoke to the men at the oars in a way that fair lifted us on. The fin was gone out of sight by now, and I knew the meaning of that. So did Jim Dennie. For I saw him leave Annie to float as she might, and his head ducked under. He'd have his knife in his belt, of course; and I'd seen an Islander, more than once, meet a shark so and rip him wide. But the blacks are as much at home in the water as the sharks themselves, and—Jim was no great shakes for swimming.

"I got a sight of him for a minute, off to one side; and a white belly showed along of him. Then they was both under and out of sight again. I swung the boat between them and where Annie was; and a minute more and we was there, and I was dragging Annie in across my knees while the oars bowed as the men checked our rush. Laughing, Annie was, even then—laughing at the bone-white in my cheeks and the fear she saw in my eyes, and patting my hand to comfort me.

"I was so wrapped in her—and that's a grief to me to-day—that I forgot poor Jim Dennie. But the men had minded him; and when I looked up from my Annie, they was snaking him in at the bow. But the water was red where they had lifted him out, and the water that ran from his dripping clothes was redder still."

The captain brushed his hand across his eyes, as though to banish an ugly memory. I saw that Jim Dennie was still on the Peter Cooper's deck, as though the activities there, once so much a part of his life, had a fascination for him. Cap'n Palfrey went on, after a little, with that which he had to tell.

"Jim had tried for the shark's belly with his knife," he said. "But the thing was too quick for him. He said so to me, when



lifted our stern just so, to catch her off center and tip her overside. Anyways, the next thing, she had slid off easy, sideways, and down into the stirring water under the stern; and old Hooper was left paralyzed, too surprised to move, till he see her head bobbing when she come to the top again.

"He said to me afterward: 'It come too quick to believe, somehow. I fair rubbed my eyes to see where she'd gone; and then I see her head, and knew she'd dropped overboard.'

"It was then he sung out—the yell that rousted me out o' the cabin and up to the deck before I had any time for thinking. The whole thing had passed so quiet that Jim Dennie, at the wheel with his back turned, hadn't heard nor guessed till Hooper gripped him by the arm. He swung then, and saw Annie in the water; and next minute he was over after, the wheel spinning free.

I'd gone for'ad in the boat to tend him. 'The old boy was too quick for me,' he says. 'And then I see his jaws coming, and I stuck my hand in, with the knife up and down in my fist, to hold him off. That's why his jaws couldn't shut on my arm. But his teeth raked me a bit, anyway, didn't they, sir?'

"I says to him: 'Quiet, lad. We'll fix you in a shake.' But I knew, even then, it would take some fixing. From elbow down, the arm was furrowed deep where the shark's teeth had touched; and I pressed my two thumbs in below the biceps to the bone till the bleeding slackened, and took a twist with a bit o' yarn to hold it so.

"When we were back to the ship in the end, poor Jim Dennie keeled dead away on the deck. He stayed so while I washed his hurts clean and bandaged them; but I didn't dare loose the twist

on his arm for fear o' more bleeding. That lies heavy on me to-day, you'll understand; for it was that as much as anything, the doctors say, that did the worst o' the damage.

"After, we made him a bed in the cabin. That was Annie's doing, and I had no mind to go against her, for I knew what I owed the man. We made him a bed and laid him on it. He was sore weak and sick with the pain and all; and there was a fever on him that night, so that Annie and me stayed by."

He hesitated once more.

"The rest is hard telling," he said. "The arm did not do well. When I saw the way of it, I knew it would have to be cut away. Eh, but it's long in the telling, and it was long in the doing. We'd no medicines of mercy aboard the James T. Hawkes; so Jim Dennie just set his teeth and grinned when I took the first cut at him. That was midway from wrist to elbow for I had hopes to save 'the rest.' But three days later, more of it had to go; and this time Jim was too weary to do aught but howl in my ear while I sweated over him. And the last time, it took men to hold him still while I fixed him as he is to-day."



"I see Jim had her safe, and my heart begun to slow to normal again. But when we was half-way to where they was, here come a fin slanting through the water toward them, and the blood in my throat was fit to choke me"

The captain was this time so long silent that I was afraid he would not go on; but in the end he lighted his pipe afresh, and moved his great shoulders, as though to ease them under a heavy load, and turned to me again.

"You'll understand," he continued, "that we were kind to the man. We couldn't be any less. He was not fit for work; and we tended him, and Annie stayed much by his side, and so we brought him through the slow months and home, here.

"I'd give him rum when the hurt of it was worst. It was all we had to ease the man. And because there was never a time but he suffered some, he had it again and again before we brought him home. Neither Annie nor me thought to do him harm at the time; but I heard, after, that there was an old strain of drink in his blood, waiting to catch him when he was sick and weak, and before we saw land, it had hold of him fair.

"We brought him home, and we told what he had done—for we loved Jim Dennie. The town folk made over him, as men

will for such a thing. And right, too. But I could see, when the good of seeing was long past, that all this was not well for Jim. It turned the weak head of the man. He

was right enough, so long as they kept telling him he were a hero; but when the time of their forgetting came, and the keen edge of worship o' him was dulled, poor Jim Dennie took the thing main hard.

"He was well enough by that time, so that he might have found work to do, even with the one hand left to him. But—the drink was into him; and happen I babied him overmuch, for I could never say 'No' to him at all. Anywise, what worth there was in him drifted and leaked away. Oh, it was slow; but it was sure. I offered him a berth on my next cruise; but he would not listen to me, and when I come back with my Annie, a matter of three year after, the man was much as you see him there to-day."

This time, I understood from his tone that he was done; yet still the story seemed to me unfinished. I watched the figure of poor Jim Dennie where he still leaned against the Peter Cooper's rail, and waited for the captain to go on. When he said no word, I asked, at last,

"Your Annie—"

"I had her six year," he told me. "Six year, after Jim Dennie saved her for me. Them six year is my debt to him. She died when young Frank was born."

Dennie, unclean and ragged and sodden, had not the outward seeming of a hero. It was hard to believe that there had ever been a spark of glory in such a figure as he was to-day; and I found myself wondering, as Cap'n Palfrey had wondered all these years, why it is that man may thus survive the supreme moment of his life to fritter his after-days so fruitlessly away. It is strange, I thought, that the Fates thus love an anticlimax, that so fine an hour may be marred by (Concluded on page 139)

IN CHANCERY

The man who acquired:



The models which those two reluctantly turned down would have filled a museum; the models which they were obliged to have nearly emptied James' bank

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SOAMES FORSYTE, nicknamed by his family "The Man of Property," conservative and prosperous London solicitor, son of James Forsyte and Emily. He is separated from his wife, Irene. He is childless, and, wanting above all things a son, wishes to obtain a divorce and remarry. This he knows will be a difficult matter under the English law after twelve years of separation, and, besides, it would be a severe shock to his relatives. He has a sister—

WINIFRED DARTIE. Her man-of-the-world husband has run off to South America with a Spanish dancer and his wife's pearls, and she is taking steps to divorce him. The Darties have four children. The eldest are Imogen, of "coming-out" age, and Val, a student at Brasenose College, Oxford. Soames decides that if he can free himself of his marriage-tie, he will try to marry—

ANNETTE LAMOTTE, a French girl, daughter of a restaurant-keeper in Soho. He has prevailed upon his cousin, Jolyon Forsyte, to approach his wife on the subject of divorce. She merely sends back word that she is sorry Soames is not free. Soames, seeing no other way out of his dilemma, resolves to try to win back Irene, but she will have nothing to do with him. He then employs Polteed, a detective, to watch Irene. She has gone to Paris, and Soames learns that Jolyon Forsyte has also been there and has been much in his wife's company.

XXIV

DEATH OF THE DOG BALTHASAR

JOLYON, who had crossed from Calais by night, arrived at Robin Hill on Sunday morning. He had sent no word beforehand, and walked up from the station, entering his domain by the coppice gate. Coming to the log seat fashioned out of an old fallen trunk, he sat down, first laying his overcoat on it. "Yes!" he thought. "Lumbago—that's what love ends in at my time of life!" And suddenly Irene seemed very near—just as she had been that day of rambling at Fontainebleau, when they sat on a log to eat their lunch. Hauntingly near! The scent drawn out of the fallen leaves by the pole, filtering sunlight soaked his nostrils. "I'm glad it isn't spring," he thought. With the scent of sap and the song of birds and the bursting of the blossoms, it would have been unbearable.

"I hope I shall be over it by then. Old fool, I am!" Picking up his coat, he walked on into the field. He passed the pond and mounted the hill slowly. Near the top, a hoarse, dull barking greeted him. Up on the lawn, above the fernery, he could see his old dog, Balthasar. The animal, whose dim eyes surely took his master for a stranger, was warning the world against him. Jolyon gave his special whistle. Even at that distance of a hundred yards and more, he could see the dawning recognition in the obese brown-white body. The old dog got

off his haunches, and his tail, close-curled over his back, began a feeble, excited fluttering; he came waddling forward, gathered momentum, and disappeared over the edge of the fernery. Jolyon expected to meet him at the wicket gate, but Balthasar was not there, and, rather alarmed, he turned into the fernery. On his fat side, looking up with eyes already glazing, the old dog lay.

"What is it, my poor old man?" cried Jolyon. Balthasar's curled and fluffy tail just moved; his filming eyes seemed saying, "I can't get up, master; but I'm glad to see you."

Jolyon knelt down; his eyes were dim; he could hardly see the slowly ceasing heave of the dog's side. He raised the head a little

—very heavy.

"What is it, dear man? Where are you hurt?" The tail fluttered once; the eyes lost the look of life. Jolyon passed his hands all over the inert, warm bulk, searching. There was nothing—the heart

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A mighty novel about those who love what they possess and those who love for love's sake

By John Galsworthy

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

The woman who loved:

IRENE, the estranged wife of Soames, who has resumed her maiden name of Heron. Twelve years before the story opens, Soames employed an architect named Bosinney (to whom June Forsyte, daughter of Jolyon Forsyte by his first wife, was betrothed) to build a home, Robin Hill, in the suburbs of London, for himself and Irene. Irene and Bosinney fell in love, which caused Soames to leave his wife only a short time before Bosinney was accidentally killed. A few years later, Irene meets again—

OLD JOLYON FORSYTE, an eccentric uncle of Soames, who has bought, and is living at, Robin Hill. Her beauty brings Indian summer into the close of Jolyon's long life, and, dying, he leaves her, to the shocked amazement of the family, a legacy, of which—

YOUNG JOLYON FORSYTE, his son, painter, is the trustee. Young Jolyon now lives at Robin Hill with June, and the children of his second wife, now dead: Jolly, who is at Christ Church, Oxford, and Holly, with whom Val Dartie is in love. The estrangement between Soames' side of the family and that of the Jolyon Forsytes over the affair between Irene and Bosinney has kept these two young people strangers to one another until they have grown up. Holly engages herself to Val. Jolly, who dislikes his cousin, resents this deeply and dares Val to enlist with him for the Boer War, which has just begun. Val accepts the challenge.

led failed in that obese body from the emotion of his master's return. Jolyon could feel the muzzle, where a few whitish bristles grew, cooling already against his lips. He stayed kneeling with his hand beneath the stiffening head. The body was very heavy when he bore it to the top of the field; leaves had settled there, and he strewed it with a covering. There was no wind; the leaves would keep it from curious eyes until the afternoon. "I'll bury him myself," he thought. And he remembered the day, eighteen years ago, when he first went into the St. John's Wood house with a tiny puppy in his pocket. Strange that the old dog should die just now! Was it an omen? He turned at the gate to look at that russet mound, then went slowly toward the house, very choky in the throat.

June was at home; she had come down hot-foot on hearing the news of Jolly's enlistment. His patriotism had conquered her feeling for the Boers. The atmosphere of the house was strange and pockety when Jolyon came in and told them of the dog Balthasar's death. The news had a unifying effect. A link with the past had snapped. The dog Balthasar! Two of them could remember nothing before his day; to June, he represented the last years of her grandfather; to Jolyon, that life of domestic stress and aesthetic struggle before he came again into the kingdom of his father's love and wealth. And he was gone!

In the afternoon, he and Jolly took picks and spades and went out to the field. They chose a spot close to the russet mound, so that they need not carry him far, and, carefully cutting off the surface turf, began to dig. They dug in silence for ten minutes, and then rested.

"Well, old man," said Jolyon, "so you thought you ought."

"Yes," answered Jolly; "I don't want to a bit, of course."

How exactly those words represented Jolson's own state of mind!

"I admire you for it, old boy. I don't believe you should have done it at your age—too much of a Forsyte, I'm afraid. But I suppose the type gets thinner with each generation. Your son, if you have one, may be a pure altruist who knows?"

"He won't be like me, then, dad; I'm mostly selfish."

"No, my dear; that you clearly are not." They dug again.

"Strange life a dog's!" said Jolyon suddenly. "The only four-footer with rudiments of altruism and a sense of God."

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Young women of striking deportment and peculiar gait paraded before Winifred and Imogen, draped in "creations"

In Chancery

Jolly looked at his father.

"Do you believe in God, dad? I've never known."

At so searching a question from one to whom it was impossible to make a light reply, Jolyon stood silent for a moment, feeling his back tried by the digging.

"Yes," he said, "and no—or, rather, it depends on what you mean by God. I believe in two Gods, I think; and it seems to me that people, in trying to join them, make God impossible. If you mean by God the unknowable Creative Principle—yes; I believe in that. If you mean the sum of altruism in man—yes; I believe in that. But God as an anthropomorphic hybrid between the two, I can't grasp."

"I see. That leaves out Christ, doesn't it?"

Jolyon stared; Jolly's words explained, in an odd and unexpected way, the orthodox religion. Of course! Why had he never thought of it? The sublime poem of the Christ-life was man's pathetic attempt to join those two irreconcilable conceptions of God. The sum of human altruism was part of the unknowable Creative Principle, no less than everything else in nature and the universe. A worse link might have been chosen, after all. Funny—how one went through life without seeing a thing as clear as that! And he said,

"What do you think, old man?"

"Of course," Jolly frowned reflectively, "my first year we talked a good bit about that sort of thing. But in the second year one gives it up; I don't know why—it's awfully interesting."

Jolyon remembered that he also had talked a good deal about it his first year at Cambridge, and given it up in his second.

"I suppose," said Jolly, "it's the second God you mean that old Balthasar had a sense of."

"Yes; or he would never have burst his poor old heart because of something outside himself."

"But wasn't that just selfish emotion, really, dad?"

"No," replied Jolyon. "No; dogs love something outside themselves. They're not pure Forsytes."

Jolly smiled.

"Well, I think I'm one," he said. "You know, I just enlisted because Val Dartie and I dared each other to do it."

"But why?"

"We bar each other," said Jolly shortly.

"Ah!" muttered Jolyon. So the feud went on, did it, unto the third generation—this peculiar modern feud which had no over expression?

Should he tell his boy about it? To what end—if he had to stop short of his own part?

And Jolly was thinking: "It's for Holly to tell him about that chap. If she doesn't, it means she doesn't want him cold, and I should be sneaking. Anyway, I've stopped it. I'd better leave it alone."

So they dug on in silence till Jolyon said,

"Now, old man, I think it's big enough." And, resting on their spades, they gazed down into the hole where a few leaves had drifted already on a sunset wind.

"I can't bear this part of it," said Jolyon suddenly.

"Let me do it, dad. He never cared much for me."

Jolyon shook his head.

"We'll lift him very gently, leaves and all. I'd rather not see him again. I'll take his head. Now!"

With extreme care, they raised the old dog's body, whose faded tan and white showed here and there under the leaves stirred by the wind. How heavy, cold, unresponsive! They laid it in the grave, and Jolly spread more leaves over it, while Jolyon stood deeply stirred, deeply afraid to show emotion before his son. Quickly he began shoveling the earth onto that still shape. There went the past! If only there were a joyful future to look forward to! It was like stamping down earth on one's own life. They replaced the turf carefully on that gently rising mound, and, grateful that they had spared each other's feelings, returned to the house arm in arm.

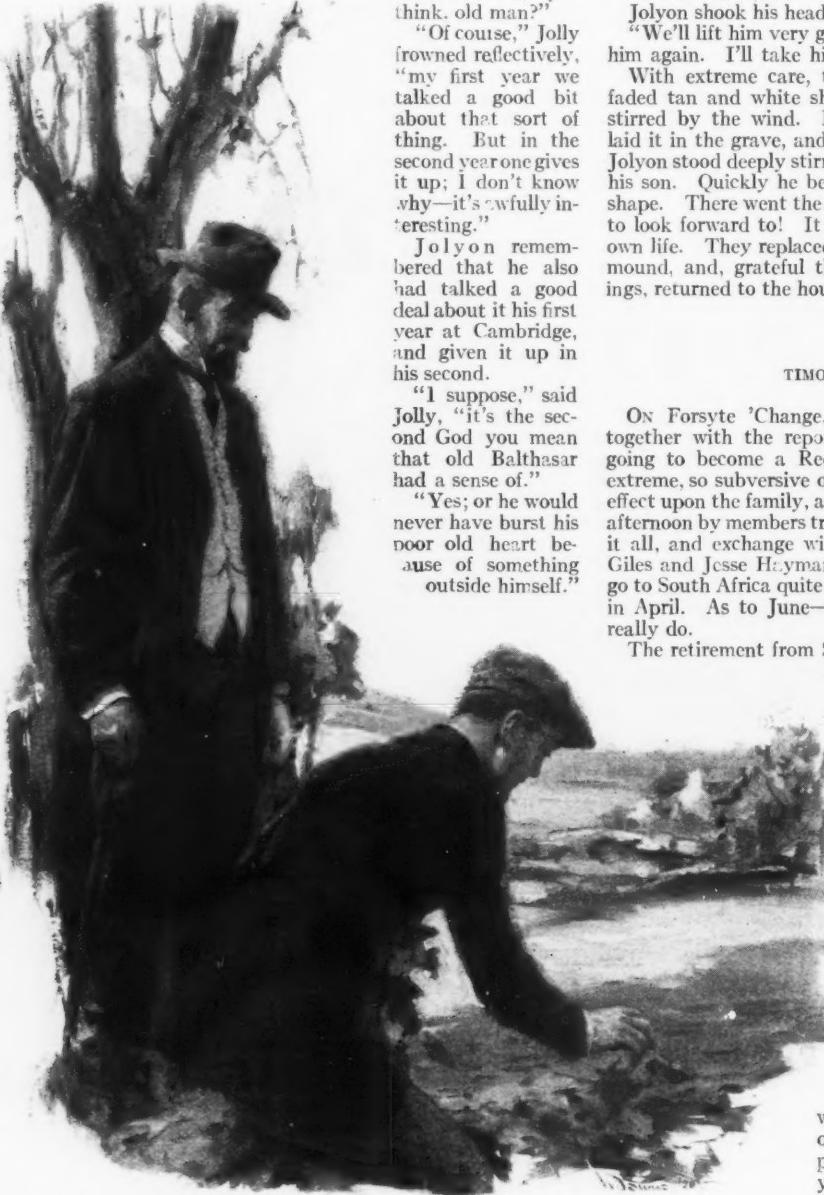
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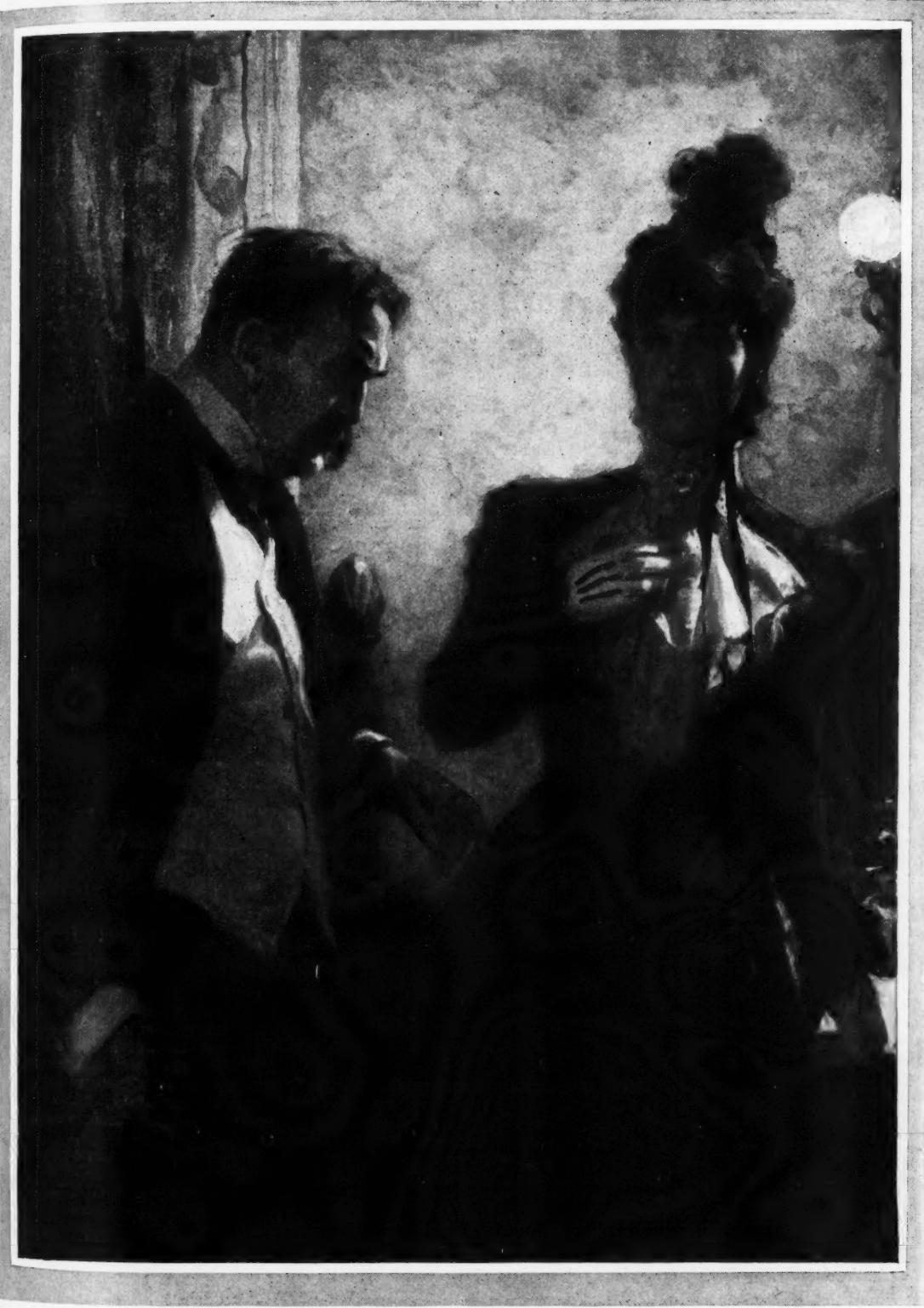
TIMOTHY STAYS THE ROT

ON Forsyte 'Change, news of the enlistment spread fast, together with the report that June, not to be outdone, was going to become a Red Cross nurse. These events were so extreme, so subversive of pure Forsyteism, as to have a binding effect upon the family, and Timothy's was thronged next Sunday afternoon by members trying to find out what they thought about it all, and exchange with each other a sense of family credit. Giles and Jesse Heyman would no longer defend the coast but go to South Africa quite soon. Jolly and Val would be following in April. As to June—well, you never knew what she would really do.

The retirement from Spion Kop and the absence of any good news from the seat of war imparted an air of reality to all this—clinched in startling fashion by the sudden appearance of Timothy. The youngest of the old Forsytes—only eighty, in fact—popularly supposed to resemble their father, "Superior Dosset," even in his best known characteristic of drinking sherry—had been invisible for so many years that he was almost mythical. A long generation had elapsed since the risks of a publisher's business had worked on his nerves at the age of forty, so that he had got out with a mere thirty-five thousand pounds in the world, and started to make his living by careful investment. Putting by every year, at compound interest he had doubled his capital in forty years without having once known what it was like to shake in his shoes over money matters. He was now putting aside some two thousand a year, and, with the care he was taking of himself, expected, so aunt Hester said, to double his capital again before he died. What he would do with it then

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They laid the old dog's body in the grave, and Jolly spread more leaves over it, while Jolyon stood deeply stirred, deeply afraid to show emotion before his son.



"If you mention her," cried Winifred, "I go straight out to Park Lane, and I don't come back!"

with his sisters dead and himself dead, was often mockingly queried by free spirits such as Francie, Euphemia, or young Nicholas' second, Christopher, whose spirit was so free that he had actually said he was going on the stage. All admitted, however, that this was best known to Timothy himself, and possibly to Soames, who never divulged a secret.

Those few Forsytes who had seen him reported him a man of thick and robust appearance, but not very tall, with a brown-red

complexion, gray hair, and a little of the refinement of feature with which most of the Forsytes had been endowed by "Superior Dosset's" wife, a woman of some beauty and a gentle temperament. It was known that he had taken surprising interest in the war, sticking flags into a map of the Transvaal ever since it began, and there was uneasiness as to what would happen if the English were driven into the sea, when it would be almost impossible for him to put the flags in the right places. As to his

In Chancery

knowledge of family movements or his view about them, little was known save that aunt Hester was always reporting that he was very upset. It was, then, in the nature of a portent when Forsytes, arriving on the Sunday after the evacuation of Spion Kop, became conscious, one after the other, of a presence seated in the one really comfortable armchair, back to the light, concealing the lower part of his face with a large hand, and were greeted by the awed voice of aunt Hester.

"Your uncle Timothy, my dear."

Timothy's greeting to them all was identical—rather, as it were, passed over by him than expressed.

"How de do? How de do? 'Scuse me gettin' up."

Francie was present, and Eustace had come in his car; Winifred had brought Imogen, breaking the ice of the restitution proceedings with the warmth of family appreciation at Val's enlistment, and Marian Tweetyman with the last news of Giles and Jesse. These, with aunts Juley and Hester, young Nicholas, Euphemia, and—of all people—George, who had come with Eustace in the car, constituted an assembly worthy of the family's palmiest days. There was not one chair vacant in the whole of the little drawing-room. And anxiety was felt lest some one else should arrive.

The constraint caused by Timothy's presence having worn off a little, conversation took a military turn.

George asked aunt Juley when she was going out with the Red Cross, almost reducing her to a state of gaiety; wherupon he turned to Nicholas and said:

"Young Nick's a warrior bold, isn't he? When's he going to don the wild khaki?"

Young Nicholas, smiling with a sort of sweet depreciation, intimated that, of course, his mother was very anxious.

"The Dromios are off, I hear," said George, turning to Marian Tweetyman; "we shall all be there soon. *En avant*, the Forsytes! Roll, bowl, or pitch! Who's for a cooler?"

Aunt Juley gurgled—George was *so droll!* Should Hester get Timothy's map? Then he could show them all where they were.

At a sound from Timothy, interpreted as assent, aunt Hester left the room.

George pursued his image of the Forsyte advance, addressing Timothy as "Field-Marshal" and Imogen, whom he had noted at once "for a pretty filly," as "*Vivandière*;" and, holding his top-hat between his knees, he began to beat it with imaginary drumsticks. The reception accorded to his fantasy was mixed. All laughed, George being licensed; but all felt that the family was being "rotted," and this seemed to them unnatural, now that it was going to give five of its members to the service of the Queen. George might go too far; and there was relief when he got up, offered his arm to aunt Juley, marched up to Timothy, saluted him, kissed his aunt with mock passion, said: "Oh, what a treat, dear papa! Come on, Eustace!" and walked out, followed by the grave and fastidious Eustace, who had never smiled. Aunt Juley's bewildered: "Fancy not waiting for the map! You mustn't mind him, Timothy. He's *so droll!*" broke the silence. Timothy removed his hand from his mouth.

"I don't know what things are comin' to," he was heard to say. "What's all this about goin' out there? That's not the way to beat those Boers."

Francie alone had the hardihood to observe,

"What is, then, uncle Timothy?"

"All this new-fangled volunteerin'! Expense—lettin' money out of the country!"

Just then, aunt Hester brought in the map, handling it like a baby with eruptions. With the assistance of Euphemia, it was laid on the piano, a small Colwood grand, last played on—it was believed—the summer before aunt Ann died, thirteen years ago. Timothy rose. He walked over to the piano, and stood looking at his map while they all gathered round.

"There you are!" he said. "That's the position up to date; and very poor it is. Hm."

"Yes," said Francie, greatly daring: "but how are you going to alter it, uncle Timothy, without more men?"

"Men!" said Timothy. "You don't want men—wastin' the

country's money. You want a Napoleon. He'd settle it in month."

"But if you haven't got him, uncle Timothy?"

"That's their business," replied Timothy. "What have we kept the army up for—to eat their heads off in time of peace? They ought to be ashamed of themselves, comin' on the country to help them like this! Let every man stick to his business, and we shall get on." And, looking round him, he said almost angrily: "Volunteerin', indeed! Throwin' good money after bad! We must save. We must conserve energy—conserv-



James was standing with his dun-colored camel's-hair shawl about him.

energy. That's the only way." And, with a prolonged sound not quite a sniff and not quite a snort, he trod on Euphemia's toe and went out, leaving a sensation and a faint scent of barley sugar behind him.

The effect of something said with conviction by one who has evidently made a sacrifice to say it is ever considerable. And the eight Forsytes left behind, all women except young Nicholas, were silent for a moment round the map. Then Francie said:

"Really, I think he's right, you know. After all, what's the army for? They ought to have known. It's only encouraging them."

"My dear!" cried aunt Juley. "But they've been so progressive. Think of their giving up their scarlet! They were always

so proud of it. And now they all look like convicts. Hester and I were saying only yesterday we were sure they must feel it very much. Fancy what the Iron Duke would have said!"

"The new color's very smart," said Winifred. "Val looks quite nice in his."

Aunt Juley sighed.

"I do so wonder what Jolyon's boy is like. To think we've never seen him! His father must be so proud of him."

"His father's in Paris," said Winifred.

Aunt Hester's shoulder was seen to mount suddenly, as if to

Aunt Hester sat down. Really, Juley had done it now! "She wasn't much of a skeleton as I remember her," murmured Euphemia. "Extremely well covered."

"My dear," said aunt Juley, "what a peculiar way of putting it—not very nice!"

"No; but what was she like?" persisted Imogen.

"I'll tell you, my dear," said Francie. "A kind of modern Venus, very well dressed."

Euphemia said sharply,

"Venus was never dressed, and she had blue eyes of melting sapphire."

At this juncture, Nicholas took his leave in mild embarrassment.

"Mrs. Nick is awfully strict," said Francie, with a laugh.

"She has six children," said aunt Juley. "It's very proper she should be careful."

"Was uncle Soames awfully fond of her?" pursued the inexorable Imogen, moving her quick, dark, luscious eyes from face to face.

Aunt Hester made a gesture of despair, just as aunt Juley answered,

"Yes; your Uncle Soames was very much attached to her."

"I suppose she ran off with some one?"

"No; certainly not. That is—not precisely."

"What did she do, then auntie?"

"Come along, Imogen," said Winifred; "we must be getting back."

But aunt Juley interjected resolutely,

"She—she didn't behave at all well."

"Oh, bother!" cried Imogen. "That's as far as I ever get."

"Well, my dear" said Francie, "she had a love-affair which ended with the young man's death; and then she left your uncle. I always rather liked her."

"She used to give me chocolates," murmured Imogen, "and smell nice."

"Of course!" remarked Euphemia.

"Not of course at all!" replied Francie, who used a particularly expensive essence of gillyflower herself.

"I can't think what we are about," said aunt Juley, raising her hands, "talking of such things."

"Was she divorced?" asked Imogen from the door.

"Certainly not!" cried Aunt Juley. "That is—certainly not!"

A sound was heard over by the far door. Timothy had re-entered the back drawing-room.

"I've come for my map," he said. "Who's been divorced?"

"No one, uncle," replied Francie, with perfect truth.

Timothy took his map off the piano.

"Don't let's have anything of that sort in the family," he said. "All this enlistin's bad enough. The country's breakin'."

blushed about him. "What's all this?" he said. "Tell your father! You never tell me anything"

blushed off her sister's next remark, for Juley's crumpled cheeks

blushed. "We had dear little Mrs. Macander here yesterday, just back from Paris. And whom d'you think she saw there in the street? You'll never guess."

"We sha'n't try, auntie," said Euphemia. "Irene! Imagine! After all this time—walking with a fair beard—"

"Auntie! You'll kill me! A fair beard—"

"I was going to say," said aunt Juley severely, "a fair-bearded gentleman. And not a day older; she was always so pretty!"

"Oh, tell us about her, auntie!" cried Imogen. "I can just remember her. She's the skeleton in the family cupboard, isn't she? And they're such fun!"

In Chancery

up; I don't know what we're comin' to." He shook a thick finger at the room. "Too many women nowadays, and they don't know what they want." So saying, he grasped the map firmly with both hands and went out as if afraid of being answered.

The seven women whom he had addressed broke into a subdued murmur, out of which emerged Francie's:

"Really, the Forsytes—"

And aunt Juley's:

"He must have his feet in mustard and hot water to-night, Hester, will you tell Jane? The blood has gone to his head again, I'm afraid."

That evening, when she and Hester were sitting alone after dinner, she dropped a stitch in her crochet and looked up.

"Hester, I can't think where I've heard that dear Soames wants Irene to come back to him again. Who was it told us that George had made a funny drawing of him with the words: 'He won't be happy till he gets it'?"

"Eustace," answered aunt Hester from behind the *Times*. "He had it in his pocket, but he wouldn't show it us."

Aunt Juley was silent, ruminating. The clock ticked; the *Times* crackled; the fire sent forth its rustling purr. Aunt Juley dropped another stitch.

"Hester," she said, "I've had such a dreadful thought."

"Then don't tell me," said aunt Hester quickly.

"Oh, but I must! You can't think how dreadful!" Her voice sank to a whisper. "Jolyon—Jolyon, they say, has a fair beard now."

XXVI

PROGRESS OF THE CHASE

Two days after the dinner at James', Mr. Polteed provided Soames with food for thought.

"A gentleman," he said, consulting the key concealed in his left hand, "47, as we say, has been paying marked attention to 17 during the last month in Paris. But at present there seems to have been nothing very conclusive. The meetings have all been in public places, without concealment. Restaurants, the Opera, the Comique, the Louvre, Luxembourg Gardens, lounge of the hotel, and so forth. She has not yet been traced to his rooms, nor vice versa. They went to Fontainebleau—but nothing of value. In short, the situation is promising, but wants patience." And looking up suddenly, he added, "One rather curious point—47 has the same name as—er—31."

"The fellow knows I'm her husband," thought Soames.

"Christian name—Jolyon," continued Mr. Polteed. "We know his address in Paris and his residence here. We don't wish, of course, to be running any wrong hare."

"Go on with it; but be careful," said Soames doggedly.

Instinctive certainty that this detective fellow had fathomed his secret made him all the more reticent.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Polteed. "I'll see if there's anything fresh in."

He returned with some letters. Relocking the door, he glanced at the envelops.

"Yes; here's a personal one from 19 to me."

"Well?" said Soames.

"Um," said Mr. Polteed. "She says: '47 left for England to-day. Address on his baggage: Robin Hill. Parted from 17 in Louvre Gallery at three-thirty; nothing very striking. Thought it best to stay and continue observation of 17. You will deal with 47 in England if you think desirable, no doubt.'"

Mr. Polteed lifted an unprofessional glance on Soames, as though he might be storing material for a book on human nature after he had gone out of business.

"Very intelligent woman—19, and a wonderful make-up. Not cheap, but earns her money well. There's no suspicion of being shadowed so far. But, after a time, you know sensitive people are liable to get the feeling of it, without anything definite to go on. I should rather advise a let-up on 17 and an eye on 47, and clap it on both again the moment he makes a move back toward Paris. You see, we can't get at correspondence without great risk of being spotted. Don't advise that at this stage. But you can tell your client that it's looking up very well." Again his narrowed eyes gleamed at his client.

Soames was silent.

"No," he said at last; "I prefer that you should keep the watch going discreetly in Paris and not concern yourself with this end."

"Very well," replied Mr. Polteed; "we can do it."

"What—what is the manner between them?"

"I'll read you what she says," said Mr. Polteed, unlocking a bureau drawer and taking out a file of papers. "She sums up somewhere confidentially. Yes, here it is! '17 very attractive—conclude 47 longer in the tooth' (slang for age, you know) 'distinctly gone—waiting his time—17 perhaps holding off for terms, impossible to say without knowing more. But inclined to think on the whole—doesn't know her mind—likely to act on impulse some day. Both have style."

"What does that mean?" said Soames between close lips.

"Well," murmured Mr. Polteed, with a smile, showing many white teeth, "expression we use. In other words, it's not likely to be a week-end business—they'll come together seriously or not at all."

"Hm," muttered Soames. "That's all, is it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Polteed; "that's all—but quite promising."

"Spider!" thought Soames. "Good-day."

He walked into the Green Park that he might cross to Victoria Station and take the underground into the City. For late January it was warm; sunlight, through the haze, sparkled on the frosty grass—an illuminated cobweb of a day.

Little spiders—and great spiders! What a web! And the greatest spinner of all, his own tenacity, forever wrapping its cocoon of threads round any clear way out. What was that fellow doing hanging round her like this? Was it really as Polteed suggested? Or was Jolyon only just taking compassion on her loneliness, as he would call it—sentimental, radical chap that he had always been. If it were as Polteed hinted! A passion of grudging jealousy rose suddenly in Soames. But it could not be! The fellow was six years older than himself, no better looking! What attraction had he? No richer!

"Besides he's come back," he thought. "That doesn't look—I'll go and see him!" He took out a card and wrote:

If you can spare half an hour some afternoon this week, I shall be at my club, the Connoisseurs, any day between 5:30 and 6, or I could come to the Hotch Potch if you prefer it. I want to see you. S.F.

He walked up to St. James' Street and confided it to the Porter at the Hotch Potch.

"Give him this at once, please," he said, and took one of the new motor-cabs into the city.

Jolyon received that card the same afternoon. What did Soames want now? Had he got wind of Paris? And stepping forth across St. James' Street, he determined to make no secret of his visit. "But it won't do," he thought, "to let him know she's there, unless he knows already." In this complicated state of mind, he was conducted to where Soames was drinking tea. The latter rose, with the words:

"Will you have tea?"

"Thanks, no; but I'll go on smoking, if I may."

One on each side of a small bay window not yet curtained though the lamps outside were lighted, the two cousins sat. And the woman in their hearts was there between them.

"You've been in Paris, I hear," said Soames, at last.

"Yes; just back."

"Young Val told me he and your boy are going off, then Jolyon nodded. "You didn't happen to see Irene, I suppose? It appears she's abroad somewhere."

Jolyon wreathed himself in smoke before he answered,

"Yes; I saw her."

"How was she?"

"Very well."

There was another silence; then Soames roused himself in his chair.

"When I saw you last," he said, "I was in two minds. We talked, and you expressed your opinion. I don't wish to repeat that discussion. I only wanted to say this: My position with her is extremely difficult. I don't want you to go using your influence against me. What happened is a very long time ago. I'll go to ask her to let bygones be bygones."

"You have asked her, you know," said Jolyon.

"The idea was new to her then; it came as a shock. The more she thinks of it, the more she must see that this is the only way out for both of us."

"That's not my impression of her state of mind," said Jolyon very calmly. "And forgive my saying you misconceive the matter if you think reason comes into it at all."

He saw his cousin's pale face grow paler—he had used, without knowing it, Irene's own words.

"Thanks," said Soames. "But I see things more plainly than you think. I only want to be sure that you won't try to influence her against me."

"I don't know what makes you think (Continued on page 11)



"Probably you'll think I'm crazy, but—" He paused, and stayed paused for some little time. "If there's any danger of that," she said gently, "perhaps it is better not to finish."

Some Do and Some Don't

The love-story of a woman who could keep a secret, by Holworthy Hall

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

If you had met Harmon on the street when he was twenty-three or -four, you would certainly have put him down as an aggressive young business man; and even if you had met him at tea at Mrs. Westmacott's, and talked with him alone in a corner, you would never have suspected how he spent his evenings. Mrs. Westmacott herself—and she imagined that she knew him thoroughly—was innocent of all suspicion. Later on, the memory of this innocence was going to hurt her pride a little.

The secret of his evenings was the matter of a year's growth, and during the entire period he hadn't experienced the least temptation to share that secret with the world or with Mrs. Westmacott. He wasn't ashamed of it, but he was rather tender of its reception. The world regarded him as a phenomenal bond salesman, and Mrs. Westmacott admired him for his level-headedness, so that, until to-day, he had seen no reason for risking his und repute and confessing to the dreams of genius. When he eventually saw the reason, she was a little slip of a girl in a pale-blue frock, and before she had talked with him in the corner fifteen minutes, he wanted to tell her everything.

To save his life, he couldn't have explained the temptation. He had come to a formal tea at the bidden hour, and when he had hardly crossed the threshold, on his journey toward Mrs. Westmacott, he had been halted by an elderly woman whose face seemed vaguely familiar to him. She was excessively nervous, and she had a prominent cold.

"Oh, Mr. Holt, I do want you to meet my friend—" Here he had caused the vision in pale blue to materialize at her elbow. Alice dear, just a moment, please—"

Alice dear and Harmon had smiled politely at each other, and looked expectantly for the elderly woman to complete the presentation. The elderly woman had vanished. Alice dear and Harmon stood pat, and looked at each other, and continued to smile, less in amusement now, and more in mutual understanding; for they were both persons of poise, and they declined to be embarrassed. And with no more prelude than this, and no more warning, Harmon was abruptly conscious that he was destined to like this girl and find her interesting. There was distinguished novelty in the sensation, for women usually appalled him. He was so startled that he didn't even think to correct the error in his name.

"If you're passionately eager for tea," he said, at a venture, "I believe I know where to get it for you."

She shook her head, and smiled thanks with her eyes.

"Appetite says, 'Yes,' but ambition says, 'No'—with regret."

"Ambition?" he echoed.

Her manner captivated him.

"Tea without little cakes is a very futile ceremony."

"But there are millions of little cakes, and—"

"That's just the trouble. I've sworn off on sweets. It isn't economy; it's vanity."

She had the most exquisite figure in the room, but he hadn't been brought up to discuss anatomy with the owner of it.

"Well," he said, "suppose we sit down, then. There's a bulky little window-seat over by the ferns. Would you like to?"

It took her scarcely the fraction of a second to make a decision.

"You would, too. I think it's a perfect shame to drag men out to a thing like this, after a hard day down-town."

Some Do and Some Don't

Blissfully forgetful of his duty to Mrs. Westmacott, he had already guided her around the ferns.

"Sometimes the refreshments are worth coming for, though."

"Oh! You mustn't let me keep you from tea."

"That wasn't what I had in mind."

She laughed at him from under her lashes.

"Do you think you know me quite well enough for that?"

"I have a feeling," he admitted, "that I've known you a good deal longer than I really have."

"Isn't that a coincidence? So do I."

Harmon, who was habitually as level-headed as his hostess thought him, wondered what functional weakness had come upon him and shortened his breath. He couldn't reconcile his native diffidence with this sudden and disturbing sensibility. He went so far as to tell himself that he wasn't acting like himself at all.

"I shall have to warn you," he said, "that I don't know how to be anything but truthful. Socially, of course, it's a serious defect, but I can't help saying what I mean."

"I suppose," she remarked, "you've said that same thing to about twenty different girls this week?"

"All but nineteen," said Harmon.

As he gazed at her, he was increasingly aware that she was bringing him what he had struggled in vain for a year of evenings to grasp and to set down on paper. He had been incapable of understanding this particular sort of emotion, because he had never happened to be attacked by it. He had been unable to write convincingly about women, because no woman had ever yet convinced him even of her own appeal. And he had realized that the bond salesman could never be an author until some one had supplied the deficiency. In the mean time, he had held tight to his secret.

It was beyond his character to go gunning in cold blood for sentiment. He had merely recognized that, until he had himself been stirred, he couldn't hope to stir others. And lately he had informed himself that the job was impossible; he was simply too introspective to let himself go. Only a week ago, he had almost decided to give up. Then the revelation.

"You're in business in New York, of course?"

"Yes; in Wall Street."

"If I were a man," she said thoughtfully, "I believe I'd rather be there than anywhere else—and that's why I'm glad I'm not a man."

"Don't you approve of it?"

"It isn't that. But it's such a desperate dash for success. And when you get there, you're too worn out to enjoy it. I can't think of anything more fascinating, and more horrible. Probably you adore it, just as everybody else does—don't you?"

She had lifted her eyes to his, in the confidential way which so attracted him, and, at this moment, he was visited by the impulse to tell her everything. Her features, one by one, and then collectively, reassured him. She had a broad, high little forehead, with brown hair, which always threatened revolution, and she was brushing it back with what Harmon told himself was an indescribably pretty gesture. Still staring at her, he hadn't enough self-possession to feel rude. He hadn't quite lost his head, but he had lost his resistance, and, for the first time in his life, he was subject to whatever clear impression a woman cared to make upon him.

He wanted, spontaneously, to pour out his problem to her. He knew, by instinct, that she was born to receive confessions. She had voiced his own opinion about the Street, and she would sympathize with his ardor to get out of it, and to write of the curious places he had seen and the curious people he had known. He



Harmon was abruptly conscious

wanted to tell her of his extraordinary boyhood, following his father from South Africa to Australia, from Mexico to China, from Alaska to Brazil; his life in mining-camps, where he learned everything that men could teach him, and nothing whatsoever except from men; his fugitive academic training at a dozen different schools in almost as many different countries; his meteoric career in New York, with Mrs. Westmacott, who was old enough to be his mother, as his sole woman friend; his great longing to crystallize his life into words, and his night failure to receive the final impetus; his unswerving belief that, some day, when that impetus had gathered him within itself, he should be worthy of it; his decision of last week to give up struggling, at least for the present, and, finally,

er. He intuition that it was this very girl who could help him and put him on the direct path.

"I wish," said Harmon gravely, "I'd met you sooner."

"Has that anything to do with Wall Street?"

"Yes; perhaps it has." He fought back the earnest desire to

quit, all you've got is your money and an infinite capacity for being bored."

"And you think I'm in that category?"

"It wasn't personal. You know that."

"You could make it personal without hurting my feelings," he said.

She gave him one of her quick little smiles, and Harmon winced.

"I'm not a mind-reader, but I don't believe you'll stay in Wall Street very long."

"Why not?"

"You—I don't know. Only, you—either you lack something, or else you've got something extra—I'm not sure which—I'm afraid I'm not being so very definite, am I?"

"Please go on," he urged her.

"You're just—different," she said, after mature reflection.

Harmon gazed at her and felt his heart contract.

"You're different, too."

"But, you see, I'm not in Wall Street."

For several moments, he stared absently out through the ferns. The chatter of many voices floated in toward him, but his senses ignored the sound.

"Probably you'll think I'm crazy, but—" He paused, and stayed paused for some little time.

"If there's any danger of that," she said gently, "perhaps it is better not to finish."

"I beg your pardon! Oh!" Harmon reddened. "I thought I was talking to you. When am I going to see you again?"

"It's a hard question. Are you so sure you want to?"

His mouth straightened.

"Didn't I tell you I say what I mean?"

"I know—but you mustn't carry the desperate dash with you everywhere."

"Don't say things like that. Can't a man trust his own judgment once in a lifetime?"

"Just about," she said mischievously.

"This is my day, then," said Harmon.

She drew imperceptibly away

from him, but her smile was as frank as ever.

"You couldn't make such pretty speeches unless you'd had a lot of practise, now, could you? Be honest."

"If that's what you call a 'pretty speech,' it's the first one I ever made in my life." He bent his head a little. "You are different. I knew it just as soon as I saw you. That's why I wanted to get you over here, so I could have you all to myself. These things do happen. I've known you half an hour, and I know I can't let it end here. That's all. I want to see you again, and I want to see you as often as I can. You're inspirational. It's in you; you can't help it. And I want to talk to you about thousands of things. I really do. I've got to."

"I'd like to listen," she said, with sweet sincerity, "because



y conscious but he was destined to like this girl and find her interesting

following is inside in her; there would come a better time and place. "I'm not fond of it; I hate it."

"Why don't you get out of it, then?"

"Some day, I'm going to."

"They all say that. They all say they'll just wait until they've made enough money, but—does anyone ever make enough money? And what good is it, anyway? You can't buy happiness."

"Yes, indeed, you can!" said Harmon. "You can buy it with your heart and soul. Not with money, though."

"But after, say, twenty-five years or so in Wall Street, is there any much heart left? Or soul, either? It doesn't seem to me there'd be much capacity left for genuine happiness. After you finally,

Some Do and Some Don't

I'm sure you've got something you need to say to somebody. I may be the wrong one—or maybe anybody at all would do. But I'll listen gladly."

Without any reaction of boldness, without even any conception that he had moved a muscle, he had covered her hand, as it rested on the cushions of the window-seat.

"I want you to know—I think you're adorable!"

"No! You mustn't!"

Harmon caught himself. His face was crimson.

"I—I'm awfully sorry. Honestly. I don't do things like that."

Presently she met his eyes.

"I know you don't."

"I don't talk like that, either."

"There's no need to be so depressed about it. You're pardoned. You won't make the same mistake twice."

By slow stages, he recovered.

"I'll have to keep on thinking it, though. If that's a crime——"

Unexpectedly, she rose.

"They're looking for me. I'll have to hurry on. This was unconventional of us to run away and hide, wasn't it?" She gave him her hand, and he thrilled over it. "I really do want to listen to you, too. Any time you care to come. No; please don't bother to take me out. Good-by, Mr. Holt. But it isn't good-by, though, is it? It's *à la revoir*."

"My name—" he began.

She had flitted away past the ferns, and in an instant he had lost her. Awkwardly, because his haste was subject to his manners, he darted in pursuit. But she had disappeared entirely. Guiltily he made his way to Mrs. Westmacott and offered his excuses.

"I've been here some time," he said; "but one of your friends roped and tied me back there. I don't remember her so very well, and I want to find out who she is."

"What was she like?" And after he had stumblingly given his blurred impressions, Mrs. Westmacott shook her hand indulgently. "Why, Phil, that would fit every woman over thirty in New York city!"

"She had a girl with her," said Harmon.

"Well, what was *she* like?"

And after he had given an amazingly lifelike summary, Mrs. Westmacott, with glimmerings of wisdom, shook her head again.

"I've never seen her, Phil."

"But she was *here!*" he insisted. "She was *here!*"

"I can't dispute that, dear. But friends bring their own friends, and——"

"Wouldn't they have come directly to you first, though?"

Mrs. Westmacott had to rally him.

"Did you come so very directly yourself, Phil? Oh, I don't hold it against you—don't look so horrified. I wish I'd seen that little girl. What was her name?"

"Alice. I didn't get her last name. I thought you could tell me."

His hostess frowned daintily.

"I don't know her, Phil. But don't you worry—I'll find her for you."

Harmon was too far gone to be diplomatic.

"Well, I rather wish you *would*," he said. "She's worth the whole party put together."

It was half-past eight before he arrived at his room, and, in the mean time, he had run squarely into four people on the street, and, once after lighting a cigarette, he had thrown it away and got the match as far as his lips before he came to his senses.

Alone, he walked a quarter of a mile round his desk, dug out a certain manuscript and skimmed it superficially, put it away, and sat him down to meditate. There were two subjects to worry about—one was Alice dear, and the other was Alice's identity.

At half-past eleven, Harmon in the chair addressed an audible remark to Harmon in the mirror:

"If I wanted to, I could write like a streak to-night. But I don't want to."

Eventually, however, he did write that night, beginning at half-past twelve. He did it in sheer self-defense, to prevent himself from worrying. And, as he had correctly prophesied, he wrote like a streak. The great

defect was suddenly removed, and he had found a woman who was as real to him as the realities of western Australia and the mines of Chile.

Dating from the clock at half-past twelve, he ceased in his own regard to be a bond salesman.

There was fear of making himself a spectacle to Mrs. Westmacott, but he conquered it, and lost not a day in pleading her to aid him. He spoke of the mystery as though it were humorous, rather than vital, but she wasn't deceived, nor was she in any degree displeased.

She went painstakingly over the roster of guests, as well as she could recall it, and after she had made Harmon whip his brain for a more comprehensive description of the elderly woman, she worked up a list of seven possibilities. At great expense of time, she conversed over the telephone with each of the seven. None of them had brought a friend named Alice. Three different Alices had, indeed, been present, but, on investigation, not one of them would do for Harmon.

"Some one might have seen us together," he said hopefully.

"Well," said Mrs. Westmacott, "whom do you exhausted and remember noticing? Whom can we ask?"



She put her hand on his shoulder
"Better stop worrying and forget
her, Phil. It'll be safer for you"



The older woman got up and came over to her. "My dear, he's just wonderful!"

At immense effort, he succeeded in remembering nine people, and Mrs. Westmacott returned to the telephone. Six of the nine hadn't come to tea at all, and the other three hadn't noticed him. "But didn't she say anything that would give you a clue, then?" "Not a word," said Harmon morosely. "We didn't talk about anything but us." Thereupon, his mentor devoted herself to the thankless task cataloguing all the casualties who had been brought there that afternoon by established friends. It was a month before she had exhausted her resources, but she had accounted for seventeen casualties and traced them down without result.

"I'm afraid, Phil," she said regretfully, "that's as far as I can go. Never mind, dear; I'll find you another one." Harmon, whose eyes had circles under them, shook his head. "That's awfully good of you—but you can't."

She endeavored to comfort him.

"You're absolutely sure to run across her sometime, though, if she's in any of the sets I know."

"Oh, I won't ever stop hunting, Mrs. Westmacott."

She put her hand on his shoulder.

"Better stop worrying and forget her, Phil. It'll be safer for you."

"I don't expect to forget her very soon."

"Men always forget. It's natural."

Some Do and Some Don't

Harmon shook his head.

"Some do and some don't. I'm not going to."

His tone impelled her to take up the quest once more, and for the next six months she made a practise of cross-examining every acquaintance she met by accident or design. The campaign was fruitless, and Mrs. Westmacott began to be oppressed by the mystery.

It was in exactly six months that he came to her and told her that he had sold his book, and since this was her first intimation that he had even considered writing one, she was properly staggered. Her original reaction was one of wounded pride because he hadn't shared the secret with her and come to her for advice and encouragement. After she had read the manuscript, she was slightly piqued because of the charming picture he had drawn of a younger woman whom he had seen and talked to for less than an hour. What grieved her most, however, was the realization that she had never previously detected his genius; and although she continued to love him as a foster-son, she never quite forgave him.

In the main, the years were very kind to Harmon. They frosted his hair to a crisp gray, and they filled his skin with comfortable roundness, but they also gave him distinctions which served to keep him young and buoyant. If you had met him on the street when he was thirty-seven or -eight, you would certainly have taken him for a citizen of importance, perhaps a banker or a corporation executive. None of the earmarks of his temperament stood out on him, and nothing complimented him so much as to be taken for a business man.

When he was thirty-eight, Mrs. Westmacott gave up trying to convert him. It was a decade and a half, now, since she had begun to argue that he ought to marry, and although she was still firm in her belief that he ought to, she simply got tired of saying so.

"It's like this," said Harmon: "You've always told me I'm level-headed. Well, I can remember when I took my first riding lesson. I had an old cow-puncher for a teacher, and when he said we'd gallop, I told him that the most interesting thing to know beforehand wasn't how to make the horse start galloping but how to make him stop it when I'd had enough. But you can't stop being married after you've once started. And I'm scared. I'm afraid I might want to stop and couldn't; so I'm afraid to start."

Mrs. Westmacott looked at him with the puzzled respect which every woman grants to a man with permanent fealty to a lost cause.

"Haven't you ever forgotten her, Phil?"

Harmon waved his hand in depreciation.

"You don't forget ideals." He had flushed a little. "Oh, the worst of it was over in a few months. I'm not an idiot. But it's the pleasantest thing that ever happened to me, and it doesn't ever grow any dimmer."

"It's an interesting fact," said Mrs. Westmacott, "that you've put the same character in all nine of your books."

"But I haven't!" he protested warmly. "Only in the first one. That is—"

Mrs. Westmacott smiled.

"Haven't I two eyes? It doesn't make any difference whether it's a child or a grandmother—every woman you mention has got part of the same spirit as Alice dear. I tremble to think what you'd have done in the world if you'd ever found her, Phil."

Harmon made no answer. It was quite true that, for fourteen years, he had written exclusively, although in disguise, about the only woman he felt that he could really care for. He had long since stopped mourning for the individual, but never for a day had he neglected to recognize her influence. And he had never married, because he had never chanced to discover anyone who exerted a similar influence. Without it, he knew that the experiment would prove unsatisfactory.

But at thirty-eight a bachelor has reveries which concern the future. Harmon wasn't yet gunning for his romance, but he was hoping rather definitely that he should find it. And of a sudden, he touched upon the margin of it, and he was excited and shocked at the same time.

It was perfectly natural for him to be excited about it, and he liked the emotion; but he was shocked, nevertheless—shocked by his inconsistency. The memory of Alice dear was still as clear-cut as a lovely etching, but when he fell in love for the second time, it was with a woman who wasn't in the least like Alice dear. Again he thought that he wasn't acting like himself at all.

To be sure, she ran away with his fancy; but he didn't understand himself any better on that account. She was a widow,

the widow of a San Francisco broker, and she was a plump creature a year or two younger than himself. There was apparent sentimentality in her; she had money of her own, and this, together with her tastes, had made her unusually independent. She wasn't at all mercenary, but there was no doubt whatsoever that she adored her income. She dressed to perfection, and she was partial to diversions which were very pensive.

At first sight, she hadn't appealed to him particularly; after he had danced with her, she appealed to him a great deal more. He liked to dance with plump little women, even though their fluffy hats caught him just under the chin. And he danced splendidly, for the sheer joy of it, and he liked that. She rode and swam and played golf as well as he did, and he became obsessed with the idea that, even if the glamour of youth were lacking, he had unearthed some one who would make a very perfect companion for him.

There was nothing very dynamic about their courtship. When the proper occasion came, Harmon found that he had complete control of his tongue; and Mrs. Graham, on the other side, none of your fluttering débutantes. She was deeply impressed and touched, and she showed it, but only in her eyes and in the temporary unsteadiness of her fingers. A little later, she told Harmon that, even before she had met him, she had known from his works that she would love him, unless he chanced to be a hypocrite.

Harmon had no sense of actual disloyalty toward ideal, but he was wondering what the future was going to do to it. He had spent nearly a third of his life in the strict fidelity to a dream, and he was alarmed by the possibility that as a result of this habit, he should daily translate Mrs. Graham into terms of somebody else. He didn't think that such a procedure would be very nice for Mrs. Graham, whether she intended it or not.

He was fond of her, and he admired her, and he bestowed upon her all the volume of affection which had been accumulated against this very situation, but sometimes he went into a heavy gloom of self-reproach. He couldn't perceive that his own advanced while his imagination was permanently youthful. Even the physical variation between this woman who surely loved him and the girl whose image he had carried on his heart for all these years was enough to distress him, not because it made him care the less for Mrs. Graham but because the contrast wasn't to be erased from his recollection, and he fancied that as a man of honor, he owed it to himself to erase it. He despised himself when he tried to fancy how Mrs. Graham would appear in a pale-blue frock. Mrs. Graham had a charming complexion especially for her age, but she was undeniably out of the pale-blue class. He was positive that she was the one woman in the world for him now, but it unnerved him to concede that he couldn't wholly replace the perspective of Alice dear.

When she repeated her inquiry if he really loved her, he didn't respond as blithely as perhaps she expected.

"I suppose you do have to ask that," he said. "It's the same with me when I get an idea for a book. The idea and I are engaged, and we know we're going a long and pleasant road together. But, about once a day, that idea puts me off for a minute, and says, 'But are you *sure* you really love me?' And after I've sworn I do, then we're happier still, and get along better, course I do, Sara."

The answer was longer than it needed to be, but she reminded herself that he was an author.

"And didn't you ever love anybody else?"

Harmon jumped.

"What makes you ask that?"

"I'd hate to think you're so callous that you could go through thirty-eight years without a quiver," she said ingenuously. "Besides, the more women you've loved the more I'm flattered. I'm the one you finally picked out, ain't I?"

"There was one," he said reluctantly.

"Only one, Phil?"

"That's all."

Mrs. Graham was in a position to be compassionate. "Wouldn't she marry you?" She had atrocious judgment. Phil. But I'd like to kiss her. Tell me about it. What's her name, and what did she look like?"

Harmon writhed inwardly.

"I wrote a book about her—the first book I published."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Graham softly. She had read all of books, and she had discernment. "Oh! That must have been a long time ago, Phil. What we'd call a flapper now?"

Harmon's eyes had depths in them. (Continued on page 102)



-MCCUTCHEON-

When it was tipped off to them that a Preacher with Weak Eyes and Button Shoes was getting ready to step in between them and their Bronxes, they waxed gleeful and asked, "Is it not to Laugh?"

The Fable of the Wailing in the Desert By George Ade

Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

ONCE the Slickers residing in the wind-swept Cañons of a Great City slowly made up their Minds to oppose, Tooth and Nail, something that had already taken place.

The Joke of 1915 had become the 4-act Tragedy of 1920. When it was tipped off to them, away back yonder in the days of Two for a Quarter and Free Ham, that a Preacher with Weak Eyes and Button Shoes was getting ready to step in between them and their Bronxes, they waxed gleeful and asked, "Is it not to Laugh?"

Now the Answer had come out of the Box as follows: "Yes—
is not."

Of all Sad Words of Tongue or Pen, the saddest are these:
A Quart costs Ten."

While grim-visaged War held the Center of the Stage with all Spots on him, the fanatical Villain known as Nat. Prohi. sneaked on R. U. E.

A short Scuffle in the Darkness, and then the Lights went up, revealing the red-handed Killer leering and triumphant, surrounded by the mangled Corpses of the following Victims:

Mr. Bacchus	Clambakes
J. Barleycorn	Class Reunions
Wassail	Table d'Hôte
Demon Rum	Welsh Rabbits
Cabarets	Nineteenth Hole
Close Harmony	Versified Toasts

Also many of the well-known Relatives of Mirth and Laughter. The Curtain descended to the accompaniment of a Chautauqua from the W. C. T. U. After which, the gentlemanly manager, representing that humorous organization of Practical Jokers known as the Anti-Saloon League, came before the Curtain and announced: "That's all there is. There isn't any more."

And the funniest part of the whole Farical Proceeding seemed to be that it was Even Thus.

For when a Temperance Tract crystallizes into a Constitu-

tional Amendment, it becomes an Obstruction which can neither be hopped over nor hooted out of the way. You may go ahead and tell the World as much.

The Frame-up had been as public as an Electric Sign.

The Boys with the Leaky Whiskers and the Girls with the flat-soled Shoes had stood out in the Timothy Hay and megaphoned what they were going to do to the Toddy, the H. B., the Schooner, the Snit, and the Pony.

A good many of the Bibbers and Blotters had the Scare thrown into them long before the awful Blow-off, but how could they form for an Interference?

Nearly all of the Drinkers, even those of the most sincere and two-handed Variety, regarded Grog as a Side-Line and not their regular Business.

They were in favor of some one getting out an Injunction, but they themselves, personally, did not fancy the Idea of lining up in Public with the beetle-browed Bouncers who slopped it out in the Dumps, and the lily-fingered Wholesalers who prune-juiced their Poisons, and the rosy-faced Pro-Germans who introduced the Ladies' Entrance into quiet Residence Districts.

The Sideboard seemed to rest under the Odium acquired by its Cousin, the Joint.

Therefore the Prominent Citizens who snuggled up to the Cocktails each Twilight didn't feel called upon to write to the Papers and explain that the Tired Business Man has a right to a Thirst after 6 P. M.

They stood aside all during the yelping Warfare between the Water-Spaniels and the Rum-Hounds.

They retained their Dignity as Innocent Bystanders until told that they would have to Keep House without the assistance of Plymouth, Gordon, Old Tom, or Vermouth, and then they began to act Loco.

Freedom shrieked when Maraschino fell.

Little knots of Men gathered in Side Rooms and said, in all Seriousness, "They have done it to us, but they mustn't."

They stood around in a Circle and looked at the Corpse and

The Fable of the Wailing in the Desert



They stood around in a Circle and looked at the Corpse and wondered if they had better use the Pulmutor at once or wait until the Body became a little colder.

wondered if they had better use the Pulmutor at once or wait until the Body became a little colder.

They had a fierce Time trying to abolish the Past Tense.

Many a Pencil was worn short as the prospective Sufferers tried to figure out how a pin-headed Minority could slip one over on a highly intelligent and convivial Majority.

Lamentations were heard from behind the Sandwich Counters, where once the glinting Pilsners stood in a row, wearing their high white Collars demurely.

And in the Vaudeville Palaces! Oh, Laddie! All the Buck Dancers said between Steps that it was no longer a Free Country.

No use talking—Something had to be pulled!

There was occasional Mention of Beers and Light Wines. The Undercurrent of Sentiment favored a certain Light Wine made in Scotland and flavored with Smoke.

Finally, the Regulars felt themselves pushed to the Verge of Desperation and were ready to compromise on any Potion that would move around after being taken, instead of lying quiet.

They decided to Organize and put up a Battle.

It is not on Record that the South made any Headway after the Civil War in getting the Slaves back to the Quarters.

Also, History tells us that just after Charles the First was decapitated, he remarked sadly, "It's all off," and made no attempt to replace his Head.

Furthermore, it is related the Caesar said, just as the third Dagger passed neatly between the Ribs, "It is evident to me that they are not playing Tag."

But the poor Dill-Doll who was being burned up with Memories of moist Afternoons at the Club, and whose Heart broke every time he recalled that Haig & Haig was once \$1.25, and whose Tonsils were parched, and whose Tummy looked up at him pleadingly—he was not

warned by the Examples of History guided by the Rules of Logic.

He continued to stagger across the burning Sands, sustained by the reckless Hope that mebbe the Heavens would open and an Angel, all clad in White, would descend and hand him a Bottle of Bass's Ale.

This Longing for a small percentage of the Ingredient which converts a Wash Fluid into Nectar struck him as being a reasonable that he could not quite get the View-point of the cruel Opposition.

He forgot that the whole 18th Amendment and all of the Paragraphs in the devastating Volstead Enactment relate to this same ingredient, commonly known as The Kick.

He simply refused to believe that his Old Friend was a Fugitive from Justice.

In other words, he wanted what he wanted when he wanted it, regardless of Ratification by the States or clinching Court Decisions in Alabama and Oklahoma.

Therefore he joined with many others in signing a Paper which called for a Mass Meeting and a lining-up of those who believed that every Man had a right to decide whether he would merely stir it with a Long Spoon or put it in the Shaker.

Turnout and many a Tale of Woe.

The Chairman, in his Opening Remarks, said that the Main Issue was not a revival of the old Query: "Is Alcohol a Food or merely the preliminary to Rough House?"

He doubted if many of the Representative Citizens in front of him had been Slaves of the Habit (Applause). (A Voice "Not Slaves—merely Playmates.")

The loud Holler which he and his Associates were putting up was against the Usurpation of the Right which every State and every Citizen had to regulate its or his Internal Affairs.

Had not the Constitution guaranteed that every Freeman born under the Flag should be given the Right of Way in the Pursuit of Happiness?

Was it fair to ask a poor Lawyer to pursue something containing less than one-half of one percent? A thousand Nevers!

He stood before them, not as an Apologist or Defender of those who had all that Good Stuff locked up in the Warehouses (Groans) but as a fearless Advocate of the fundamental Principles of Liberty laid down by our Fathers.

The next Speaker construed Recent Legislation as an irreparable Injury to the English Vocabulary and Standard Fiction. For ten Centuries the Anglo-Saxons had laboriously built up their Lexicon, a Word at a time, and had garnered a priceless Treasury of Song and Story. Now it was proposed to eliminate from our Mother Speech and Native Literature Terms, Phrases, and Passages having to do with the time-honored Custom of Wetting the Whistle. By retroactive Legislation it was proposed to make Criminals of our Ancestors. For generations the principal Indulgence of the English-Speaking Peoples had been that of sitting up to the Table to get somewhat Plastered. Our whole Folk Lester As was saturated with Malt Liquor.



He continued to stagger across the burning Sands, sustained by the reckless Hope that mebbe the Heavens would open and an Angel, all clad in White, would descend and hand him a Bottle of Bass's Ale

Jamaica Rum, rare old Madeira, and Mint Juleps. If the 18th Amendment remained on the Books, hundreds of Words now in the Dictionary would automatically become Obsolete. Nearly all of the Authors from Shakespeare to Dickens would have to be taken from the Libraries, for they extolled and glorified a Practise which now calls for a Jail Sentence. Every Volume of Verse would have to be expurgated and half of the Leaves torn out of the Song Books. Otherwise, coming Generations would constantly be fed upon the Propaganda that Sparkling Wine is a Boon Companion instead of a Deadly Toxin. Therefore he dared to raise his Voice, not on behalf of the Distillers and Brewers but as one who would preserve a valuable Heritage.

The foregoing was New Stuff to many of the Wets, but it was aimed in the right Direction and got a loud Hand.

The next Ferninster to face the Assembly was worried over the Shortage of Labor. Conceding that he, individually, might suffer no Inconvenience upon being deprived of an occasional Stingo, his heart bled for the Poor Working Man who came back from a long 6-hour Day in the Mills, with only \$14 to show for all his Toil, and found naught in the Growler except Buttermilk.

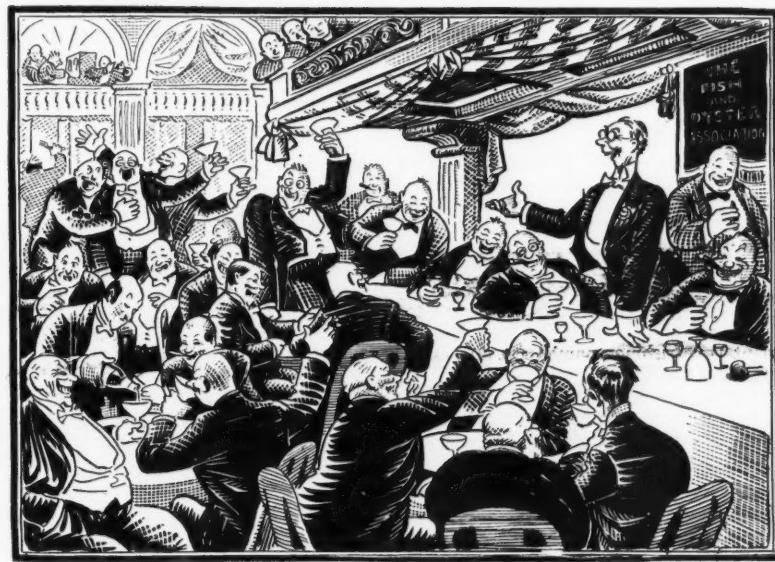
How about our Foreign-Born Population?
On account of the Shortage in Raisins and Dried Apples, the total of home-made Product would inevitably be far short of the Demand.

Cut off from Schnapps and Dago Red, the simple Aliens would either be driven by Ennui to read Bolshevik Literature, or else they would flock back to the Old Country, where, on account of present Depreciation of Kronen, Lire, Marks, and Kopecks, a careful Investor can remain Stewied the rest of his life for the Price of a Front Seat at a Broadway Show. It seemed to him that an Industrial Crisis threatened because the Working Men were being driven from our Shores.

Cries of Indignation arose from the Audience when the next Orator on the Bill told how it had become practically impossible to get an Alcohol Rub in a Turkish Bath. Then there arose a Gentleman who related, in a trembling voice, how his Wife had been unable to get any Brandy for her since Pie.

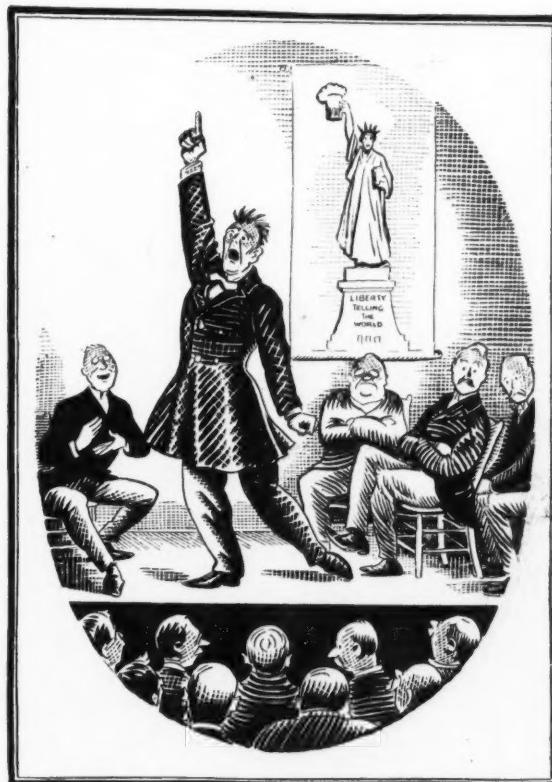
For months no Green-Turtle Cup had been served at his Club. Why? Because the Chef had been turned down on his application for Sherry. He said that Things were coming to a pretty Pass. (Cries of "Hear! Hear!")

Just to give a Line on how aious Piece of Law-Making will strike out in all Directions, certain Testimony was then offered by a Tall Person with Rubber-tired Glasses, introduced a famous After-Dinner Comic. "You may think that the Barbers got it worse than anyone else," he began, "but the recent calamity put a lot more of us in the Tobog. Just before the atrocity was perpetrated, I aped as Head-Liner at the annual Bust-out of the Fish and Oyster Association. It was a



"I came just after the Cognac, and, believe me, I was a Ball of Fire from the minute I showed up. They cheered me before I said a Word. The Dialect went big. Every Anecdote a shriek."

Bear! We assembled in the Egyptian Room, and all you could see, looking in any Direction, was a flock of Martinis. When we arrived at the Tables, we discovered that some Thoughtful Soul had left a Toddy at each Place. It was in a Bowl which, probably, is now used as a Home for Goldfish. If my Memory serves me right, we had nothing whatever with the First Course except a small Tumbler of something aromatic, imported from Spain. The Entrée served to introduce a Gurgele which was very pale and nippy and of a delicate flavor. Simultaneous with the Roast came the Motif, or Dominating Theme, of the whole Composition, viz.: enough of the old Fizz-Bubble to drown a Whale. The Committee on Arrangements had made it Impossible for the Dinner to be a Bobble. Several different Songs were being rendered at the same time, and only at Intervals did it become evident that the Jazz Band of eighteen Pieces was still in Action. I came just after the Cognac, and, believe me, I was a Ball of Fire from the minute I showed up. They cheered me before I said a Word. The Dialect went big. Every Anecdote a shriek. Then, after the Kiddin' Stuff, a little surefire Gravy about the Old Flag. All of them up, waving Napkins. Many of them Weeping. One Prominent Citizen tried to kiss me. Altogether, it was one of the most thrilling and spectacular and emotional moments in my whole Career as a Dispenser of Beautiful Thoughts. Now for the Reverse Side of the Picture. Last week I was invited to address the National Delegates to a Hub & Spoke Convention. They looked like Representative Citizens, and I have no doubt that, with the proper Environment and Supplies available, they could have loosened up and become Human. However, a timid Committee, possibly influenced by motives of



He stood before them, not as an Apologist or Defender of those who had all that Good Stuff locked up in the Warehouses but as a fearless Advocate of the fundamental Principles of Liberty laid down by our Fathers

The Fable of the Wailing in the Desert

Economy, had failed to take out any Insurance. As we moved slowly into the Banquet Hall, all we needed was some Silver Handles and White Gloves to make it a correct Imitation of the Funeral of a Brother Elk. During the Struggle with the Food, the Interns tried to force upon us something which came in a glass Pitcher and looked as if it had dripped from a Cotton Umbrella. Those who went to it became chilled in the Solar Plexus and numbed in the Bean. Some of them turned Blue around the Gills. I think it was an Anesthetic. Long before it came my turn, I knew I was backed up against the Wall. Even those who had brought it on the Hip early in the Evening were now Fast Asleep with their Eyes Open. I'm a Game Bird, and I stood up when the Toastmaster, intended by Nature to be an Embalmer, solemnly announced my Name. It was the same Speech, word for word, that had torpedoed the Fish and Oyster Outfit, but now it was a Dud. The sure-fire Wheeze about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike fell flat and then lay still. All the Faces were dead. Not a Wrinkle. Even the guaranteed Guff about 'Old Glory' was a Fiasco. Gentlemen, two years ago I was a Barn-Burner and now I am Chilblain. What is more, that Noble Institution, the Ten-Dollar Banquet, has taken the Count. Do you realize what that means? Every great movement for nation-wide Reform or Civic Improvement has originated with a Dinner at which Food ran second. How are we to organize for Progress if the organizing Machinery cannot be lubricated? Don't you know that every Presidential Boom is launched at a so-called Banquet? I submit that it is impossible to launch anything in a Dry Dock. Think it over."

"I am what is known as a Professional Best Man," began the next Speaker. "My Job is to get behind the terrified Boob who has decided to take a Chance, and push him across the Line. Speaking from long Experience, I want to warn you that the Dry Wedding is going to increase the Horrors of Getting Yoked. In the old Days, the Groom would pass away about two Days before the Ceremony, while surrounded by his Bachelor Friends, and remain in Coma during the Ordeal. When he finally opened

his Eyes, he would find Petty applying Cold Towels to the fewish Egg and saying: 'Come to, Dearie! It's all over, and here we are in Atlantic City!' Now it is proposed that the poor Go shall go through the Barrage with nothing under the Belt except Aniline Punch. I don't think the average Male is equal to He will probably Welsh. The result will be a gradual Decrease in the number of Marriages and ultimate Race Suicide."

After the Hand-Clapping had subsided, there arose a still looking person of Ruddy Hue whose Conk had never got the way through the use of Lemon Phosphate.

"I fear I am somewhat out of place in this disinterested Gathering," he said, "because I have a low-down Confession to make. Your Uncle Dudley is sore on the 18th Amendment because he has an old-fashioned physical Craving for an occasional Hooker out of the Tall Decanter. He likes to hear the Birds sing, see the Flowers unfold, and forget that he has any Relatives. After a long Day of Contact with the Buzzing Insects who now people the Earth and wear tailor-made Clothes I want either a Slug of Hootch or a Shot in the Arm. Those who are now revising the Universe shouldn't rob us of our Con soler until after they have publicly executed all Chinless Men with Celluloid Collars, all Peroxide Janes with soiled White Shoes, all thin-legged Johnnies who smoke Medicated Cigarettes, all large-eyed Commuters with overhanging Mustaches and various other Hazards that now encumber the public Thoroughfares. They make it absolutely necessary for us to Drink and then go and hide our Liquor on us. That is why I not stand on my Hind Legs and declare that I will obey the 18th Amendment even as the 15th Amendment is respected everywhere south of Chattanooga."

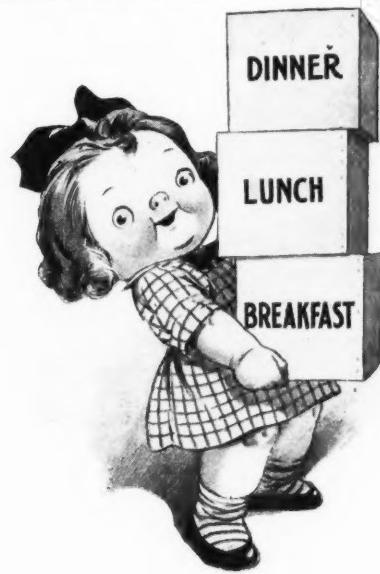
A roar of Protest arose, and the Meeting collapsed into Disorder. It became evident that the Party with the Purple Band was the only genuine Booze-Fighter present and likewise the only one who would go so far as to evade the Law.

Moral: The Recipe for Preserving Personal Liberty will have to be worked out in the Kitchen.



"It was the same Speech, word for word, that had torpedoed the Fish and Oyster Outfit, but now it was a Dud. The sure-fire Wheeze about two Irishmen named Pat and Mike fell flat and then lay still. All the Faces were dead. Not a Wrinkle"

"I look for no elegant ease
In carrying burdens like these
But Campbell's good kind
Quite eases the grind
And lightens my efforts to please."



And mid-summer at that!

Three meals a day for a healthy hungry family is no light task for the conscientious housewife at any time. In mid-summer unless cleverly managed it becomes an almost unbearable burden.

Yet nourishing food is just as necessary in summer as in winter. The appetite needs more coaxing too.

Here is where Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its delicious vegetables, invigorating beef stock and strength-giving cereals plays an important part in keeping up the family health and condition.

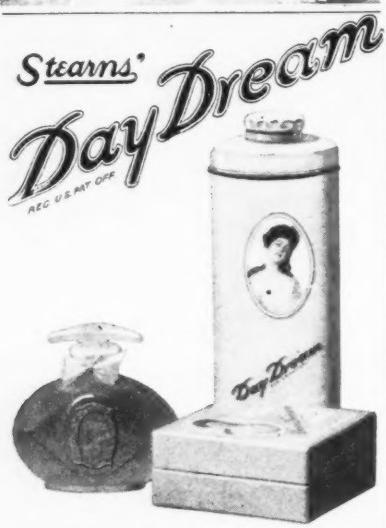
Get the full benefit of this seasonable help. Order a dozen at a time.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THIS delicate, Day Dream fragrance, so suggestive of the pure, wholesome odor of summer flowers, is presented alike in Day Dream Talcum, Face Powder and Perfume.

Day Dream L'Echo containing perfume miniature and Face Powder sample, mailed postpaid for 25 cents. Address Dept. X.

STEARNS, *Perfumer*
DETROIT

Cappy Ricks Comes Back

(Continued from page 43)

again. The Blue Star Navigation Company was making money so fast that now it dealt in millions where once it had dealt in thousands. In the excitement of war, Mr. Ricks forgot the five thousand dollars he had invested so casually in Joey Bender's wild pineapple scheme, and, with the peremptory dismissal of Axel Gustafson as master of the Orion, Cappy even forgot the ten thousand dollars that prize bonehead had cost him. He was quite up to his ears in more important matters when Joey Bender dropped in from nowhere one afternoon and interrupted his siesta.

"Well, young Take-a-Chance," the old gentleman saluted him, "how is the breadfruit industry? Or was it tangerines?"

Joey smiled.

"Neither. Pineapples, Mr. Ricks. The idea actually works. At first, the express company ordered single pineapples from a wholesale produce house; then they started buying them by the crate, and now they're ordering by the ton from Honolulu."

"Bless my mildewed soul!"

"You might have noticed that Miss Patten is no longer employed in Mr. Skinner's department. I have married her. I had to, sir. It requires all of the time of two persons to care for our pineapple business."

"Joey, I'm an old man—don't shock me!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to, sir. Here's a statement of our operations up to the first of last month, together with a check for your original investment, and another smaller check, which is in the nature of a dividend, and covers interest on your investment at ten per cent. to date.

"By the holy pink-toed prophet!"

"Oh, yes; it pays to advertise."

Cappy stared at him dazedly.

"And the orders are really coming in by mail as the result of your crazy advertising?"

"Crazy nothing! I've cut the price on our pineapples, and I'm delivering by parcel-post a superpineapple at less money than any fruit store in America can deliver a mediocre pineapple. Orders are coming in by the thousands."

"Is business steadily increasing?"

"Well, not so steadily as I could desire. It will increase, however, by leaps and bounds if we increase our advertising appropriation."

"Shoot the piece!" cried Cappy enthusiastically. "Let the tail go with the hide, Joey! Cancel these checks and spend the money on advertising; crowd your hand while the pineapple crop is on the market."

"It will be on the market practically all year long, Mr. Ricks. As my partner, I dare say you have no objection to our firm discharging my wife to attend to her household duties. I plan to hire two smart girls to take her place and handle the increased business in pineapples, while I scout round for some other profitable line of endeavor."

"Got any idea what you'd like to take a flier at?" Cappy demanded eagerly. Joey's success had pleased him. He had a tremendous admiration for initiative and faith in oneself.

"The pineapple game will bog down in about six months, Mr. Ricks. By that

time, I will have reached the majority of folks who have a hankering for nice fresh Hawaiian pineapple; after they have ordered two or three pineapples, the novelty will wear off and they'll begin to find fault with the quality of the goods. That's human nature, you know. However, I'll get you back your original investment, the ten thousand dollars necessary to pay your bets with Mr. Skinner and Captain Peasley, interest on the whole works, and perhaps the price of a new car. To be frank, however, we've got to do something else if you are to win your bets."

"Well, I feel sporty about you, Joey. Make a suggestion."

"An old crab-apple of an uncle of mine died recently and left an estate consisting mainly of about a thousand acres of fine hardwood timber—mostly chestnut and poplar, with some hickory-down in Louisiana. There's a little tumble-down sawmill on the property, I understand, but it hasn't been operated for several years, due to the fact that the old man was shy of working capital. From all I can learn, he was a mighty poor business man. I have fallen heir to the property I describe."

Cappy Ricks cocked up his ears, so to speak.

"What's it worth, Joey?"

"Nothing very much—to me, until I can acquire sufficient capital to operate it. Even then, I'd be taking a chance, because I do not know the manufacturing end of the lumber game or the selling end of the hardwood-lumber game. I dare say I'll have to sell the property for what I can get for it. The opportunities here on the Coast are too good to warrant me in wasting my young life in the swamps of Louisiana."

"Come clean, Joey. You haven't spun this tale of your hardwood inheritance just to hear yourself talk. You have an idea, Joey. Do not deny it."

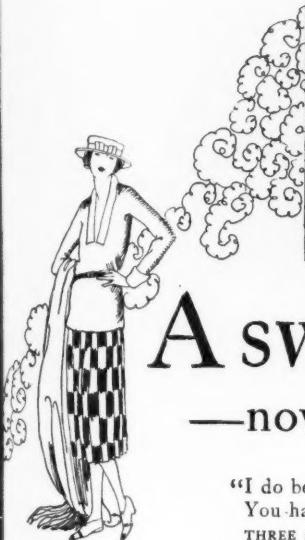
"I have," Joey admitted; "only, it doesn't amount to much. If I could manage to ship the output of that little mill to England, I'd clear up a bank-roll that a greyhound couldn't jump over. Do you know that over there you can get two hundred and fifty dollars for number-two poplar, and chestnut is higher? If a fellow could make delivery, I believe he'd get three hundred, perhaps three fifty, for his number one. And I should judge that the lumber could be manufactured and landed at an Atlantic-coast port for at least fifty dollars per thousand."

Cappy nodded.

"What's to prevent you from shipping to England in moderate quantities? Of course, the war has shot freights sky-high——"

"There's an embargo on the acceptance of any freight by British-owned vessels, unless that freight is absolutely necessary to the conduct of the war. They can go along without hardwood lumber for quite a while over there. Would you consider a proposition to buy a half-interest in that hardwood property—I mean a very, very reasonable price—and take a flier with me in the domestic market? I know a good man to manage the mill, and I suppose, if I really had to, I could

USE
gallons
lather in
cold water
sweat
not rub
through
like warm
out—do
dry in



A sweater for every frock —now that you can wash them yourself

"I do believe that's another sweater, Betty! You have more sweaters than any other THREE girls I know."

"Well, as a matter of fact, my dear, it isn't a new one—it's just washed."

"That fuzzy, woolly sweater washed? I simply don't believe it!"

"Of course it's washed, goosey. In Lux suds just the same as your blouses. It does look new, doesn't it?"

Lux whisks into the most wonderful suds. You just swish your sweater around in them and squeeze the rich lather again and again through the soiled spots. There's not the least bit of rubbing.

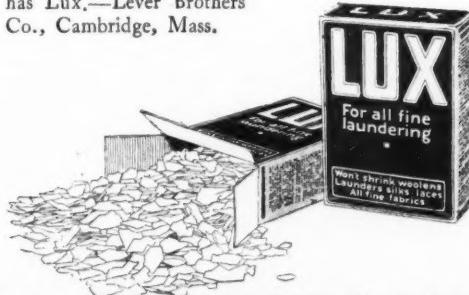
Rubbing hard cake soap on wool is simply fatal, you know. Either you get the tiny fibres all mixed up and matted, or else you pull them so far apart they never can go back. And of course when you

scrub the soap out again, you're scrubbing the pretty colors out, too!

The Lux way is so different. It's so careful and so gentle with the delicate wool fibres. You can trust the brightest Shetland, the fuzziest Angora to these pure suds.

Your newest gay golf sweater with its short sleeves and big checked scarf that tucks through the belt and floats away—don't let it grow loose and baggy, nor get ridiculously small and tight. Launder it the Lux way. It will come out soft and shapely, fit just as perfectly as the day you bought it.

Lux is so easy to use, so wonderfully quick. And it can't possibly hurt any fabric or color that can be trusted to water alone. Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux.—Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.



HOW TO WASH SWEATERS

USE two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a rich lather in very hot water and then add cold water until lukewarm. Work your sweater up and down in the suds—do not rub. Squeeze the suds again and again through soiled spots. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze the water out—do not wring. Spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

LUX



Model WW
World Win
Fibre Face
Driver

FATHER and SON

On the golf course—in a way that you never would otherwise—fathers get a contact with sons—and sons with fathers—that is at once beautiful and beneficial to both.

Play golf with your boy this season—and it will be good for him—and good for you.

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golf clubs for almost a quarter of a century have stood for all that quality can mean. This quality is built right into the club—from ground to grip—because every man in our shops loves his work and takes pride in the product. Every workman, too, knows the game—knows how to make good clubs—because our people all play golf themselves on our own course.

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and we will mail you a copy of our latest offer today—now.
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References by permission: Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., Marine
National Bank, Union Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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sell the output handily enough right here on the Coast. Suppose I investigate fully and report back. We might make a small piece of change."

"No," Cappy replied promptly. "It's a piker's layout, and that's something I've never permitted myself to get interested in, unless I am pretty well convinced that the dividends to accrue will be computed on the basis of pikers' odds."

"Well, I guess that settles our hardwood deal," sighed Joey. "I'll have to rustle up something better—I see that very clearly. Well, good-day, Mr. Ricks. I'll see you when it's time to declare our next dividend. I think we'll declare a big one and quit while the quitting is good."

Long after Joey Bender had left his office, Cappy Ricks sat on his spine in his swivel chair, his feet on his desk. He was not thinking of anything in particular—merely resting his agile brain, in fact—although occasionally he did think of curious Joey Bender and the problem of getting hardwood lumber to England. Surely there must be some way to beat this infernal embargo that kept him and Joey Bender from making a bully profit. Suppose the freight-rate was about a hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet across the submarine-infested Atlantic? If they could only secure the space, they could afford to pay that price and still make a profit of at least fifty dollars per thousand.

Strangely enough, it was not the profit to be derived from the successful delivery in England of, say, a million feet of hardwood lumber that interested Cappy, but rather the profit to be derived from a single paltry thousand feet. He who, for forty years, had figured to sell Oregon pine lumber at anywhere from a loss to five-dollars-a-thousand profit—never more—could get a thrill out of the contemplation of hardwood lumber selling at a profit of fifty dollars per thousand, whereas mention of a million-dollar profit left him singularly cold.

Cappy took a firmer bite on his post-prandial cigar, settled lower in his chair, and brought his mind to grapple with the problem. At the end of an hour, he was no nearer the solution, and, with a sigh, he dismissed it for the day.

"The only lumber that will ever be shipped to England during this war will be clear Pacific-coast spruce for air-plane stock, and number-two and number-three Oregon pine, one by six to one by twelve inches, to be used as dunnage," he reflected.

And then his curious mind back-tracked and halted at that word "dunnage." Dunnage! Synonymous with refuse lumber. Why—why should dunnage be confined to the cheapest kind of Oregon pine? Why not number-one and number-two poplar, chestnut, and hickory?

"By the holy pink-toed prophet!" Within the minute, he had Joey Bender on the telephone. "I've solved the enigma, Joey," he cried, with all the enthusiasm of a child. "I'll ship hardwood lumber to England in spite of hell, high water, German submarines, and British embargoes, and, what's more, I'll ship it free gratis. Joey, Joey, listen to me, you young burglar! I have a scheme for clearing at least two hundred dollars a thousand. Why, since the world began, no lumberman has dared to dream of a profit of such magnitude. Come down and see me right away, my boy."

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"Down in a pig's whisper, sir!" said Joey.

"The proposition is as simple as shooting fish in a bathtub, my boy," Cappy explained, ten minutes later. "By the holy pink-toed prophet! As a simple proposition, it's without a peer. The profit is beside the issue, Joey. It's a devilish idea of beating the impossible that tickles me to death. Joey, do you know what dunnage is—I mean, in shipping world?"

"That's the refuse lumber they use in stowage of cargo, isn't it? For building partitions and platforms between different kinds of freight, shoring up the cargo against the sides of the ship to keep from shifting, and all that sort of thing. That lumber is dunnage, isn't it?"

"It is, my son," replied Cappy solemnly. "Does the analysis of that mystic word inspire you with a brilliant thought?"

"Inspire me? Mr. Ricks, it more than inspires me. It blamed near causes me to burst into tears because I didn't think of it myself. The reason ships purely refuse lumber for dunnage is because quite frequently they fail to use the same lumber for dunnage again, and since dunnage is so frequently a total loss upon the completion of a voyage, they buy cheap lumber and make the loss as small as possible. A ship may require twenty-five thousand feet for dunnage, and stow a general cargo for Cardiff, but when she comes home with a cargo of coal, she doesn't need the dunnage. It's in the way; so the skipper heaves it over onto the dock, and the dock-rats help themselves to it. Nobody will buy it because the skipper hasn't time to peddle it, and everybody knows that."

"Proceed!" Cappy ordered curtly.

"We will rehabilitate that little condemned pot of a mill my uncle bequeathed me and proceed to manufacture hardwood lumber. Anything worse than number two will be sold locally to box factories, planing mills, and so forth, but our number one and number two will be shipped to England—as dunnage!"

Cappy Ricks threw up both arms and gazed at the ceiling, as if he would rebuke the Almighty for an unworthy deed.

"O Lord," he demanded, "why did you put it into this bird's head to quit the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company? He turned to Joey. "Proceed!" he ordered.

"About the time we are ready to commence shipments to various Atlantic seaports," Joey continued, "I shall go to New York and see the purchasing agents for the British government—"

"Give you a letter of introduction to the son of a gun. He's an American banker," Cappy interrupted.

"I shall have little difficulty in interesting the British government's purchasing agent in my plan, because my plan contemplates the saving of considerable money to that government, although I shall not confine my philanthropy to it. Operating for the government alone, I shall make a contract to furnish the absolutely free of cost, with number one and number-two hardwood lumber several sorts for dunnage, F. O. B. wharf—"

"You're too generous, Joey. Seal the cost of transportation from the port

"They'll be here in fifteen minutes—

and my nails aren't fit to be seen!"



THE telephone bell rang. "I'm so glad you are at home. We'll be right over," said a voice. "Good!" she cried. Then her eyes fell to her hands. Her heart sank. Such battered looking nails!

She knew, too, that no amount of magnificence and good grooming on formal occasions would efface the impression made by once appearing careless in an off-guard moment.

Have you ever been caught in such a predicament? Does the unexpected occasion always find your hands at their loveliest? Exquisitely cared for nails, that so unmistakably tell to the world their story of personal fastidiousness.

It is the simplest thing always to be sure of your nails! Just a matter of giving them the same regular attention that you do your hair and teeth.

Do not clip the cuticle. When you do so it is impossible to avoid cutting the sensitive living skin, too. The skin tries to heal these cruel little hurts and growing quickly, forms a thick, ragged

cuticle. It gives to your nails that frowsy and unkempt look that makes you self-conscious every time people notice your hands.

But you can have nails so charming that it will be a pleasure to display your hands!



Just soften and remove the cuticle with Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover

Twist a bit of cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the Cutex and gently work around the base of each nail. Push back the dead cuticle. Then wash your hands and push the cuticle back while drying. Always when drying the hands, push the cuticle back.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle smooth and unbroken—the nails in perfect condition. Make a habit of Cutex. Then you will never know the mortification of ragged hangnails and clumsy cuticle.

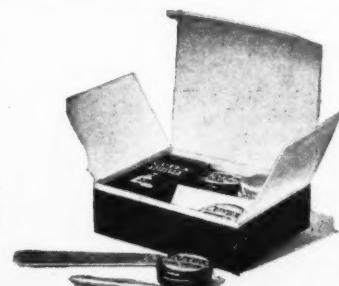
If you wish to keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Cold Cream and Nail Polish are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you an Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of the Cutex products for at least six complete manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 508, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



Mail this coupon with two dimes today to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

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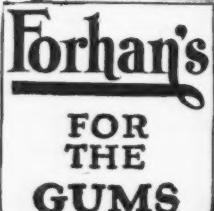
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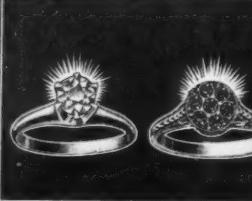
Pyorrhœa menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhœa germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

To avoid Pyorrhœa, visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhœa—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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The diamond you select will be sent upon your simple request through the mail. Then if you do not think it the greatest bargain you have ever seen, send it back at our expense. If you decide to keep it, your credit is good.

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where the car is loaded to the dock where it is discharged. That will give them dunnage at just about fifty per cent. of what refuse Oregon pine is costing them now at the hands of their local dealers."

"The ayes have it, and it is so ordered. On consideration of our charitable action, it will be agreed that the master of every ship accepting our dunnage is to exercise extra care and discretion in the use of said dunnage. For instance, they shall not use number one on the tops of barrels where the chimes would cut into the wood—"

"It's hard to make a dent in hardwood, Joey. But I get you. In this case, they will use number two."

"Exactly. *Et cetera, et cetera.* Also, upon arrival in England, the dunnage is to be piled out on the dock by the ship's crew, without charge to us, and is thereupon to become our property absolutely. Thereafter, we sell it to some responsible retail yard at a slight reduction from the market price—"

"Reduction, your grandmother! Joey, you'll die poor!"

"Also, sir." Joey continued, "we sell for cash only, F. O. B. wharf, which puts the risk of fire and the cost of protecting the dunnage up to the purchaser."

"What else—while we're on that head, Joey?"

"That's enough, isn't it?"

"Certainly not! Ah, my boy, it is the attention to little inconsiderate trifles that spells the difference between affluence and ruin. We shall stipulate payment for our dunnage in United States gold coin, on an exchange-rate not lower than four eighty-five to the British pound sterling. Then, should the rate of exchange go to glory as the result of this war, the Bender Import and Export Company will have a seat on top of the world. Anything else, Joey?"

"Nothing of any importance, sir. The remainder will be the mere working-out of details. Of course, if our own mill cannot keep up with the demand, we will buy in the open market and keep up the supply of dunnage. What do we care, provided we are making a healthy profit?"

Cappy Ricks pressed his desk-button, and Mr. Skinner presently appeared.

"Skinner, my dear boy," Cappy informed him, "you will wire that man Casey, our assistant superintendent at the Astoria mill, to report to me here immediately if not sooner. And get a man to take his place. He'll be working for me for a couple of years. That will be all, Skinner."

"I always like to plant my own man on an important job," Cappy continued, turning to Joey. "Casey is a marvel. He can manage a mill on less money than most men. Yes; you'll have to buy considerable lumber on the outside, Joey. You'll be landing at least half a million feet of dunnage in England every month, and we might as well start buying right away. Turn over the pineapple trade to Mrs. Bender and go after the real money. Draw on me for your requirements, and don't stand there looking at me with your teeth in your mouth. Git! On the job, you young bandit! By the holy pink-toed prophet, you're losing money for our firm this minute. If this war lasts one year and you do your Christian duty by us both, I'll break that infernal Skin-

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ner's heart yet. And Matt Peasley's a Yankee, too. Holy sailor, but won't they squirm when I make them pungle up five thousand dollars each! Report to me, Joey, how you are getting along, and, if the going is as good as we anticipate, I may break those two birds into another bet."

IV

IT was a morning in September, 1914. For many months the Blue Star Navigation Company and the Ricks Lumber and Logging Company had been managing to toddle along without the aid of their president emeritus, Alden P. Ricks, for the war had brought to Cappy other fish to fry, as it were. He had succeeded in securing an appointment as a Knight of Columbus secretary with the Fortified Division at Camp Kearney, following the rejection of his application for a similar position with the V. M. C. A. (to aught Matt Peasley and Mr. Skinner knew to the contrary) the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army.

Immediately after Cappy had donned his uniform and developed into the proudest, happiest little old man in North America, Mr. Skinner had temporarily appropriated the old gentleman's office and turned his own lair over to the assistant manager of the lumber department.

On the morning in question, the efficient Skinner, entering Cappy's old office, was amazed to discover no less a person than Cappy himself occupying the chair that had been sacred to him for a quarter of a century. The president emeritus was arrayed in the habiliments of civil life, and he looked singularly unhappy.

"Well, well, well!" he barked rapidly. "Don't stand there, Skinner, looking as if you were gazing upon my astral body. How the deuce are you?"

"My dear Mr. Ricks! This is the surprise of my life. It's great to have you back with us." And Skinner shook hands warmly.

"It may be great for you, Skinner, dear boy," the old gentleman replied drearily, "but it's death to me."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Ricks. When were you demobilized from the K. C.?"

"I wasn't demobilized, Skinner. I went over the hill."

"What hill?" demanded Mr. Skinner, he not being versed in military phraseology.

"I'm A. W. O. L.," Cappy elucidated. "I've deserted."

"Good gracious! Why?"

"They wouldn't let me go abroad with my division. Said I was too old to stand the gaff. The boys did their best by me—smuggled me aboard the navy transport in the bass-drum case, but Jimmy Leg found me. I offered him five thousand dollars to shoo me across, but he was one of those confirmed old navy men with a sense of duty ingrained in his miserable soul. So, when I saw I couldn't make the grade, Skinner, I just naturally flew. I could have gone back to another training-camp, but when a man's soldiered as long as I have with one outfit, he can't be happy with another. One has to start all over again to make new friends—all any old time I can't be a belligerent, I be a civilian and sell Liberty Bonds. What's new around the shop, Skinner?

Columbia Grafonola



"May we play this one, Mother?"

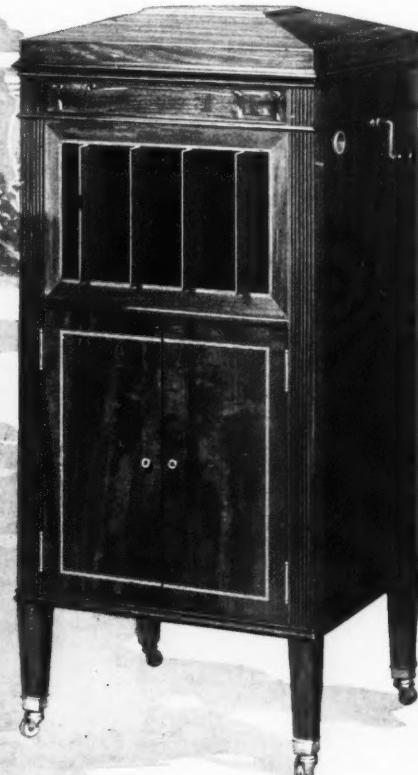
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"A lot of new money and a lot of new employees with flat feet and fluttering hearts, sir. The war has about wrecked our old organization. By the way, that hardwood investment you made with Joey Bender is turning out rather well."

"How well?" Cappy sat up with great suddenness.

"Well, it has paid nearly a hundred and eighty thousand dollars in dividends to date."

"Hm-m-m. Harumph-h-h." Cappy looked up the telephone number of the Bender Import and Export Company and got Joey Bender on the line.

"Joey, you slacker," he saluted his youthful partner, "this is Cappy Ricks talking. Why aren't you in uniform?"

"Because," Joey retorted, "when I first started to work for your Ricks Lumber and Logging Company, you were low enough to give me a job in your Port Hadlock mill. I worked on the trimmer and had half of my right thumb and the first joint of my trigger-finger trimmed."

"Hm-m-m. Serves you right. Come down to my office immediately and bring your last trial-balance, Joey. I'm just back from the war, and it's high time I took an interest in our little old exporting and importing company. Let's hold a meeting of the board of directors."

Half an hour later, Joey appeared at Cappy's office. Matt Peasley had arrived, and Mr. Skinner had hung round out of idle curiosity and at the urgent request of the president emeritus. Immediately upon observing this precious pair and shaking hands with his partner, Joey called the meeting to order.

"The Bender Importing and Exporting Company is doing a very nice little business, Mr. Ricks," he began. "From time to time, I have declared dividends upon my own responsibility. I had the books audited recently by a certified public accountant and have a copy of his report with me. In view of the fact that, three years ago this afternoon, you made a certain bet with Matt Peasley and Skinner here, it occurred to me that Skinner might like some optical proof of your victory before paying the bet."

Mr. Skinner scratched his head and Matt Peasley looked puzzled.

"What did we bet you, Cappy?" the latter demanded. "A new hat or a suit of clothes? I'll be hanged if I haven't forgotten all about it."

"Well, if nobody has had the effrontery to monkey with the contents of my desk, I should have a memorandum of the bet here, signed by the three of us as principals and Joey as a witness." Cappy searched in a drawer and presently brought forth his old memorandum-book. "Very well, Joey," he continued. "Shoot!"

"Your dividends to date, sir," Joey began, "aggregate one hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars. I believe Mr. Skinner will acknowledge the receipt of that sum on your behalf."

"I do," Skinner affirmed.

"I hand you herewith," Joey continued, "the certified check of the Bender Importing and Exporting Company for seventy-two thousand dollars, making a total sum of a quarter of a million dollars earned by you, Mr. Ricks, as my partner,

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within three years from the date of that bet. As the auditor's report will state, our initial investment was five thousand dollars each. The pineapple business produced profits which enabled us to equip the mill and start manufacturing hardwood lumber, and the commercial credit of the company, with Mr. Ricks as half-owner, carried us nicely the remainder of a comparatively easy journey. In addition, Mr. Ricks, you still retain a half-interest in our company, and that half-interest I value at not less than one hundred thousand dollars."

Cappy Ricks rose to his full height of five feet three.

"My boy," he replied, "I hereby present you with my half-interest, as delayed compensation for the loss of your thumb and index-finger in my employ so many years ago. Tut, tut! Not a peep out of you, sir; not a peep. Hm-m-m. Ahem. Harumph-h-h. By the way, Matt, where is our old Finnish friend, Captain Axel Gustafson? Has he managed to accumulate anything above a necktie?"

"I think so, Cappy. When skippers began to get as scarce as hair on a lizard during the war, what with the sudden increase in our mercantile marine, poor Axel came in one day and wept on my shoulder. So, remembering he was a particular friend of yours," Matt continued sarcastically, "I gave him a job skipping the Amelia Ricks—coastwise. He's doing very well, indeed."

"Good news! Remember the two five-thousand-dollar fines we had levied against us on his account—one by the Cuban government and one by Uncle Sam?"

Matt and Skinner nodded. Much had passed through their agile brains since Axel Gustafson's famous voyage to Havana, but that voyage was something neither would ever forget.

"You made me guarantee that bird's ability before you'd consent to let him skipper the Orion," Cappy reminded his son-in-law, "and you, Skinner, aided and abetted him. When I was stuck for those fines, you helped Matt cover me with blood and passed a dirty remark to the effect that none of us ever come back after seventy. Read that, you poor boobs, and then let me see the color of your spondulix; then, in the privacy of your private offices, see if you can figure out who really paid Axel Gustafson's fines." And he handed them the record of their careless bet.

Matt and Skinner read the document, and Cappy winked at Joey Bender as a sickly grin spread over the Skinner countenance, to be succeeded by a deep flush. Five thousand dollars! The war had made Mr. Skinner independently wealthy, but at heart he was still a wage-earner, and that five-thousand-dollar loss stabbed him to the very vitals.

"Pick up the marbles. You win, Cappy," Matt Peasley laughed.

"You bet I win! Any time it's raining duck soup, my son, you'll never find Cappy Ricks there with a fork. Skinner, you poor, efficient, broken-hearted old ruin, make your check payable to any war-charity you like. Matt, write your will to the Knights of Columbus. Protestant that I am, I'll have to square myself for going over the hill."

A new short story by **Peter B. Kyne** will appear in
September Cosmopolitan.



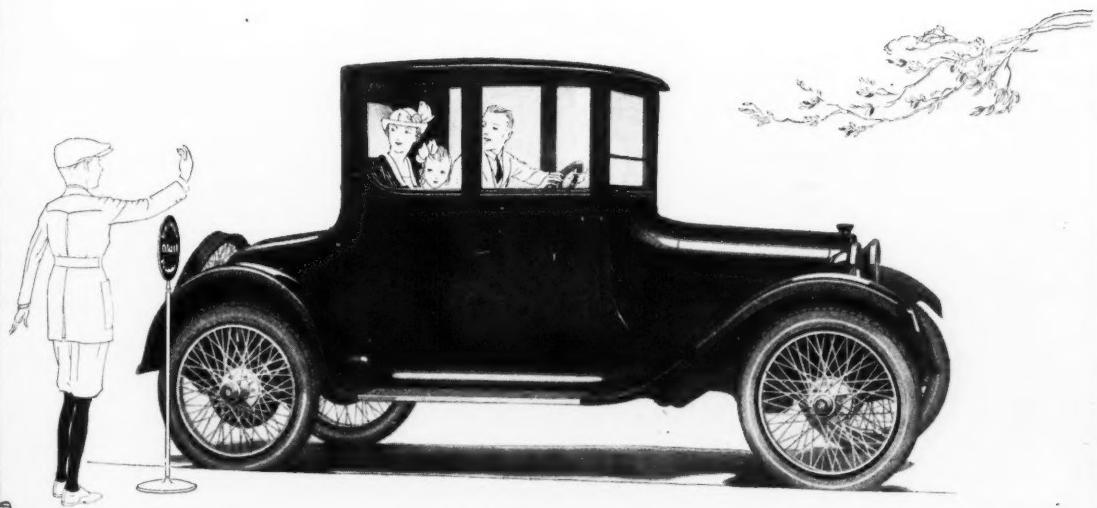
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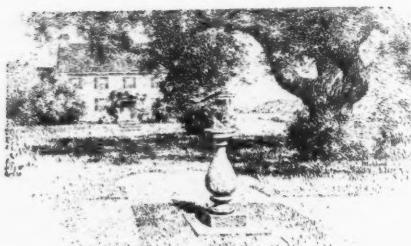
DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Cosmopolitan for August, 1920

The Heiress

(Continued from page 57)



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chin, the pocketed hands, the shoulder-slosh were all ingredients of a piece of badinage in clay.

"You will have it cast, of course?" the elder sculptor was asking. "It will make a charming little bronze."

Jerry turned to answer him, and the three men were, for a few moments, engaged in talk together apart from her. So Jerry did not see how the mirth suddenly failed in Olive's face. Her eyes had fallen upon Sarasin.

Upon the floor, between his feet and the chair on which she had thrown her coat, lay a little bunch of crumpled colored paper. She knew what it was—her money, her toy fortune, that had dropped from the slack pocket when she had tossed her coat aside. Sarasin was bending forward in his chair, a hand outstretched toward it.

At the first sight, it was natural that he should pick up the fallen money; but as his hand closed on it, he turned his head. She averted her face and seemed to be examining the figure, but out of the corner of her eyes she saw how his stagnant face had kindled to a furtive life and how cautious and fearful was his backward glance at the others. A flutter of notes escaped his fingers; he crushed those he held into his pocket and reached to gather up the others. His hand was gathering them when Jerry moved.

"Well, lunch is the next thing," he said cheerfully.

He was turning; in another instant he would have seen Sarasin, feebly scrabbling at the fallen bills. Great, unendurable possibilities of horror swooped upon Olive. It was with a movement almost as instinctive as that with which a mother moves to protect her child that her arm shot out; the modeling-stand and the statuette went crashing to the ground.

The two Frenchmen raised a distressful outcry. The little figure lay a wreck of broken and crumbled fragments at their feet. Olive lifted her eyes and looked at Jerry; he was staring at her blankly. At sight of her face he shrugged resignedly.

"Don't worry, Olive," he said. "Can't be helped. It's all right, kiddie."

It was his tone, kindly, consolatory, loyal to friendship, that broke her down.

"I—I'm awfully sorry—" she began; and then she was weeping. He was beside her in an instant, a hand on her shoulder. She shrank away from him. "No," she sobbed. "I must go away from here."

"Oh, come now, Olive," he urged; "it was only an accident. Don't break your heart like this. Come and have some lunch with us."

She shook her head.

"My handkerchief," she murmured, and moved toward her coat. "No; let me go, Jerry. I—I don't know what's the matter with me."

"But, Olive—" he protested.

"I must go," she repeated, one arm in the sleeve of her coat. "Another time I'll try to tell you how I hate myself. But now—" She turned to Sarasin, where he stood wordless beside his chair. "Come!" she said, and led the way to the door.

With her silent companion at her side, she passed slowly through the yard. It was not till they reached the gate to the

street and were out of sight of Flynn's windows that she turned and spoke to him.

"Gaston," she said—her face was grave; a softness as of pity was in her eyes—"I will take you home now. I think you ought to have something to eat and go to bed."

He nodded vaguely.

"Home," he agreed.

"Come, then," she said, and steered him forth to the sidewalk. "Tell me, Gaston: When you are so quiet, are you thinking of the picture?"

"I cannot think," he said, after some seconds. "I am tired to-day."

"Well," said Olive, "I am thinking of it—thinking of it hard."

He murmured one of his inarticulate responses. Then he halted and looked at her with a vague trouble on his face.

"Come on," said Olive, with a hand to his elbow; "let's get you home. You're worn out."

"There was something," he said uncertainly, and drew from his jacket pocket a wad of crumpled paper money. Two or three loose bills escaped his fingers and fell to the ground. Olive swooped and collected them.

"It was on the floor," he said. "The others—I didn't let them see. It's yours, isn't it?"

Olive came upright with the loose money in her fingers. Her eyes shone with fresh tears; she breathed quickly.

"Yours—fell from your pocket," he said, and held them to her.

She took the hand that contained them in both hers and pressed it to her. The tears were running down her cheeks, but her lips smiled radiantly. From a little distance along the curb, an elderly and purple-faced cabman, from the box of his carriage, watched them with placid interest.

"Gaston!" she said. "Oh, my dear, neither of us is fit to go about alone. We're dangers to society. Gaston, look as if you could hear me."

"Eh? But—isn't it yours?"

"Gaston—I know now what it was for. It's my *dot*—my dowry, Gaston. Dear, we can't talk here. Come—I mean, take me home, Gaston!" She waved the purple-faced cabman toward them.

In Chancery

(Continued from page 92)

I have any influence," said Jolyon; "but if I have, I'm bound to use it in the direction of what I think is her happiness. I am a 'feminist,' I believe."

"Feminist," repeated Soames, as if seeking to gain time. "So you're against me?"

"If you want it bluntly," said Jolyon, "I'm against any woman living with any man whom she definitely dislikes. It appears to me rotten."

"And I suppose each time you see her you put your opinions into her mind?"

"I am not likely to be seeing her."

"Oh! Then you're not going back to Paris?"

"Not so far as I know," said Jolyon, conscious of intent watchfulness in Soames' face.

"Well, that's all I had to say. Anyone who comes between man and wife, you know, incurs heavy responsibility."

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Jolyon rose and made him a slight bow.
"Good-by," he said, and, without offering to shake hands, he moved away, leaving Soames staring after him.

"We Forsytes," thought Jolyon, as he hailed a cab, "are very civilized. With simpler folk, that might have come to a row. If it weren't for my boy going to the war—" The war! A gust of his old doubts swept over him. A precious war! Domination of peoples—or of women! Attempts to master and possess those who did not want you! What negation it all was of gentle decency! Possession, vested rights and anyone "agin' 'em—outcast! "Thank heaven, anyway," he thought; "I always felt 'agin' 'em. I'm not just swayed by passion now." Even before his first disastrous marriage, he could remember fuming over the bludgeoning of Ireland or the matrimonial suits of women trying to be free of men they loathed. The parsons would have it that freedom of soul and body were quite different things. Pernicious doctrine, that! Body and soul could not thus be separated. Free will was the strength of any tie, and not its weakness. "I ought to have told Soames," he thought, "but I think him comic. Ah! But he's tragic too!"

Was there, indeed, anything more tragic in this world than a man who was the slave of his own possessive instinct, who couldn't see the sky for it, or even enter fully into what another person felt? "I must write and warn her," he thought. "He's going to have another try." And all the way home to Robin Hill, he rebelled at the strength of that duty to his son which prevented him from posting back to her.

But Soames sat long in his chair, the prey of a no less gnawing ache—a jealous ache, as if it had been revealed to him that this fellow held precedence of himself, and had spun fresh threads of resistance to lie way out. "So you're against me?" He had put that disingenuous question and got nothing out of it. Feminist! Phil Phrasy fellow! "I mustn't rush things," he thought. "I have some breathing space; he's not going back to Paris unless he was lying. I'll let the spring come. Though how the spring could serve him to save by adding to his ache, he could not tell. And, gazing down into the street where figures were passing from pool to pool of the light from the high lamps, he thought: "Nothing seems any good; nothing seems worth while. I'm lonely—that's what it is."

He closed his eyes; and at once he seemed to see Irene, in a dark street below a chaise—passing, turning her neck so that he caught the gleam of her eyes and her white forehead under a little dark hood which had gold spangles on it and a veil hanging down behind. He opened his eyes—so vividly he had seen her. The woman was passing below, but not there. Oh, no; there was nothing there.

XXVII

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"

IMOGEN's frocks for her first season exercised the judgment of her mother and the purse of her grandfather all through the month of March. With Forsyte tenacity, Winifred quested for perfection,

It took her mind off the slowly approaching rite which would give her a freedom but doubtfully desired, took her mind, too, off her boy and his fast approaching departure for a war from which the news remained disquieting. Like bees busy on summer flowers, or bright gadflies hovering and darting over spiky autumn blossoms, she and her "little daughter," tall nearly as herself, and with a bust-measurement not far inferior, hovered in the shops of Regent Street, the establishments of Hanover Square and of Bond Street, lost in consideration and the feel of fabrics. Dozens of young women of striking deportment and peculiar gait paraded before Winifred and Imogen, draped in "creations." The models—"Very new, modish; quite the latest thing"—which these two reluctantly turned down would have filled a museum; the models which they were obliged to have nearly emptied James' bank. It was no good doing things by halves, Winifred felt, in view of the need for making this first and sole untarnished season a conspicuous success. Their patience in trying the patience of those impersonal creatures who swam about before them could alone have been displayed by such as were moved by faith. It was for Winifred, indeed, a long prostration before her dear goddess, Fashion, fervent as a Catholic might make before the Virgin; for Imogen, an experience by no means too unpleasant—she often looked so nice, and flattery was implicit everywhere; she found it, in a word, "amusing."

On the afternoon of the twentieth of March, having, as it were, gutted Skysward's, they had sought refreshment over the way at Caramel & Baker's, and stored with chocolate, frothed at the top with cream, turned homeward through Berkeley Square of an evening touched with spring. Opening the door, freshly painted a light olive-green—notthing neglected that year to give Imogen a good send-off—Winifred passed toward the silver basket to see if anyone had called, and suddenly her nostrils twitched. What was that scent? She glanced at Imogen.

The girl had taken up a novel sent from the library, and stood absorbed. Rather sharply, because of the queer feeling in her breast, Winifred said,

"Take that up, dear, and have a rest before dinner."

Imogen, still reading, passed up the stairs. Winifred heard the door of her room slammed to, and drew a long, savoring breath. What was it? Spring tickling her senses—whipping up nostalgia for her "clown," against all wisdom and outraged virtue? What was it? A male scent! A faint reek of cigars and lavender-water not smelled since that early autumn night six months ago, when she had called him "the limit." Whence came it, or was it ghost of scent—sheer emanation from memory? She looked round her. Nothing—not a thing, no tiniest disturbance of her hall, nor of the dining-room. A little day-dream of a scent—illusory, saddening, silly! In the silver basket were new cards, two with "Mr. and Mrs. Plegate Thom," and one with "Mr. Plegate Thom" thereon; she sniffed them, but they smelled severe.

"I must be tired," she thought; "I'll go and lie down." Up-stairs, the drawing-room was darkened, waiting for some hand to give it evening light; and she



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passed on up to her bedroom. This, too, was half curtained and dim, for it was six o'clock. Winifred threw off her coat. That scent again! She stood as if shot, transfixed against the bed-rail. Something dark had risen from the sofa in the far corner. A word—of horror in her family—escaped her.

"God!"

"It's I—Monty," said a voice.

Clutching the bed-rail, Winifred reached up and turned the switch of the light hanging above her dressing-table. He appeared just on the rim of the light's circumference, emblazoned, from the absence of his watch-chain down to boots, neat and sooty brown, but—yes!—split at the toe-cap. His chest and face were shadowy. Surely he was thin—or was it a trick of the light? He advanced, lighted now from toe-cap to the top of his dark head—surely a little grizzled! His complexion had darkened, sallowed; his black mustache had lost boldness, become sardonic; there were lines which she did not know about his face. There was no pin in his tie. His suit—ah, she knew that!—but how unpressed, unglossy! She stared again at the toe-cap of his boot. Something big, relentless had been "at him," had turned and twisted, raked and scraped him. And she stayed not speaking, motionless, staring at that crack across the toe.

"Well," he said, "I got the letter. I'm back."

Winifred's bosom began to heave. The nostalgia for her husband which had rushed up with that scent was struggling with a deeper jealousy than any she had felt yet. There he was—a dark and as if harried shadow of his sleek and brazen self! What force had done this to him—squeezed him like an orange to its dry rind? That woman!

"I'm back," he said again. "I've had a beastly time. By God, I came steerage! I've got nothing but what I stand up in, and that bag."

"And who has the rest?" cried Winifred, suddenly alive. "How dared you come? You knew it was just for divorce that you got that letter to come back. Don't touch me!"

They held each to the rail of the big bed where they had spent so many years of nights together. Many times, yes—many times she had wanted him back. But now that he had come, she was filled with this cold and deadly resentment. He put his hand up to his mustache, but did not frizz and twist it in the old familiar way; he just pulled it downward.

"Gad!" he said. "If you knew the time I've had!"

"I'm glad I don't."

"How are the kids, anyway?"

"Well. You're not staying here, Monty."

He uttered a little sardonic laugh.

"Where, then?"

"Anywhere."

"Well, look at me! That—that—damned—"

"If you mention her," cried Winifred. "I go straight out to Park Lane, and I don't come back!"

And then he did a simple thing, so uncharacteristic that it moved her. He shut his eyes. It was as if he had said: "All right. I'm dead to the world."

"You can have a room for the night,"

she said suddenly; "your things are still here. Only Imogen is at home."

He leaned back against the bed-rail.

"Well, it's in your hands"—and his own made a writhing movement. "I've been through it. You needn't hit too hard—it isn't worth while. I've been frightened; I've been frightened, Freddie."

That old pet name, disused for years and years, sent a shiver through Winifred.

"What am I to do with him?" she thought. "What in God's name am I to do with him?"

"Got a cigarette?" he said.

She gave him one from a little box she kept up there for when she couldn't sleep at night, and lighted it. With that action, the matter-of-fact side of her nature came to life again.

"Go and have a hot bath. I'll put some clothes out for you in the dressing-room. We can talk later."

He nodded, and fixed his eyes on her. They looked half dead—or was it that the folds in the lids had become heavier?

"He's not the same," she thought. He would never be quite the same again. But what would he be?

"All right," he said, and went toward the door. He even moved differently—like a man who has lost illusion, and doubts whether it is worth while to move at all.

When he was gone, and she heard the water in the bath running, she put out a complete set of garments on the bed in his dressing-room, then went down-stairs and fetched up the biscuit-box and whisky. Putting on her coat again, and listening a moment at the bathroom door, she went down and out. In the street, she hesitated. Past seven o'clock! Would Soames be at his club or at Park Lane? She turned toward the latter. Currents of feeling were bewildering her. Back! Soames had always feared it—she had sometimes hoped it. Back! So like him—clown that he was—with this "Here we are again!" to make fools of them—of the law, of Soames, of herself! Yet to have done with the law, not to have that murky cloud hanging over her and the children! What a relief! Yes! But how to accept his return? That "woman" had ravaged him, taken from him passion such as he had never bestowed on herself—such as she had not thought him capable of. There was the sting! That selfish blatant "clown" of hers, whom she herself had never really stirred, had been swept and ungarished by another woman! Insulting! Too insulting! Not right; not decent to take him back! Yet she had asked for him; the law perhaps would make her now. He was as much her husband as ever. She had put herself out of court, and all he wanted, no doubt, was money—to keep him in cigars and lavender-water. That scent! It still drifted in to her. "After all, I'm not old," she thought; "not old yet!" Ah! But that woman who had forced him to those words: "I've been through it. I've been frightened—frightened, Freddie." She neared her father's house, driven this way and that, while all the time the Forsyte undertow was drawing her—the deep sense that, after all, he was her property, to be held against a robbing world. And so she came to James'.

"Mr. Soames? In his room? I'll go up; don't say I'm here."

Her brother was dressing. She found him before a mirror, tying a black bow with an air of despising its ends.

"Hullo!" he said, contemplating her in the glass. "What's wrong?"

"Monty," said Winifred stonily. "He's back."

Soames spun round.

"The devil!"

"What shall I do?"

"Hoist," said Soames, "with our own petard. Why the deuce didn't you let me try cruelty? I always knew there was too much risk this way."

"Oh! Don't talk about that! What shall I do?"

"Hm," was all Soames answered—a deep, deep sound.

"Well," said Winifred impatiently.

"What has he got to say for himself?"

"Nothing. One of his boots is split across the toe."

Soames stared at her.

"Ah!" he said. "Of course! On his beam ends. So—it begins again! This'll about finish father."

"Can't we keep it from him?"

"Impossible. He has an uncanny fair for anything that's worrying." And he brooded, with fingers hooked into his blue-silk braces. "There ought to be some way in law," he muttered, "to make him safe."

"No!" cried Winifred. "I won't be made a fool of again; I'd sooner put up with him."

The two stared at each other. Their hearts were full of feeling, but they could give it no expression—Forsytes that they were.

"Where did you leave him?"

"In the bath," And Winifred gave a little bitter laugh. "The only thing he brought back is lavender-water."

"Steady!" said Soames. "You're thoroughly upset; I'll go back with you."

"What's the use?"

"We ought to make terms with him."

"Terms?" It'll always be the same. When he recovers—cards and betting drink and—" She was silent, remembering the look on her husband's face. The burnt child—the burnt child! Perhaps—

"Recover?" replied Soames. "Is he ill?"

"No. He's burnt out. That's all."

Soames took his waistcoat from a chair and put it on; he took his coat and got into it; he scented his handkerchief with eau de Cologne, threaded his watch-chain, and said,

"We haven't any luck."

And, in the midst of her own trouble, Winifred was sorry for him, as if, in that little saying, he had revealed deep trouble of his own.

"I'd like to see mother," she said.

"She'll be with father in their room. Come down quickly to the study. I'll look."

Winifred stole down to the little dark study, chiefly remarkable for a Caxiolite too doubtful to be placed elsewhere, and a fine collection of Law Reports unopened for many years. Here, she stood with her back to maroon-colored curtains, drawn, staring at the empty grate till her mother came in followed by Soames.

"Oh, my poor dear!" said Emily. "How miserable you look in here! This is too bad of him, really!"

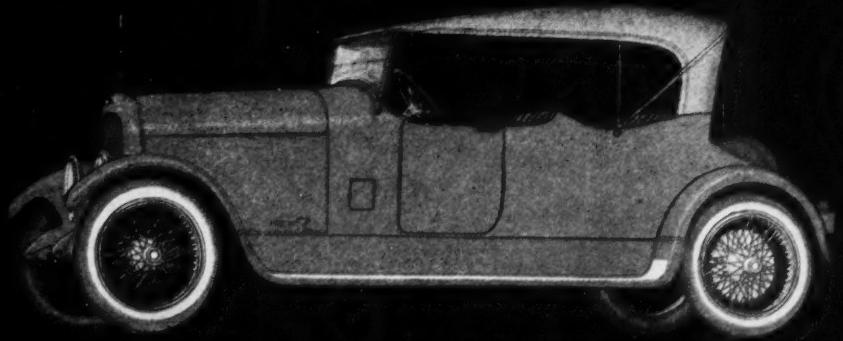
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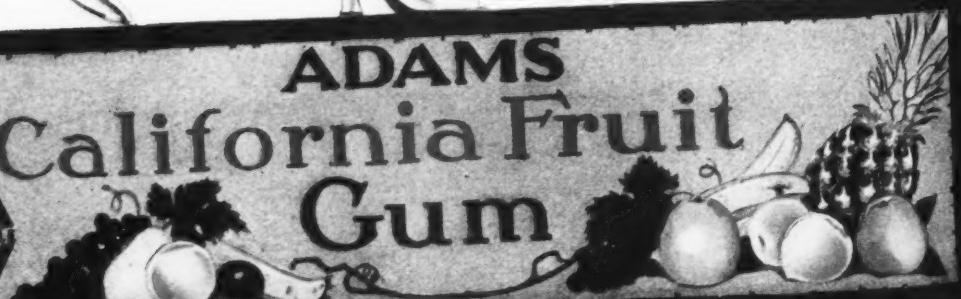
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As a family, they had so guarded themselves from the expression of all unfashionable emotion that it was impossible to go at there was comfort in her cushioned back and her still dimpled shoulders under some rare black lace. Summoning pride and the desire not to distress her mother, Winifred said, in her most off-hand voice, "It's all right, mother; no good fussing." "I don't see," said Emily, looking at James, "why Winifred shouldn't tell him that she'll prosecute him if he doesn't keep the premises. He took her pearls; and he's not brought them back, that's quite enough."

Winifred smiled. They would all plunge out with suggestions of this and that; but she knew already what she would be doing, and that was—nothing. The feeling that, after all, she had won a sort of victory, retained her property, was every moment gaining ground in her. No! If I wanted to punish him, she could do it home without the world knowing. "Well," said Emily, "come into the sitting-room comfortably—you must stay and have dinner with us. Leave it to me to tell your father." And, as Winifred moved toward the door, she turned out the light.

Not till then did they see the disaster in the corridor.

There, attracted by light from a room over lighted, James was standing with a dun-colored camel's-hair shawl folded about him, so that his arms were not free and his silvered head looked cut off from his fashionably Trousered legs as if by an eagle of desert. He stood, imminently unlike, with an expression as if he saw before him a frog too large to swallow. "What's all this?" he said. "Tell your father! You never tell me anything."

The moment found Emily without reply.

It was Winifred who went up to him, and, taking one hand on each of his swathed,

less arms, said:

"Monty's not gone bankrupt, father. I only come back."

They all three expected something serious to happen, and were glad she had kept a grip of his arms, but they did not know the depth of root in that shadowy Forsyte. Something wry occurred to his shaven mouth and chin, something scratchy between those long silvery fingers. Then he said, with a sort of pity:

"He'll be the death of me. I knew how he'd be."

"You mustn't worry, father," said Winifred calmly. "I mean to make him better."

"Ah!" said James. "Here—take this off; I'm hot." They unwound it. He turned, and walked firmly to the dining room.

"I don't want any soup," he said to Dartie, and sat down in his chair.

They all sat down, too, Winifred still in her chair, while Warmson laid the fourth place.

When he left the room, James said,

"What's he brought back?"

"Nothing, father."

James concentrated his eyes on his own plate in a tablespoon.

"Divorce!" he muttered. "Rubbish!

What was I about? I ought to have paid an allowance to stay out of England.

James, you go and propose it to him."

It seemed so right and simple a suggestion that even Winifred was surprised when she said:

"No, father; I'll keep him now he's back. He must just behave—that's all."

They all looked at her. It had always been known that Winifred had pluck.

"Out there!" said James elliptically. "Who knows what cutthroats! You look for his revolver. Don't go to bed without. You ought to have Warmson to sleep in the house. I'll see him myself to-morrow."

They were touched by this declaration, and Emily said comfortingly,

"That's right, James; we won't have any nonsense."

"Ah!" muttered James darkly. "I can't tell."

The advent of Warmson with fish diverted conversation.

When, directly after dinner, Winifred went over to kiss her father good-night, he looked up with eyes so full of question and distress that she put all the comfort she could into her voice.

"It's all right, father dear; don't worry. I sha'n't need anyone—he's quite bland. I shall only be upset if you worry. Good-night—bless you!"

James repeated the words: "Bless you!" as if he did not quite know what they meant, and his eyes followed her to the door.

She reached home before nine, and went straight up-stairs.

Dartie was lying on the bed in his dressing-room, fully redressed in a blue-serge suit and pumps, his arms crossed behind his head, and an extinct cigarette drooping from his mouth.

Winifred remembered ridiculously the flowers in her window-boxes after a blazing summer day—the way they lay, or rather stood, parched, yet rested by the sun's retreat. It was as if a little dew had come already on her burnt-up husband.

He said apathetically:

"I suppose you've been to Park Lane. How's the old man?"

Winifred could not help the bitter answer:

"Not dead." He winced; actually he winced. "Understand, Monty," she said, "I will not have him worried. If you aren't going to behave yourself, you may go back; you may go anywhere. Have you had dinner?"

"No."

"Would you like some?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Imogen offered me some. I didn't want any."

Imogen! In the plenitude of emotion, Winifred had forgotten her.

"So you've seen her? What did she say?"

"She gave me a kiss."

With mortification, Winifred saw the sardonic darkness of his face relaxed. "Yes," she thought. "He cares for her, not for me a bit."

Dartie's eyes moved from side to side.

"Does she know about me?" he said.

It flashed through Winifred that here was the weapon she needed. *He minded their knowing!*

"No. Val knows. The others don't; they only know you went away."

She heard him sigh with relief.

"But they shall know," she said firmly, "if you give me cause."

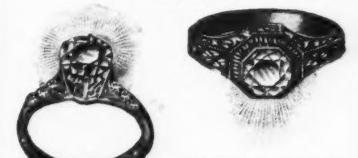
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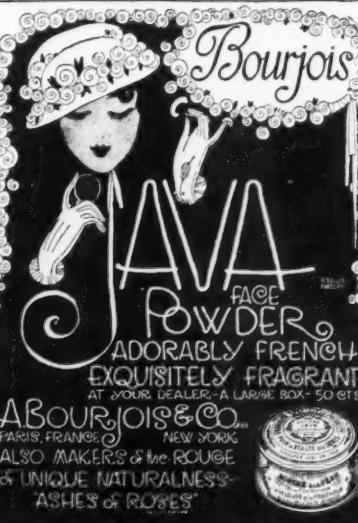
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"All right!" he muttered. "Hit me I'm down."

Winifred went up to the bed.

"Look here, Monty: I don't want to hit you; I don't want to hurt you. I sha'n't allude to anything. I'm not going to worry. What's the use?" She was silent a moment. "I can't stand any more, though, and I won't! You'd better know. You've made me suffer. I used to be fond of you. For the sake of that—" She met the heavy-lidded gaze of his brown eyes, with the downward stare of her green-gray eyes, touched his hand suddenly, turned her back, and went into her room.

She sat there a long time before her glass, fingering her rings, thinking of this subdued dark man, almost a stranger to her, on the bed in the other room—resolutely not "worrying," but gnawed by jealousy of what he had been through, and now and again just visited by pity.

XXVIII

OUTLANDISH NIGHT

SOAMES doggedly let the spring come—no easy task for one conscious that time was flying, his birds in the bush no nearer the hand, no issue from the web anywhere visible. Mr. Polted reported nothing; but the watch went on—costing a lot of money. Val and his cousin were gone to the war, whence came news more favorable. Dartie had behaved himself so far; James retained his health; business prospered almost terribly—there was nothing to worry Soames except that he was "held up," could take no step in any direction.

He did not exactly avoid Soho, for he could not afford to let them think that he had "piped off," as James would have put it—he might want to "pipe on" again at any minute. But he had to be so restrained and cautious that he would often pass the door of the Restaurant Bretagne without going in, and wander out of the purlieus of that region which always gave him the feeling of having been possessively irregular.

He wandered thus one May night into Regent Street, and the most amazing crowd he had ever seen—a shrieking, whistling, dancing, jostling, grotesque, and formidably jovial crowd, with false noses and mouth-organs, penny whistles, and long feathers—every appanage of idiocy, as it seemed to him. Mafeking! Of course! It had been relieved—good! But was that an excuse? Who were these people? What were they? Where had they come from into the West End?

His face was tickled, his ears whistled into. Girls cried, "Keep your hair on, old stucco!" A youth knocked off his top-hat; he recovered it with difficulty. Crackers were exploding beneath his nose, between his feet. He was bewildered, exasperated, offended. This stream of people came from every quarter, as if impulse had unlocked flood-gates, let flow waters of whose existence he had heard, perhaps, but believed in never. This, then, was the populace, the innumerable living negation of gentility and Forsyteism! This was—egad—Democracy! It stank, yelled, was hideous! In the East End, or

Soames' visit to Paris and its fateful consequences—see the next instalment of *In Chancery*, in *September Cosmopolitan*.

Cosmopolitan for August, 19...

even Soho—perhaps; but here in Regent Street, in Piccadilly! What were the police about! In 1900, Soames, with Forsyte thousands, had never seen a cauldron with the lid off, and none into it, could hardly believe his eyes. The whole thing was unspeakable. These people had no restraint; they seemed to think him funny; such swarms of them, rude, coarse, laughing—and what laughter! Nothing sacred to them! He shouldn't be surprised if they began to break windows. In Pall Mall, past those august dwellings, to enter which people paid sixty pounds, this shrieking, whistling, dancing dervish of a crowd was swarming. From the club windows his own kind were looking out on them with regulated amusement. They didn't realize! This was serious—might come to anything! The crowd was cheerful, but some day they would come in a different mood. He remembered there had been a mob in the late 'Eighties—when he was at Brighton—they had smashed things and made speeches. But more than dread, he felt a deep surprise. They were hysterical—it wasn't English! And all about the relief of a little town as big as Walford, six thousand miles away. Restrain and reserve! Those qualities to him more dear than life, those indispensable attributes of property and culture—where were they? It wasn't English! So Soames brooded, threading his way on. It was as if he had suddenly caught sight of someone, cutting the covenant "for quiet possession" out of his legal documents, of a monster lurking and stalking out into the future, casting its shadow over their want of stolidity, their want of reverence! Yes; it was like discovering that nine-tenths of the people of England were foreigners. If that were so, then anything might happen.

At Hyde Park Corner he ran into George Forsyte, very sunburned from racing, holding a false nose in his hand.

"Hullo, Soames!" he said. "Have you got a nose?"

Soames responded with a pale smile.

"Got this from one of these sportsmen we went on George, who had evidently been dining. Had to lay him out for trying to bash my hat. I say, one of these days we shall have to fight these chaps, they're getting so damned cheeky—all radicals and socialists; they want our goods. You tell uncle James that; it'll make him sleep."

"*In vino veritas,*" thought Soames, but he only nodded and passed on up Hamilton Place. There was but a trickle of roysterers in Park Lane, not very noisy. And, looking up at the houses, he thought, "After all, we're the back-bone of the country. They won't upset us easily."

Possession's nine points of the law." And, as he closed the door of his father's house behind him, all that queer, outlandish nightmare in the streets passed out of his mind almost as completely as if he had dreamed it, and awakened in the warm, clean morning-comfort of his spacious mattress bed.

He walked into the center of the empty drawing room and stood still.

A wife! Somebody to talk things over with. One had a right! Damn it! had a right!

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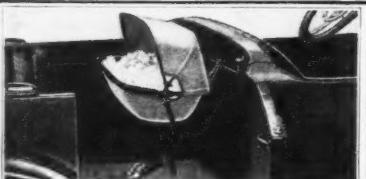
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An Eye for an Eye

(Continued from page 80)

again. Say the word, and you can have my dead body—now, in ten seconds."

"But I don't want your dead body, Samson," the detective replied. "I didn't come here for that. I can get you a pardon. I have some influence myself; I'll get Bedford Holt to join me. You got a raw deal. You served ten years. There's your record here—steady, industrious. After fourteen years, men are willing to forgive many things. I'm sure Holt will join me. You're only forty-six. That isn't old. You're more than a good workman; you're a man of ability and intelligence. I've inquired about you here; but I'd know that from talking with you. You can go ahead, take contracts, make money, build up a business. With your constitution, you've got thirty years ahead of you."

Samson had been assimilating that astonishing idea of a pardon. It held him while Bodet was speaking; glimpses of a new life arose. Half mechanically, his eyes turned to the photograph on the table, and a suspicion flashed out of them.

"You come from her!" he accused. "You want to buy me off!"

"No; I don't come from her," Bodet assured him. "It's my own notion. I say again, forget it."

But Samson flung back:

"I'll never forget it! Never! A man don't get over an hour like that in the Lima hotel when I knew she'd sold me out. I lay a year in jail—ten years in Joliet. I crawled out of the river naked. I was sick and hungry. You can see how I live here—a whole year—three dollars a day when there's any work to be had. Look at me—all gray—in overalls. They took my life away from me. Never!" His face pucker, and he made a motion of his head, as though to escape a disgusting idea. "Contracts!" "Money!" I don't want that. All that ended fourteen years ago. I threw it all in the waste-basket for her." He bit his lip again to get himself in better control, but the inner agitation still showed on the surface. "To let them do what they did to me and get away with it? Never—if I can help it! That can't be done to me. I made up my mind to it fourteen years ago. I don't want any courts. I wouldn't bring them into court if I could prove they took the money. I want to settle it with my own hand."

His eyes had gone back to the photograph, and Bodet waited a moment before saying coolly:

"It isn't what they did to you, Samson. It's what you've done to yourself. They only gave you a cue. It's you who cast yourself for the rôle. You've stuck to that photograph through thick and thin—cutting away the pasteboard margins so you could carry it more easily. You didn't tell me so, but you must have taken it to Joliet with you. You prepared for your escape bit by bit, hiding things along the river. A biscuit more or less might mean life or death to you, but whatever else you left, you were bound to smuggle the photograph out and take that with you. You tramped and went hungry, but still clung to the photograph. It symbolized the idea you were clinging to—a man of terrible obstinacy fusing himself in a single purpose. But the idea is all wrong, Samson. Forget it."

Without hesitation, Samson exclaimed:

"No! You don't know me. I tell you I was wild about her. He was her lover all the while. They played me for a sucker and picked me to the bone—the two of them!" His hand tightened over the butt of the gun. "If I live, they've got to pay!" He looked Bodet in the eye a moment with an unflinching challenge and reiterated: "I don't want your pardon. But if you're a square man, you'll tell me something. The woman that called on you—the woman who arranged for you to communicate with her—she was Mrs. Ashley herself?"

Not answering directly, Bodet asked, "Do you really want to see Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ashley face to face?"

Samson reached out a toil-marked hand a little way in a grim man's supplication.

"Tell me," he said. "It's due to me."

"And after that?" Bodet asked.

"After that," Samson repeated, "do anything you please with me. I don't care a rap. Put me face to face with them, and then it's all over. You think my hanging around Lake Lobago was foolish; but I know I'm going to find them—I know it."

Boden frowned at him a moment and shook his head. He gave a slight sigh.

"I was afraid so, Samson," he said grumpily; "I was afraid so. If you were wise, you'd take my advice and just forget it. But you've got that idea stuck in your obstinate mind, and I suppose there's no use talking to you."

That sounded like yielding, and Samson bent forward a little in his eagerness.

"You will?" he asked breathlessly.

"I will," said Bodet. "But there are a few things that you must understand clearly. In the first place, the woman who called on me at my lodging is not the woman of that photograph." And as Samson stared, half incredulously, as though begging him to unsay it, he repeated, with emphasis, "Positively not the woman of the photograph." That statement seemed to disturb Samson, leaving him in uncertainty; so the detective added: "But she can tell us what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ashley. I am sure of that." And Samson leaned back in the chair, satisfied again. "And about one thing there must be no mistake," Bodet went on. "I may admire Greek tragedy, but I shouldn't admire getting myself locked up on the charge of being accessory to a homicide. I am going with you until you are face to face with Mrs. Louis Ashley, but you must give me that gun, and promise not to buy another until I am off the scene. I make no stipulation as to what you shall do after I am gone."

"That's reasonable," said Samson simply.

"And I shouldn't care to be taken up either, in company with an escaped convict," said Bodet. "We shall have to take a journey. You have money for a journey?"

"I've saved my money since I came here," Samson replied. "I have about two hundred dollars."

"That will answer," Bodet replied. "Go down to Milwaukee, have your hair and beard trimmed, and buy you some good clothes—clothes such as a fairly well-to-do business man would wear. You get the

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point? I want you to look like a prosperous business man on a journey. You'll know what to buy." Samson nodded. "It will take a little time," Bodet explained. "I'll have to run ahead and look over the land. Then I'll wire you where to join me."

Again Samson nodded. Bodet stood up. "Very well, Samson. You'll hear from me within a week."

Samson also stood up.

"And now," said Bodet, "give me that gun." He extended his hand for it.

Samson hesitated, and the wary suspicions of the hunted peered out of his eyes. To give up the gun was to put himself in this man's power. He'd said he would not go back alive, but without the gun he might have to. He hesitated. The two looked each other in the eye. Then Samson laid the butt of his weapon in Bodet's palm, and held up his calloused hands in the attitude of one surrendering.

It gave the detective a deep satisfaction, and his face showed it.

"Good, Samson!" he exclaimed. "That took nerve and faith. I was not mistaken in you." He moved briskly away, but in the kitchen he turned, smiling, and waved his hand at the grim man in the other room. "You'll hear from me within a week," he said, and disappeared.

The afternoon of the fourth day, Samson received a wire, and two hours later was on his way to Milwaukee.

The forenoon of the second day following, Bodet was standing in the Union Station at Omaha, watching the file of passengers who had just debarked from a Chicago train. Presently, in the file, he saw a spare, strongly-built man, with a neatly trimmed gray beard, in a snug, well-made gray suit. One who observed closely might have noticed that the man's strong right hand, gripping the handle of a new brown bag, bore ineradicable marks of heavy manual toil, and so have taken this passenger for a prosperous and progressive farmer.

Bodet was faintly grinning with satisfaction as this passenger came near, and he grasped his hand in a hearty greeting.

"I ought to have taken my own medicine and bought a new suit myself in order to keep up with you," he said—but at once became grave, for their business was grave enough. "You may as well check your bag here for the present," he advised. "We'll take a cab."

When they climbed into the cab, Samson had not spoken a word.

"We're going to jail," Bodet informed him when the vehicle started, and the detective felt the shock which that imparted to his grim companion's nerves. "I told you," Bodet went on, "that the veiled woman who called on me gave me a means of communicating with her. She gave me a name and an address. That was nearly three years ago. Twice since then, she has notified me of a change of address. Before I went up to Lake Lobago, I ran across a name in a police report—the name she had given me. It proved to be my veiled lady. She had been getting herself into considerable difficulty. In fact, she and a confederate had been arrested for operating a fake matrimonial bureau—a very common and shabby sort of swindle.

Thanks to my pull, we shall have an undisturbed interview with them, and I

Cosmopolitan for August, 1923 Cosmo

am confident we shall find out what you want to know."

Having explained the situation, he again surveyed his neatly trimmed, neatly dressed companion, and he thought a subtle influence of the clothes might be working upon Samson without his being really aware of it—an insidious sense of well-being, security, freedom to look the world squarely in the eye.

At the jail, Samson followed him without hesitation, and found that the detective's pull had been used to good purpose. They were received as though they had been expected, and, without delay or question, were ushered into a small, bare room containing a desk and three common chairs. Bodet and the guard held a little colloquy at the door, and the guard withdrew.

"Sit down here, Samson," Bodet directed, indicating a chair in the corner farther from the open door through which the guard had disappeared. Bodet himself stood up, nearer the door, between him and Samson. Silently taking the chair, Samson put his hand up to his trimmer beard, for, in spite of his firm will, his fingers were trembling. They waited several minutes without speaking. Then the guard returned, followed by a man and a woman; and having led them into the room, the guard obligingly withdrew to the other side of the open door and turned his back.

Both the man and the woman wore an air of dejection and defeat—lumpish and sullen on the man's part, alarmed and gaping on the woman's. Both were seated as to clothes. The man was heavy and bald, with disagreeable blotches on his head, his cheeks thick with a network of tiny red veins. The woman was larded over and puffy with fat; her cheeks, deprived of rouge, had a pasty, unwholesome look; her hair was caught up in a slovenly knot. She saw Bodet standing gravely in the center of the room, and gasped and drew back a step.

"You may as well sit down," said the detective soberly, and placed a chair, into which she sank. The man had halted also, staring dubiously at the figure in the corner. But he, too, mechanically took the chair which Bodet indicated. These chairs were against the wall, out of sight of the guard, who had good-naturedly strolled even farther into the next room, and turned his back.

"Come over here, Stahl," said Bodet to the man in the corner.

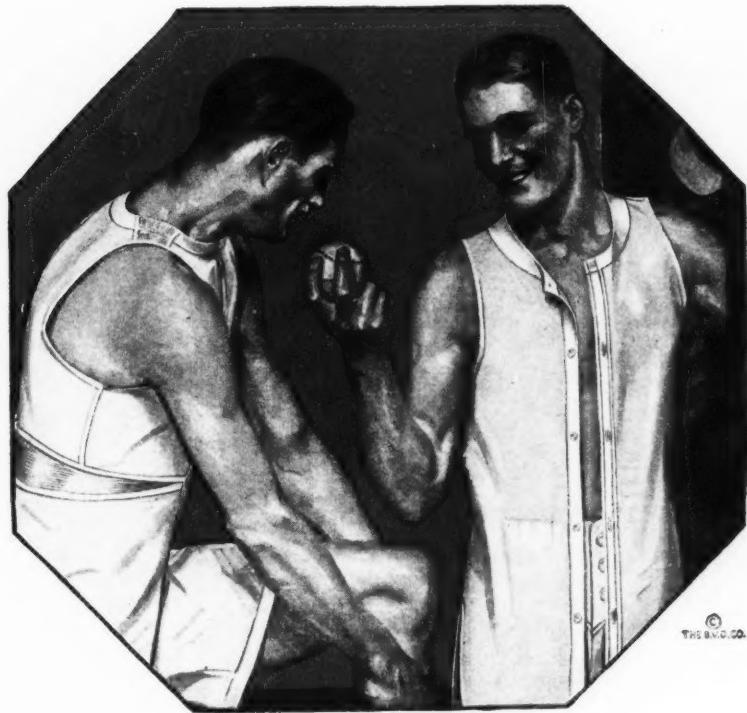
Samson, also, had been staring. He got up, moving toward Bodet like an automaton, his eyes fixed upon the two seated figures with a great incredulous question. A like incredulous question shaped itself in the woman's eyes. She gaped in fascination for a moment, until her brain could grasp the incredible fact. Then she moaned, "My God!" and with both trembling hands clutched Bodet's hand.

Bodet let her cling to it and reassured her.

"Don't be afraid; there's nothing to be afraid of."

Samson looked over at the detective with a perplexed, angry furrow in his brow, as though demanding what sort of trial were being played on him; but only for a moment could he keep his unbelieving gaze from those two seated figures.

* * * They can tell us what has become of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Ashley these last few



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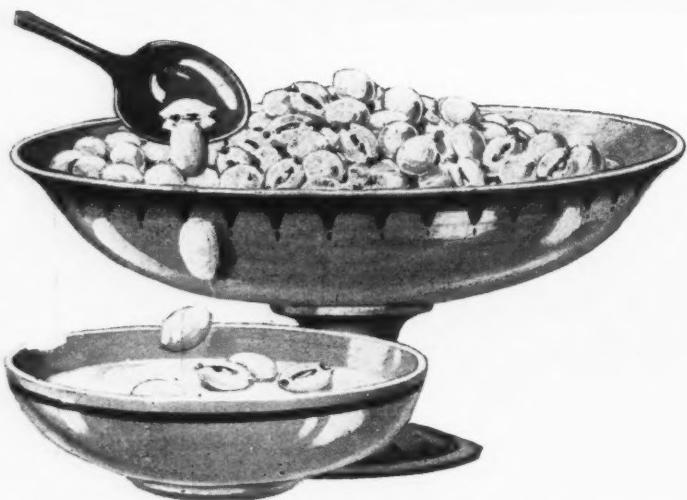
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teen years," said Bodet, speaking low. "How they wallowed in the money at first—both feet in the trough, stuffing themselves until, after a while, the money began to dwindle—spent and probably some of it lost. From what I picked up at Lake Lobago, I fancy they can tell us what sort of life the pair presently began leading together—quarreling, spitting, and snarling at each other as they got poorer; but fastened tight together by a common crime, neither daring to let go of the other—cat and dog shut up together in a shrinking sack. They could tell us how he lost the curl out of his mustache and much of his hair, and she lost her figure—stuffing and getting gross all the while. And then of some very shady ventures that finally caused them to sell the country place and disappear. Always getting poorer and grosser and duller, and spitting and snarling, until, finally, it came down to this shabby little swindle of the matrimonial agency, and jail and a trial coming on, when they're sure to be convicted."

The room was silent for a moment, and Bodet turned to Samson.

"I told you you were all wrong—with that photograph in your mind of a slim, sparkling, charming girl. I shouldn't wonder, in fact, if that photograph had been taken some years before you met her; but it's immaterial. You left life and time out of your account, Samson. They're always at work. You've come through. You're firm and able. You're not the stuff that rots in the sunshine. You left something else out of your account, too. There's some pretty sound jurisprudence in that old 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' Have you anything to say to them?"

Samson looked around at him, looked down at those gross, unpleasant, shabby figures, and then addressed the detective in a single explanatory word:

"Swine!"

Boden put a hand on Samson's arm.

"And so let them be," he said. "They're not worth bothering about. I could have told you so, but I knew you would never understand it until you had seen them face to face. It's you that I was interested in. I want you now."

Samson suffered himself to be led away without a backward glance at the two dingy figures, his mind still in a maze. On the way to the station, Bodet explained:

"I'm going to take you to Chicago with me. We're going to see Bedford Holt. He's going to help me get you a pardon."

Samson seemed only vaguely interested in that at the moment.

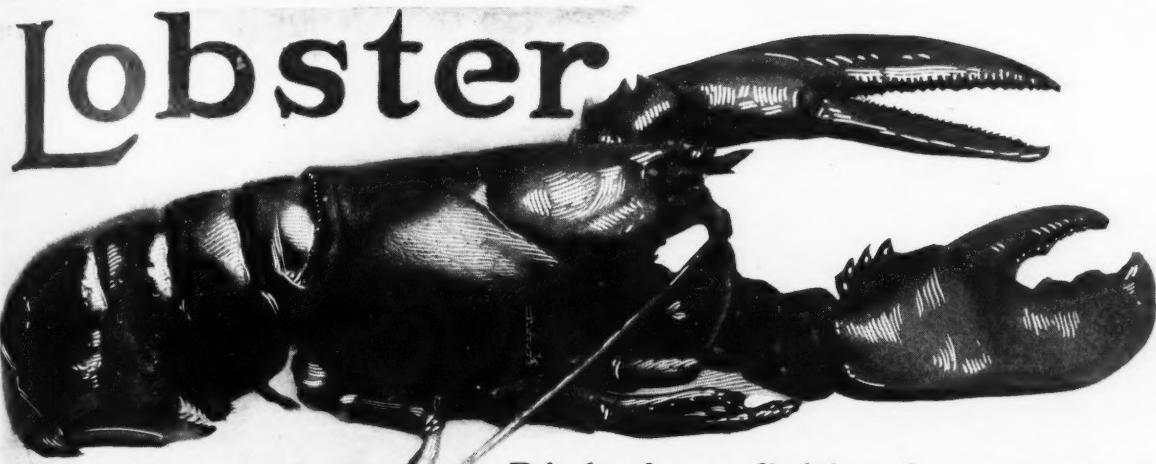
"I wouldn't have believed it," he muttered; "but I understand now."

Next morning, as they were nearing Chicago, Bodet regarded with twinkling eyes the man beside him—well dressed with a trimmed beard, vigorous and capable-looking, but absorbed in thought. He broke in on the meditations by remarking cheerfully,

"Well, I've overstayed my holiday four days, but it's been the most satisfying vacation I ever had."

Samson looked round. His eyes shot but, with his long habit of taciturnity, he only compressed his lips and held out his calloused hand.

The last adventure of Ben Bodet, business detective, will appear in *September Cosmopolitan*.



Right from fishing boats to you with all its just-from-the-sea deliciousness

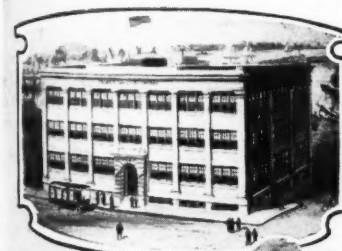


All my people having been fish-folks, it's natural I should love the sea and its good things. I offer you the personal service of a fish specialist. I do not sell dealers. My service is direct to you. It must be satisfactory. My fixed determination is that the name Davis shall represent the highest possible standard of quality. Your satisfaction first. Then I want your trade.



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bad, so that, knowing the bad, she can love more the good. "The right to live!"

"You're for woman's rights?"

"I guess I am, if woman's rights means more breadth, more beauty—more realization of our latent selves—oh, I don't know what I mean. That's been my curse."

In the darkness, Mrs. Blair put up a hand to the sheen of Lily's flowing hair.

"You poor child! You need—"

"What?"

"The right man to sweep you off your feet."

"I knew you were going to say that. No; you're wrong. I'm not essentially a man's woman, Mrs. Blair. Sex isn't even as big a part of my life as it is of most women's. I can't flirt. I haven't an ounce of coquetry in me. I hate—"

"You mean you hate what your experience has been. The right man for you, dear, a man with enough of the materialist to hold you in check, and enough of youth and vision and ideals to soar with you—no, no; you don't hate him, Lily."

"Why—why—who—"

"Oh, I've seen it flash between the two of you. I've watched it being silently born. Lily, child, look at me!"

"Why, Mrs. Blair! Why—Mrs. Blair! I've never seen him outside of office-hours in my life. I never laid eyes on him until he walked in that night from Chicago. Why I—I'm a married woman. He's younger—than I am—a year—He knows there is Zoë. Why, Mrs. Blair—of course if you look at me like—that—"

She was suddenly in the older woman's arms, a passionate, a peony red flooding her face and waving down her words. She was all for further resistance, but her denial had taken on an archness for which she somehow blushed.

Besides, it was suddenly delicious to huddle there, tingling in the darkness.

XXIX

By the quieter kinetics of his own sex, Bruce Visigoth was a man's man. He commingled easily in his clubs, the University, the Long Island Canoe, and the Gramercy—preceding his brother in this last, and, later, proposing him.

The resemblance between the two was neither of form nor of feature. Rather, it was fleeting as a wing—in fact, was just that. There was something in the battement of the eye, a slant of lid that showed the mysterious corpuscles of the same blood asserting themselves. Yet it was more the likeness of father and son the older man shorter, wider of thigh, and with none of that fleet, rather sensitive lift of head, partly because his neck was shorter, and not upflung as if so sensitive to the very rush of air that the flanges of the nostrils quivered.

There was a more nervous organization to Bruce that gave him something of the startled look of a wild horse, particularly with the laid-back, Achilles-wing effect to his hair.

His office manner was clipped, brisk, and highly impersonal. He cultivated a little mustache to enhance that manner; yet the two sixteen-year-old girls who

Star-Dust

(Continued from page 64)

pasted clippings into scrap-books, spatted their curls for him, and, since his advent, even Ida Blair had discarded her eye-shade.

In moments of high pressure, he stuttered slightly, grinding and whirring over a sibilant like a stalled tire. Upon one occasion that was to be memorable, Lily sat between the brothers, note-book in lap, her head bent to dodge the fusillade of high words passing over it.

It was her third year in a firm that had not slipped a cog. She had likened its growth to her child's. Fine. Sturdy. Normal. There were seven theaters now, lying at points between New York and Denver—a quickening nervous system of them, with New York its ganglia. An eighth had just been acquired.

It was the day of the consummation of this last deal, the Bronx Family Theater, in fact, that occurred between the brothers one of those bloodless schisms no wider than a sword-blade but hilt-deep.

After a morning series of conferences with two representatives of Philadelphia capital and the vice-president of a surety company, Lily, who had invested herself with power of notary public, thumping down on document after document that slid beneath her punch, the transaction was completed, and, bursting out into the corridor, rather hoydenish with elation, Lily drew up shortly to avoid collision with Robert Visigoth.

"Well," he said, slapping the side pockets of his waistcoat, "we pulled it off, didn't we?"

"Indeed we did!" she replied heartily.

More and more, on these intermittent visits of his, the icy edge of her self-consciousness was beginning to thaw. Probably because the years had done their sebaceous worst with him. Somehow, he had receded behind the dumpling of himself.

"Have you seen this one of Rufus II. Mrs. Penny? I want to show you a picture of a youngster with some kick to him. Look at those legs, will you?"

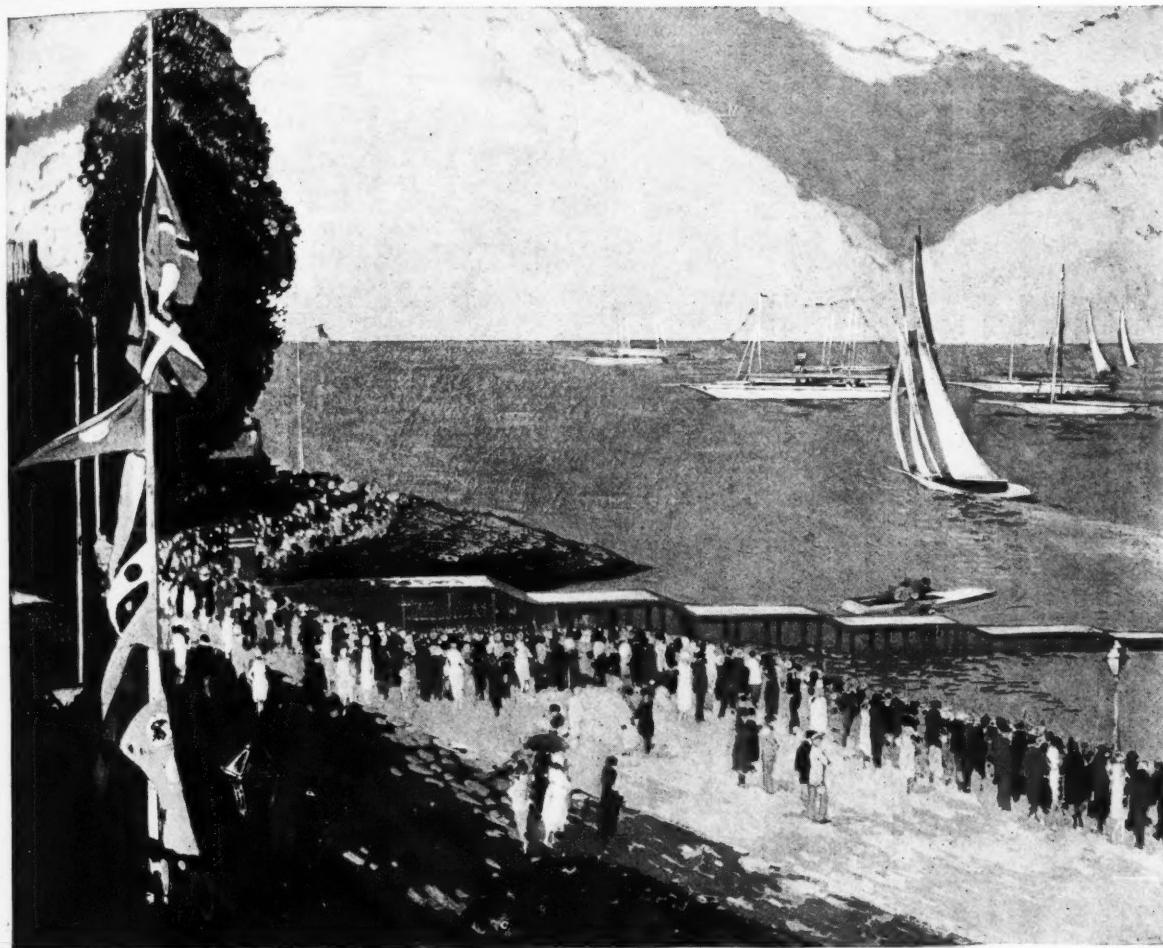
He had married, the year before, a Miss Hindle Higginbotham, the only child of a Chicago leaf-lard magnate of household-word kind of fame, and brother of his father's one-time law partner.

Often his wife accompanied him on his trips to New York. She was an enormous girl, looking ten years her senior, but with that fat kind of prettiness which asserts itself so often in clear skin and apple cheeks.

Her capitulation to matrimony, rather than to Robert Visigoth, was complete. She was one of those inevitable mothers with little broody household ways that no immense wealth could dissipate. Annually, until there were six, she presented a chuckling grandfather with a literal heir Literal, because, on each such nativity, old Rufus Higginbotham, who had found it easier to make millions than to learn to write, signed his famous "X" to a five hundred-thousand-dollar check of greeting to the new arrival.

Lily returned the photograph to the proud father, with a rush of amused pleasure at the bouncing rotundities of his first born.

"He's a darling!"



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"He was a little croupy before I left, and I'm taking that six-three for Chicago, Mrs. Penny, and I wonder if you would do something for me. I'm caught empty-handed. Would you take a cab down to Ryan & Steger's—the wife says they are the best for stouts—and select me a couple of right nobby waists for her. Get the best, and you know pretty much about size. The largest—you know. A dozen black-silk stockings, extra quality and extra size, would be nice, too. It would save me considerable rush."

"I'll do my best."

He flipped her a one-hundred-dollar bill. "Don't come back with any change."

Late in the afternoon of this day, which had transmitted its tremor of large transaction throughout the offices, Lily was summoned to Robert's office. She brought with her the box containing her purchases. Bruce was there, too, pacing between windows. He met her with an immediate inquiry.

"Mrs. Penny, did you go up to see that June Blossom sketch last night?"

"Yes; I'm writing my report on it."

Constantly now, requests like this were tossed in the form of a pair of tickets on her desk.

"Well?"

"Sweet, clean, and obvious."

He nodded in a corroborative manner he had, drawing up alongside the desk.

"Take a telegram please. 'Mr. Sam Sadler, People's Theater, Cleveland, Ohio. Book 'June Blossom' for week of nineteen'—and now, if you'll sign and stamp this mortgage after my brother and I sign."

The box proved cumbersome; so, before she took up pen, she held it out to Robert.

"The blouses," she said. "There is a blue and a maroon. I hope Mrs. Visogoth is going to like them. And here is the change."

"That's mighty fine!" he said, smiling until a second chin appeared. "A trinket or two up his sleeve gives a fellow a right to ring his own door-bell."

He reached then, fumbling at the hasps of his alligator bag, which stood by, opening it out and stooping to insert the package.

Simultaneously, as the mouth of that valise yawned, the two men leaped forward so that their heads met resoundingly and absurdly, but not before the bag had exposed its surface articles—a pair of tortoise-shell military brushes, a packet of documents, and small silver-and-lapis-lazuli box about the dimensions of a playing-card, the kind usually dedicated to such elusive addenda as stamps, collar-buttons, or sewing-box in a lady's overnight bag.

From where she sat, shorthand-book open, pencil poised, Lily had observed it quite casually; it was some time before she could coordinate it with what ensued.

Suddenly there was the flash of the two men to their feet, Robert, an ox-blood surging into his face, kicking shut the valve, his brother whitening and quivering.

"Why did you lie about that box?"

"What do you mean?" said Robert, through his teeth, his color so livid that teeth and eyeballs seemed to whiten.

His voice like the splitting of silk, Bruce plunged down a pointing forefinger toward the bag.

"Open that up!" he said.

"The hell I will!"

With one swift stroke from the lighter and lither of them, the bag was on its side, spilling its contents of tortoise-shell hair-brushes and the silver box, Bruce, standing above it, tightening of jaw and knuckles.

"Liar!" he cried, "Liar!"

To Lily, it seemed that out of these years of apparently placid relationship, with something avuncular, even of father and son in it, here were, suddenly and terribly, Cain and Abel, elemental, with an itch for one another's throat.

"Say that again, by God, and you'll regret it!"

"Liar! Liar!" Bruce reiterated over and over, standing and towering over the bag. "Why did you lie to me about that box of mother's? Three years ago, I asked you for it. The spring after her death. Just before the auction. Wasn't it sufficient that I let you and Pauline settle her personal effects between you? Only, that little box—somehow, I wanted it. Father gave it to her the first Christmas of their marriage. She always kept it on her table. You were welcome to all the rest between you. All I asked for was that little box. And to think that yesterday, the anniversary of her death I mentioned it again! Liar! Liar! Lost! Never been found among her effects. Bah! Liar! It's a little thing, a trinket that she loved; but I wanted it. You hear—I wanted that trinket. She used to keep jelly-beans in it for me when I came in from school. It's little—the littlest thing that ever happened between us, but it's the meanest, and God knows in my dealings with you all my life there have been enough of the little meannesses to contend with! But you have won your last mean little advantage outside this office. You and I can play the cards in business, particularly when we play them a thousand miles apart, and where it is a case of man to man out on the mat. But outside this office, we play quits. There aren't going to be any more nasty little personal issues with you, because there aren't going to be any at all. You're a liar, and a hundred-per-cent. bigger one over that little trinket of a box than if the stakes had been higher. You hate to give, unless it's so much for so much. Your sense of fairness is vile! It's penny-mean! Liar!"

With a lowering of head, Robert lunged then, his lips dragged to an oblique.

"Eat those words, or, by God, I'll ram them down your throat—"

"Gentlemen!"

Her eyes black and her note-book crushed up to her, Lily's voice rang out like the crack of a whip, springing them apart. They were suddenly and quiveringly themselves again.

"You'll rue this," said Robert, walking back with some uncertainty of step to his desk, his eyes still slits.

Bruce lifted the box rather tenderly.

"I'll have it valued and send you a check—"

"Damn you!" With snarl-shaped lips, the elder brother lunged again, this time their bodies meeting for clutch.

"Bruce!"

The use of his given name, the curdled quality to Lily's voice had their way. There was a moment of blank staring between the two men, of Bruce placing the box gently on the desk and walking out with



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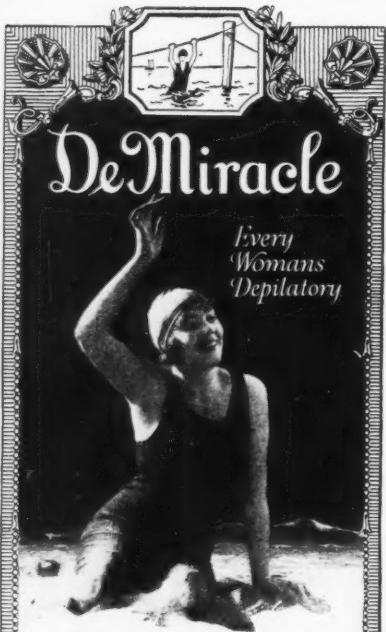
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Ask her with the adorable complexion what magic charms away the tell-tales of time and leaves her fair face so free from blemish. She will tell you Lablache—a word you so often hear among discerning women.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c.
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monthly. Send 10c
for a sample box.

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out slamming the door, and Robert sinking down into the swivel chair, trying to bring the oblique pull of his lips back to straight.

"Get out!" he said, without looking at her.

She did, tiptoeing, and fighting down the sense of sickness.

And thus, out of a bauble of silver and lapis lazuli, was reared a tower of silence between these brothers as high as fifteen years is long. Large affairs for their joint unraveling lay ahead, dramatic in their magnitude. But outside the sharply defined enclosures of their business lives, the brothers went down into a wordless vale of fifteen years of estrangement, not in enmity, but rather as a hatpin, plunged through the heart, can kill, bloodlessly.

XXX

WHEN Lily put on her hat in the now darkening and deserted offices, it seemed to her that the roar of men's passions was a gale through the silence. What strange and horrible passions lay just a scratch beneath the surface of the day-by-days!

She decided to walk fast and long, and ran down-stairs out into the little areaway that ran like an alley from stage-entrance to sidewalk. A newly installed nickelodeon adjoining was already lighted, throwing out a hard, white shine and tinned music at the instance of five cents in the slot. In the glaring pallor, Bruce Visigoth was suddenly at her side, his felt hat bunched in his hand.

"I couldn't let you go without apologizing, Mrs. Penny."

She smiled with lips that would pull to the nerve-impulse to cry.

"The ideal!" she said, feeling the words tawdry and provincial as they came.

"It was my fault for permitting it to happen in the presence of a third party—you especially. Will you forget it as though it had never occurred?"

She turned her gaze that could be so singularly clear full upon him.

"It is already forgotten."

Strangely enough, and with unspoken accord, they took to walking them through Fourteenth Street, at a pace that was almost a rush and created quite a wind in their faces. It was their first meeting out of office, and here they were half running through a cool and winy half-darkness and utterly without destination.

She stopped abruptly beyond the thunder of the Sixth Avenue elevated.

"Good-night," she said, throwing back her head to look up at him from under the low brim of her sailor-hat."

He whipped off his resiliently soft hat, hugging it under one arm.

"Of course," he said; "of course"—mopping at his forehead and so unstrung that she could have laughed. "I'm sorry. I beg your pardon. Is this where you live?"

They were before a greasily lighted taxidermist's window of mounted raccoon, fox-terrier with legs curled for running, and an owl on a branch.

"No," she said, eying the owl. "I don't live here." And both were off into a gale of laughter that swept down the barriers of self-restraint. "We've both been walking it off," she said easily. "Here is where I turn for home."

Bruce caught her hand.

"D-don't go! I'd be so grateful if you'd have dinner with me to-night."

"Nonsense!" she said, amazed at her fluency of manner. "You're a bit unstrung—that's all. Look in at your club—or a show."

"Please!"

"All right," she said suddenly, on a little click of teeth. "I'll come—this once."

"You're a brick!" he cried, releasing her hand with a grateful pressure.

She was excited out of all proportion to the event, flushing up with a sense of adventure and crowded moment.

He began to scan for a cab.

"Let's walk."

"Not a bit of it!"—bringing one down with a cane. "We're out on a party."

"But—"

"No 'buts'"—helping her in and climbing in after. "Waldorf."

"I'm too shirt-waisted."

"Nothing of the kind! You're as trim as a dime. I like those waists you wear. They make you look smooth—shining. That's it—you've a shine to you."

The odor of another drive in an open cab through this same snarl of traffic was winding about her like mist. She sat forward on the slippery leather seat.

"I—I shouldn't have come."

"If you're serious, of course I'll take you home. But I just can't tell you how much I want you not to feel that way."

She sat back again.

"I'm behaving like a shop-girl."

They both laughed again, and complete thaw set in.

He selected one of the smaller dining-rooms where the formality of evening clothes was still the rule, but here and there a couple, like themselves, in street attire. It was her first New York meal that was not read off a badly thumbled menu and eaten off thick-lipped china. He ordered a man's dinner. Clear soup with croutons. Long oysters on the half-shell. A thick steak, with potatoes deliciously concocted beneath a crust of cheese. Light wine. Ices in long glasses. Coffee brewed at the table over burning alcohol.

She sighed out finally, warm with well-being;

"I didn't realize how deadly tired I was of just—grub. You see, it's the first time I've dined at a first-class place since I'm in New York."

"You don't mean that?"

She nodded, smiling.

"I think I'm as surprised as you are. It's just one of the things that never occurred to me."

He regarded her for a long moment and without a smile.

"You queer, queer girl!"

"If anyone tells me that again, I'll begin to believe it is my inevitable epitaph."

"No epitaph is inevitable. It is what you write it."

"Do you think that?"

"Yes; and therefore yours should embody courage and dauntless idealism and love of truth."

"Love of truth," she said, her eyes lighted, "would be enough."

"Love of you would be an epitaph to liking."

She was afraid he could see the little beating at her throat, and wanted to be facetious. Poor Lily, to whom persil came none too readily!

"Now you're making sport of me."



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"Even tears can be idle."

"Or idolizing."

"I suppose I am to surmise over the quality of yours?"

"Well, you have had me guessing for three years, Mrs. Penny. Lily! I can't say the other; it—won't s-say itself."

"Hasn't—your—brother—told—you—anything?" She asked the question with a cessation of her entire being, as if her heart had missed a beat.

"Oh, yes. I know how you threw over the professional end of it for what you decided you could do better. I thought that pretty plucky; so many of us mistake inflated judgment for genius, and stubbornness for perseverance, when that same perseverance applied to the job within one's capacity may lead to fine fulfilment."

"It's good to hear you say that."

"But that is about all I do know—Lily—except, of course, that there is a youngster and, somewhere in the background, a husband whom I would like to meet out some dark night when I happen to be wearing my favorite pair of brass knuckles."

Something nameless had lifted; there was a gavotte to her heart-beat.

"My husband was—is a good man."

"But not a wise one, if he couldn't hold a creature like you."

"And my child! You talk about shine! Of course I know it is only her hair and eyes and now her little teeth, but sometimes it seems to me there is an actual iridescence to her. Just as real as the gold circlets the Italians loved to paint about heads they adored."

"Your head is—"

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"By inheritance?"

"No. She's only like me about the eyes and like—him—in the honey color of her hair. Hers is as brilliant and curly as mine is dull and smooth. And she's so big—so golden and burstingly big—"

"And to think a man let you go once he had you captured!"

"He didn't let go. I went. I can never hear him referred to slightly without feeling myself a rotter not to explain. My husband was so terribly all he should have been, Mr. Visigoth. It's horrid of me to belittle him. Let me explain further."

"Lord, you don't need to! I know everything about him there is to know. A fine hefty truck-horse trying to do teamwork with a red-nostriled filly."

"I—I think that's it. I've never been able to get it across to anyone before, but—"

"He was just cast wrong. That's all there is to be said against the chap. Right?"

"Exactly."

"I understand. In a way, I'm in a similar position with my own brother. Only, I've stuck it out, because it was my mother's great wish to see us get on together."

"I've noticed, of course, you—you're different."

"It is the little things about Robert I cannot swallow. Never could. But he has vision. His sense of land and theater values is unfailing. He—"

"Well, so is your vision just as unfailing in your work. The chain didn't even begin to form before you ever took over the booking end."

"He has fine traits, too—big ones. His word is his bond. He has business foresight and integrity, but, somehow, it is his little meannesses. This thing—to-night—that bauble of my mother's—it—it's the climax of a lifetime of such flea-bites—a trifle hardly worth the mentioning, and yet—it's the most utter—the most damnable—" There was a half-crash of his clenched hand among the silver and a rise of suffusing red up out of the white of his soft collar. "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to let you in for any more of it. I'm sorry. And after you were gracious enough to come along, too. Come; here is to making this little party a gay one!" He held up his glass. "Here's to the shining child!"

"Oh!" she cried, and drank quickly.

"Like it?"

"Not much. It burns."

"You should see your eyes."

"You should see hers."

"Whose?"

"My child's."

"Do you know what I should have done in your husband's place?"

"What?"

"Harnessed you, too, but to a moonbeam."

"I once knew a man to whom I never spoke ten words in all my life, and yet I always imagined he might have talked to me like that—not literally—not in terms of tin dippers."

"Of what, you queer, queer girl?"

"Now I know of whom you remind me. An old school-teacher I once had. Odd."

"I would never have let you slip my harness, though."

"And have deprived the company of my aus'e're services?"

"You've been invaluable. Ninety per cent. of your judgments have been ninety-nine per cent. there."

"Luck."

"Luck—nonsense!"

"I love it! Feeling the public pulse for what it wants. The psychology of your vaudeville audience is as simple as a primer and as intricate as life. It is a bloodhound when it comes to detecting the false from the true. Take that little sketch, 'Trapped,' you sent me out to see last week. A more sophisticated audience might have mistaken its brittle, epigrammatic quality for brilliancy and its flippancy for cleverness. But not your twenty-thirty's. In real life, a husband doesn't analyze his wife's lover. He horsewhips him. And that lovely thing from the Spanish that you attempted on your own—that is the sort of thing you are going to stand for some day in the theater. I loved your wanting it. But it took vaudeville just one performance to decide that it wasn't ready for that kind of mysticism."

"And you forty minutes."

"You would never have backed it, even over my O. K."

O. K. goes with me."

"What is this?" She smiled. "A mutual admiration feast?"

"I don't know"—suddenly leaning toward her, reddening—"I can only speak for myself. Lily—you're wonderful!"

She chose to be casual, most effectively, too.

"Indeed it is mutual. I need hardly tell you what association with your office has meant to me. The romance of an organization like yours. The thrill of seeing it triple its proportions in these few years. The fine, stimulating something that comes with the acquisition of each new Enterprise Amusement Theater. The chats we have had over plays, play-writing, producing. Your own fine aim. Oh, it has made bearable even the monotony of the secretarial end of it!"

"I am afraid your secretarial services are about to be dispensed with."

She placed a quick hand to her heart.

"What do you mean?"

He flecked his cigar, laughing over at her.

"You're delicious! What could I mean except that you have outgrown your job?"

"You—mean—"

"I mean that I am going to officially place you in charge of the booking department at—well, your own idea of salary."

"I—I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything."

"You can't know—"

"I do know."

"You see, she is almost four now, and beautifully cared for, but now that her little mind is beginning to unfold—I—oh, to be able to afford a place of my own—next year—when she has outgrown Mr. Dumas's. You see, I've never really had her. I've such plans for the day when I can have her rearing all to myself. I want life to unfold so naturally to her. Like a flower. That's why I am so terribly jealous of every day we spend apart. That's why you—you cannot know what it means to have you tell me that I've made good. It means the time is nearing for me to have her with me, to—to—well, you cannot—cannot know."

She sat back, feeling foolish because her eyes were filling, and trying to smile back her tears. He reached over to place his palm over her hand.

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"We'll be going now," she said, feeling for her jacket.

They rode down to Eleventh Street in a cab, almost silently and, as she sat looking out, unsmiling, she could feel his gaze burn her profile. He left her at the stoop, standing bareheaded.

"You've saved me from an evening of horrors."

"I'm glad."

"You're not angry—Calla Lily?"

"Of course not."

"How soon again?"

"No."

"Yes—yes!"

"No!"

And, somehow, the word was like a plummet deep into the years ahead.



The Great Clock of Rouen

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

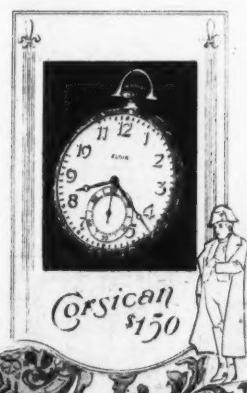
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PANTS FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

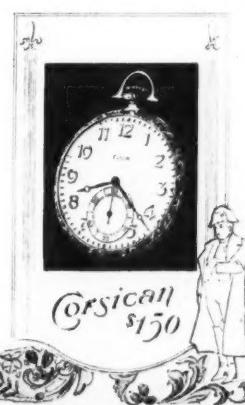
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And Mavis Talc! Of course Mavis Talc has become a very part of your summer existence—but do you know all the ways it can be used? There is so much fragrant comfort packed in each can of Mavis that it is no wonder more of it is sold than any other talc. Be sure you insist upon MAVIS TALC.

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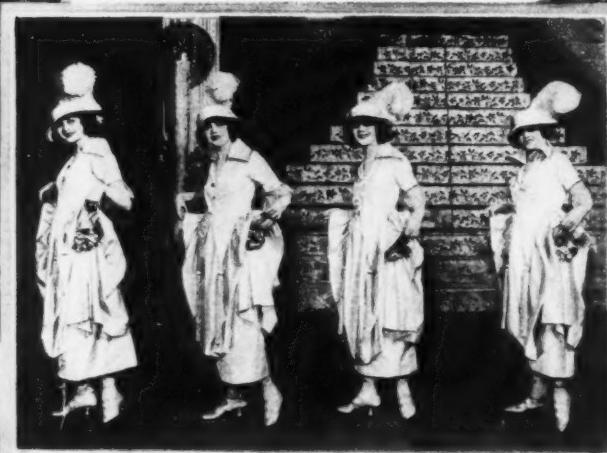
Beatrice Swanson

as lovely as her sister—which is saying a great deal. Both are famous beauties



Dama Sykes

one of the most popular and most beautiful members of the Sextette



The Climax

(Concluded from page 85)

the tedious years that follow after, that degradation thus should trail on the heels of stark sublimity. Perhaps the captain's thoughts were in the same train; perhaps it was merely deep in memories. Whatever the cause, we said nothing at all for long minutes on end. Back on the Peter Cooper, they were still busy with their tasks, and I saw them securing the tackle to a great shank of loose staves, itself as big as a cask. These staves would be fitted by the cooper's hands into casks to hold the oil that they would harvest on the coming voyage. They were heavy, solid, well-secured.

The boy Frank had descended long since from the masthead, where we had seen him in the early afternoon. He was perched now on the rail, a little below the wharf-level. Jim Dennie lounged a dozen feet from where Frank was sitting, and the silent watched, with dull eyes, the work that went forward about him.

When they had secured the tackle to the staves that held the shank of staves, Blagin signaled to the man at the engine; and heard its roar, and saw the fall of the tackle tauten, and saw the bundle of loose staves rise lumberingly from the wharf to the air. Cap'n Palfrey and I were both watching idly enough, our thoughts far away.

I had only an instant's warning of what was coming. I thought, suddenly, that the end was being lifted more swiftly than it was altogether safe. It seemed to leap toward the wharf with increasing speed. We were to learn afterward that the throttle of the engine had jammed, so that, for an instant, it could not be moved. That instant was long enough to whip the end against the blocks of the tackle with a jar that broke one of the lines that held the staves. I saw one end of the broken stave drop, a single stave slide out and

in such moments, time is elastic. It seemed an eternity that the falling stave was descending, and, in the same long instant, the stave seemed to shrink and change, and the air was full of deadly missiles. Cap'n Palfrey, at my side, leaped aloud like a hurt beast and leaped

that way. For the heavy stuff would drop fair upon the spot where the boy Frank sat upon the rail.

The boy saw his peril, but he must have been too stunned to move. No other man was near save poor Jim Dennie. And it was Jim who intervened. Leaped, with more energy than seemed possible in such a man, toward where Frank sat frozen. Reached the boy, and, with the very impact of his body, flung him forward and out, so that he fell into the water between the ship's side and the piles that supported the wharf—fell, sank, came choking and coughing, to the surface again.

I had an instant's picture of Jim Dennie, motionless, looking up at that which descended so ruthlessly upon him. Then he was struck. He crumpled limply; he was buried amid the clatter of the falling staves; the last one, sliding slowly from the loop that had held it, fell with a final impact. Then came silence.

The boy was unhurt. He scrambled up a landing-ladder to the wharf in time to meet his father and be swept into an instant's fierce embrace. Then Cap'n Palfrey and I leaped down to the deck and helped clear away the deadly litter and lift poor Jim Dennie free. But it was apparent that we could do the man no good. He had suffered not one but a dozen deadly blows; there was no life in him at all.

Yet his face, by some chance, had been spared—his clean-shaven countenance, so out of keeping with the rags he wore. And when we lifted him, we saw fixed upon his lips something that was pitifully like a smile.

The captain had the dead man in his arms. I stood above them. And, after a moment, Cap'n Palfrey looked up at me and said,

"It was so he used to smile, you'll understand."

I touched his shoulder.

"Perhaps this was what he was saved for these twenty years," I suggested.

And the captain nodded slowly.

"Oh, aye," he told me. "The ways o' the Lord are plainer to me than they was."

Find the Woman

(Continued from page 38)

"Kid, you're a wise one," she said. "You blew. Gosh, what a jam!" She sank down in a chair and mopped her large face.

"What happened?" demanded Clancy. "Happened? Hell broke loose."

"The police?" asked Clancy, shivering. "Lord, no! But they beat Weber up, he smashed Zenda's nose. I told Ike he was a sucker to keep tryin' it for me. I knew they'd get him. Now—" He stopped abruptly.

"Forget anything I hear me beef about, Florine," she said harshly. "Say, none of them got your name, did they? Your address?"

"Why?" Because Zenda swears he's goin' to be arrested. Fine chance, though. And I are leavin' town—"

"You?"

The blond girl laughed harshly.

"Sure. We been married for six months. That's why I said you weren't in no danger comin' along with me. I'm a married woman, though nobody knows it. But for that Larkin dame, we'd been gettin' away with it for years to come. Cat! She's clever. Well, kid, I tried to get you off to a good start, but my luck went blooey at the wrong moment. Night-night, Florine! Ike and I are goin' to grab the midnight to Boston. Well, you didn't bring Ike much luck, but that don't matter. New York is through with us for a while. But we should worry. Be good, kid!"

She left the room without another word. Through the thin wall, Clancy could hear

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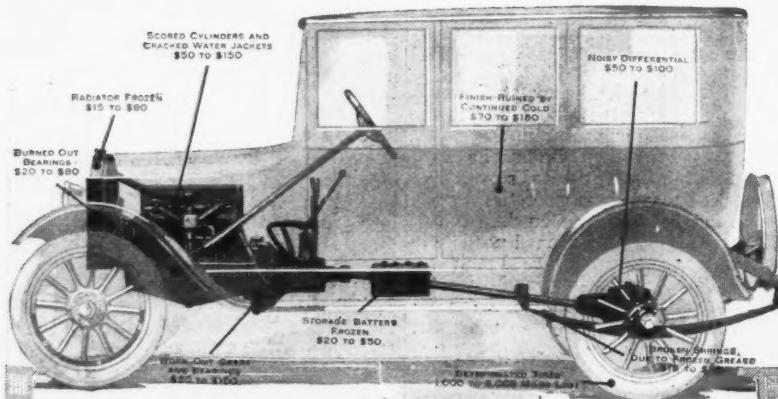
25¢ & 50¢

EverSweet is a smooth, white, unguessed cream. A little of it patted under the arms, or anywhere, preserves that fresh-from-the-bath sweetness throughout the day and doesn't stick to clothes.

Will not stain the finest clothing nor injure the most delicate skin. EXTR. FINE.

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Cosmopolitan for August, 1928



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BETWEEN trips let your car stand in a WASCO-Heated Garage — kept at constant temperature by the WASCO Automatic Regulator. The warm air envelopes the car — reaches every nook and corner — melts off the snow and ice — thaws the frost out of the varnish — warms all the metal parts — keeps oil and grease in working condition, preventing scored cylinders and burned out bearings. There's no chance of frozen radiator, cracked water jacket or broken water pump.

Storage batteries work at a disadvantage when cold — they will not take a full charge, and consequently suffer greatly from overwork; they also are much more likely to become ruined by freezing.

With the garage warmed, you enjoy taking the same care of the lubrication and adjustment of the car as you do in the summer time. And your car starts easily.

The self-regulating WASCO Hot Water Heating System requires attention only once a day. Any handy man can set it up — no expensive steam-fitter required. Costs less than street car fare for coal.

Write for catalog that illustrates and explains the fuel economy and automatic temperature regulation of Wasco.

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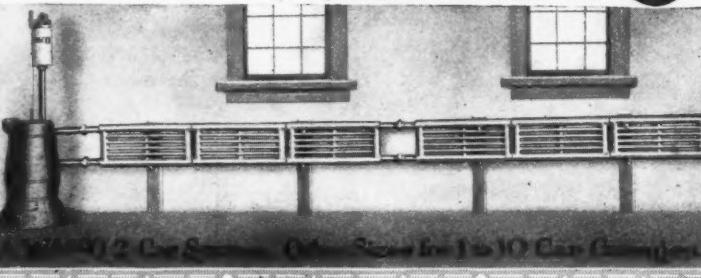
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Rieger's Mon Amour perfume \$1.50; Garden Queen \$2.00; Alcazar \$2.25; Parfum Rienzi \$2.50. Nothing else so good for \$1.00. At druggists or by mail. Send \$1.00 for souvenir box of five 25c bottles, different odors.

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Easy
Lessons

her dragging a trunk around, opening reau drawers. This most amazing town where scandal broke suddenly, like a tornado, uprooting lives, careers!

How cynically Fay Marston took it! Suddenly she began to see her own position. She'd been introduced as a friend of Weber's. She couldn't discover a months-old husband and leave town usually. She must stay here, meet Zenda, perhaps work for them— On her first night in New York, Clancy got herself to sleep.

And, like most of the tears that are in this sometimes futile-seeming world, Clancy's were unnecessary. Only because her vast inexperience would have come from Zenda's apartment. A sophisticated person would have known that a brief explanation of her brief acquaintance with Fay would have cleared her. Youth lacks perspective. The tragedy the moment looms fearlessly large. All its rashness, youth is ostrichlike, thinks that refusal to see danger eliminates danger. It thinks that departure has the same meaning as end. It does not know that nothing is ever finished; that an apparently isolated event is part of other apparently isolated events, and no human action can separate the two. But it is youth's privilege to think it godlike. Clancy had fled. Reaching had brought tears, appreciation of her position. Still, if another similar happening came along to-morrow, Clancy would run away again. Age alone would tell her that flight is futile.

III

CLANCY woke with a shiver. Consciousness was not, with her, an achievement arrived at after yawning effort. She was always, clear-eyed and clear-brained, was with no effort that she remembered every incident of yesterday, of last night. She trembled as, with her shabby bathrobe round her, she paddled, in her slippers, the few steps down the hall to the bathroom.

The cold water did little to allay her nervous trembling. Zenda, last night, referred to having lost a hundred thousand dollars. That was too much money to lose cheerfully. Cheerfully? She'd seen the beginning of a brawl, and from what Fay Marston had said to her, it had progressed brutally. And the mere departure of Ike Weber with his unsuspected wealth would not tend to hush the matter up.

Back in her room, dressing, Clancy wondered why Weber's marriage had been kept quiet. Fay had said, last evening, that "Weber's little friend" could not go to the party. Clancy had been asked to fill in. Why had Fay Marston not merely kept her marriage secret but searched for girls to entertain her own husband? Fay, even though she was apparently callously and frankly dishonest, was immoral, Clancy judged, in the ordinary sense with which that adjective is applied to women.

The whole thing was strange, incomprehensible. Clancy was too new to Brooklyn to know many things. She did guess that a girl only casually acquainted with Ike Weber could be in a card game as his own published accepted wife could not. Miss Fay Marston could glimpse a card and no

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If I had only put on- WEED TIRE CHAINS

Regrets avail nothing when the harm is done.

Many an accident might have been avoided and many a life saved if drivers of automobiles had only exercised ordinary, everyday precaution and had listened to the warnings which for years have been sounded through the magazines and daily newspapers, viz.—“Always put on Weed Tire Chains when the roads and pavements are wet and slippery.”

It’s all very well to say, “I’m sorry—I didn’t mean to do it.”

Regrets don’t mend broken limbs or bring back the lives that have been taken. The innocent victims have suffered through no fault of their own while the careless motorist escapes with a reprimand, the payment of Doctor’s bills and the expense of having his car repaired.

Is there no way to make such fellows realize their responsibility and have **more regard for the rights of others?**

Skidding accidents would never occur if every motorists exercised care in driving and put on Weed Tire Chains whenever roads and pavements were wet and slippery or covered with mud and slime.

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would be thought of it. Mrs. Ike Weber could not get away with the same thing. But Clancy had all of these matters yet to learn.

Down in the dining room, presided over by Madame Napoli and her buxom daughter, two shabby waiters stood idle. They looked surprised at Clancy's entrance. Madame ushered Clancy to a table.

"It's easy seen you ain't been in the business long, Miss Ladue," chuckled madame. "Gettin' down to breakfast at eight o'clock is beginners' stuff, all right. At that, it would help a lot of 'em if they did it. You stick to it, Miss Ladue. The griddle-cakes is fine this morning."

Clancy had a rural appetite. The suggestion of buckwheat cakes appealed to her. She ordered them, and had them flanked with little sausages, and she prepared for their reception with some sliced oranges, and she also drank a cup of coffee.

Her nervousness had vanished by the time she finished. What had she to be concerned about? After all, she might as well look at last night's happenings in a common-sense way. She could prove that she arrived in New York only yesterday, that her acquaintance with Fay Marston—or Weber—had begun only last night. How could she be blamed? Still—and she twitched her shoulders—it was nasty and unpleasant, and she hoped that she wouldn't be dragged into it.

The waiter brought her check to her. Clancy drew a fifty-dollar bill from her pocketbook. The waiter scurried off with it, and madame, in a moment, came to the table with Clancy's change.

"Carryin' much money?" she asked. "Quite a lot—for me," said Clancy.

"Better bank it," suggested madame. Clancy looked blank. She hadn't thought of that. She'd never had a bank account in her life. But seven hundred dollars or so was a lot of money. She took the name and address of a bank in the neighborhood, and thanked madame for her offer of herself as a reference.

It was barely nine o'clock when she entered Times Square. The crowd differed greatly from the throng that she had observed last night. Times Square was a work-place now. Fascinated, Clancy watched the workers diving into subway entrances, emerging from them, only to plunge, like busy ants, into the office buildings, hotels, and shops that bordered the square. The shops fascinated her, too. She was too new to the city, too unlearned in fashion's whimsicalities to know that the hats and gowns and men's clothing shown in these windows were the last thing in the bizarre.

It was quite exciting being ushered into a private office in the Thespian National Bank. But when it came to writing down the name: "Florine Ladue," she hesitated for a moment. It seemed immorally wrong. But the hesitation was momentary. Firmly she wrote the *nom de théâtre*. It was the name that she intended to make famous, to see emblazoned in electric lights. It was the name of a person who had nothing in common with one Clarice Deane, of Zenith, Maine.

She deposited six hundred and fifty dollars, received a bank-book and leather-bound folding check-book, strolled out upon Broadway with a feeling of importance that had not been hers when she had had cash in her pocketbook.

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These improvements have cost us some millions of dollars. Again and again vast equipment had to be abandoned. Our research work is costly. And we wear out 1,000 tires per year in our factory tests.

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Cosmopolitan for August, 1921

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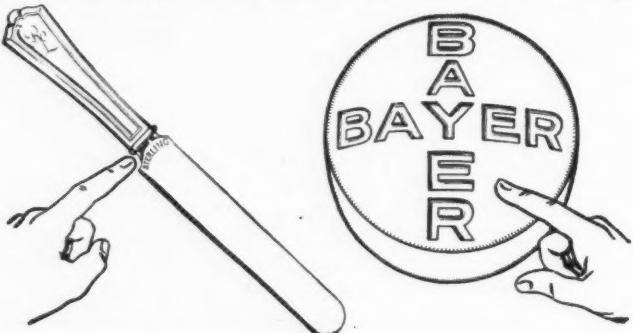
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fact that she possessed the right to one of the great Thespian Bank to pay her bills seemed to confer upon her a financial standing. She wished that she could pay a bill right now.

She entered a drug store a block from the bank and looked in the telephone-book. Mademoiselle DeLisle had neglected to write upon the card of introduction Morris Beiner's address. For a moment Clancy felt a sick sensation in the pit of her stomach. A doubt that, up to now, she had never entered her head assailed her. Suppose that Mr. Beiner had gone into some other business in some other city? Suppose he'd died!

She sighed with relief when she found his name. There it was: "Beiner, Morris, Theatrical Agt., Heberworth Bldg., Bryant, 9987."

The condescending young gentleman at the soda-fountain affably told her that the Heberworth Building was just round the corner, on Forty-third Street. To it, Clancy made her way.

The elevator took her to the fifth floor, where, the street bulletin had informed her, Morris Beiner's office was located. There was his name, on the door of room 506. For a moment, Clancy stood still, staring at the name. It was a name Fanchon DeLisle had assured her, with certainty that had dispelled all doubt owned by a man who would unlock the Clancy the doors to fame and fortune.

Yet Clancy trembled. It had been very well, tied to a typewriting machine at Zenith, to visualize fame and fortune far-off New York. It took no great imagination. But to be in New York about to take the first step—that was different.

She half turned back toward the elevator. Then across her mind flashed a picture, a composite picture, of aunt Henrietta of Mr. Frank Miller, of a score of old Zenith people who had known her since infancy. And the composite face was grinning, and its brazen voice was saying, "I told you so!"

She shook her head. She'd never be back to Zenith. That was the one outstanding sure thing in a world of uncertainties. She tossed her head now. What a silly little thing she was! Why, hadn't even Fay Marston last night told her that her skin alone would make her a film star success? And didn't she herself know that she had talent to back up her good looks? This was a fine time to be nervous! She crossed the hall and knocked upon the door.

A harsh voice bade her enter. She opened the door and stepped inside. It was a small office to which she had come. It contained a roll-top desk, of an old-fashioned type, two chairs, a shiny leather couch, half hidden beneath some what dusty theatrical magazines, and filing-cases, one at either end of the couch. The couch itself was placed against a further wall, before a rather wide window that opened upon a fire-escape.

A man was seated in a swivel chair before the roll-top desk. He was tilted back and his feet were resting comfortably in an open drawer. He was almost entirely bald, and his scalp was red and shiny. His nose was stubby and his lips, though gross-looking, were clamped over a cigarette. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and Clancy noticed that the noisily

to one shirt he wore, although there was an ornate monogram upon the left sleeve, was a flimsy and cheap grade of silk.

"Welcome to our city, chicken!" was his greeting. "Sit down and take a load off your feet."

His huge chest, padded with fat, shook with merriment at his own witticism.

"Is this Mr. Beiner?" asked Clancy. From her face and voice she kept disgust.

"Not to you, dearie," said the man. "I'm 'Morris' to my friends, and that's what you and I are goin' to be, eh?"

She colored, hating herself for that too easy flow of blood to cheek and throat.

"Why—why—that's very kind of you," she stammered.

Beiner waved his cigar grandiloquently. "Bein' kind to pretty fillies is the best thing I do. What can I do for you?"

"Mademoiselle" — Clancy painfully articulated each syllable of the French word according to the best pronunciation taught in the Zenith High School — Fanchon DeLisle gave me a card to you."

Beiner nodded. "Oh, yes. How is Fanchon? How'd you happen to meet her?"

"In my home town in Maine," answered Clancy. "She was ill with the 'flu' and we got right well acquainted. She told me that you'd get me into the movies."

Beiner eyed her appraisingly. "Well, I've done stranger things than that," he chuckled. "What's your name, dearie?"

Clancy had read quite a bit of New York of Broadway. Also, she had had an experience in the free-and-easy familiarity of Broadway's folk last night. Although she colored again at the "dearie," she did resent it in speech.

"Florine Ladue," she replied. Beiner laughed.

"What's that? Spanish for Maggie with? It's all right, kid. Don't get mad. I'm a great joker, I am. Florine, do you say it is, and Florine Ladue will be. Well, Florine, what makes you want to go into the movies?"

Clancy looked bewildered. "Why—why does anyone want to do anything?"

"God knows!" said Beiner. "Especially if the 'anyone' is a young pretty girl. Still, people do want to do something, and I'm one guy that helps some of 'em out. Ever been in the movies at all?"

Clancy shook her head. "Done anyting?"

I played in 'The Rivals' at the high school graduation," she confessed. "Well, we'll keep that a dark secret," said Beiner. "You're an amachooh, eh? Fanchon DeLisle gave you a card to me."

Here it is," said Clancy. She produced the card from her pocketbook and handed it to the agent. Her fingers shook. Beiner took the card, glanced at it carefully, and dropped it upon his desk.

From the country, eh? Ingénue, eh? He pronounced it "anjenooh." He tapped stubby, broken-nailed fingers upon the edge of his desk. "Well, I shouldn't wonder if I could place you," he said. "I know a couple companies that are hot after anjenooh. That's nice skin you have. Round."

Clancy stifled an impulse to laugh

Aunt Belle's Comfort Letters

Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. She really understands babies. She would like to correspond with you about your baby.

Baby's Perfume

Dear EDITH:

Is there any scent hidden in flowers so ineffably sweet as the fragrance of a freshly bathed baby?

Yet I know mothers who actually profane baby's body with highly scented powders which were meant only for adult use.

If it were only a question of good taste, I suppose it wouldn't matter much, but strong scents in baby powder are really objectionable for a more serious reason.

They often give Baby a very unpleasant headache — and the fretfulness that follows is apt to give you a headache, too.

I don't know that these strong perfumes are actually dangerous, but an unbroken rule of mine is never to take chances or experiment on a baby's sensitive skin. There is one talcum that I know is safe and that is the kind I use.



Mennen's, in the familiar blue can, has been the choice of mothers, nurses and doctors for nearly half a century and it has never yet harmed nor failed to relieve a baby's skin.

It is different—and right—what I call a perfectly balanced powder—just enough of each ingredient and not too much of anything.

I use Mennen's on my own skin, which, after all, is about as sensitive as that of a baby's.

Lovingly,
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hysterically. Tears were very close. To be appraised by this gross man— Nevertheless, she turned slowly round, feeling the man's coarse eyes roving up and down the lines of her figure.

"You got the looks, and you got the shape," said Beiner. "You ain't too big, and you ain't too small. 'Course, I can't tell how you'll photograph. Only a test will show. Still—" He picked up the desk telephone and asked for a number.

"Hildeboom there? This is Beiner talking. Say, Frank, you wanted an anjenoo, didn't you? I got a girl here in the office now that might do. . . . Yes; she's a peach. Fresh stuff, too. Just in from the country, with the bloom all on. . . . Bring her around? At six? You made a date, feller?"

He hung up the receiver and turned to the furiously blushing Clancy.

"You're lucky, kid. Frank Hildeboom, studio manager for Rosebush Pictures, asked me to keep my eyes open for some new girls. He's a queer bug, Frank. He don't want professionals. He wants amateurs. Claims most of the professionals have learned so many tricks that it's impossible to unlearn them. I'll take you over to him. Come back here at five."

Somewhat or other, Clancy found herself outside the office, found herself in the elevator, in the street down-stairs. She'd expected much; she had come to New York with every confidence of achieving a great success. But doubts lingered in the hearts of the most hopeful, the most ambitious, the most confident. To have those recreant doubts scattered on the very first day! Of course she'd photograph well. Hadn't she always taken good pictures? Of course, moving pictures were different; still— She wished that there were some one whom she knew intimately—to whom she could go and pour out the excitement that was welling within her. What an angel Fanchon DeLisle had been! Poor Fanchon—a soubrette in a cheap burlesque company! But she, Clancy Deane—she was forgetting. She, Florine Ladue, would "do something" for Fanchon DeLisle, who had set her feet upon the path to fortune.

She didn't know what she'd do, but she'd do something. She beheld a vision, in which Fanchon DeLisle embraced her with tears, thanked her. She endowed a school for film-acting in Zenith, Maine.

She walked through Forty-second street to Fifth Avenue. She boarded a passing bus and rode up-town. She did not know the names of the hotels she passed, the great mansions, but—famous actresses were received everywhere, had social position equal to the best. In a year or so, she would ride up the avenue in her own limousine. At Grant's Tomb, she left the bus. She walked along Riverside Drive, marveling at the Palisades.

Hunger attacked her, and she lunched at Claremont, thrilling with excitement, and careless of prices upon the menu. She was going into the movies! What did a couple of dollars more or less matter to her?

Still moving in a glowing haze, out of which her name in brilliant electric lights thrust itself, she returned in mid-afternoon to the Napoli. Carefully she bathed herself. As meticulously as though she were going to her wedding, she dressed herself in fresh linen, in her best pair of silk stockings. She buttoned herself into

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her prettiest waist, brushed the last speck of lint from her blue suit, adjusted her hat to the most fascinatingly coquettish angle and set forth for the Heberworth Building.

At its doorway, she stepped aside just in time to avoid being knocked down by man leaving the building in great haste. The man turned to apologize. He wore a bandage across one eye, and his hat was pulled down over his face. Nevertheless, that mop of dark hair rendered him recognizable anywhere. It was Zenda!

For a moment, she feared recognition. But the movie director was thinking of other things than pretty girls. Her hand shielded her face, too. With a muffled "Beg pardon," Zenda moved on.

He had not seen her—this time. But another time? For years to come, she was to be in a business where, necessarily, she must come into contact with a person eminent in that business as Zenda. Then once again, common sense reasserted itself. She had done nothing wrong. She could prove her lack of knowledge of the character of Fay Marston and her husband. Her pretty face was defiant as she entered the Heberworth Building.

IV

IT was an excited Beiner that three open the door when she knocked at the office a moment later. The cigar stuck between his thick lips was unlighted; his silk shirt, although it was cold outside with a hint of snow in the tangy atmosphere, and there was none too much heat in the Heberworth Building, clung to his chest, and perspiration stained it.

"Come in," he said hoarsely. He stood aside, holding the handle of the door. He closed it as Clancy entered, and she heard the click of the latch.

She wheeled like a flash.

"Unlock it!" she commanded.

Beiner waved a fat hand carelessly.

"We got to talk business, kid. You don't want any interruption. You are afraid of me, are you?"

Clancy's heaving breast slowed down. She was not afraid of Beiner; she had never seen anyone, man or woman, in her brief life, of whom she was afraid. Further, to allay her alarm, Beiner sat down in his swivel chair. She sat down herself in a chair nearer the locked door.

"Quite a kidder, ain't you, Florine?" asked Beiner.

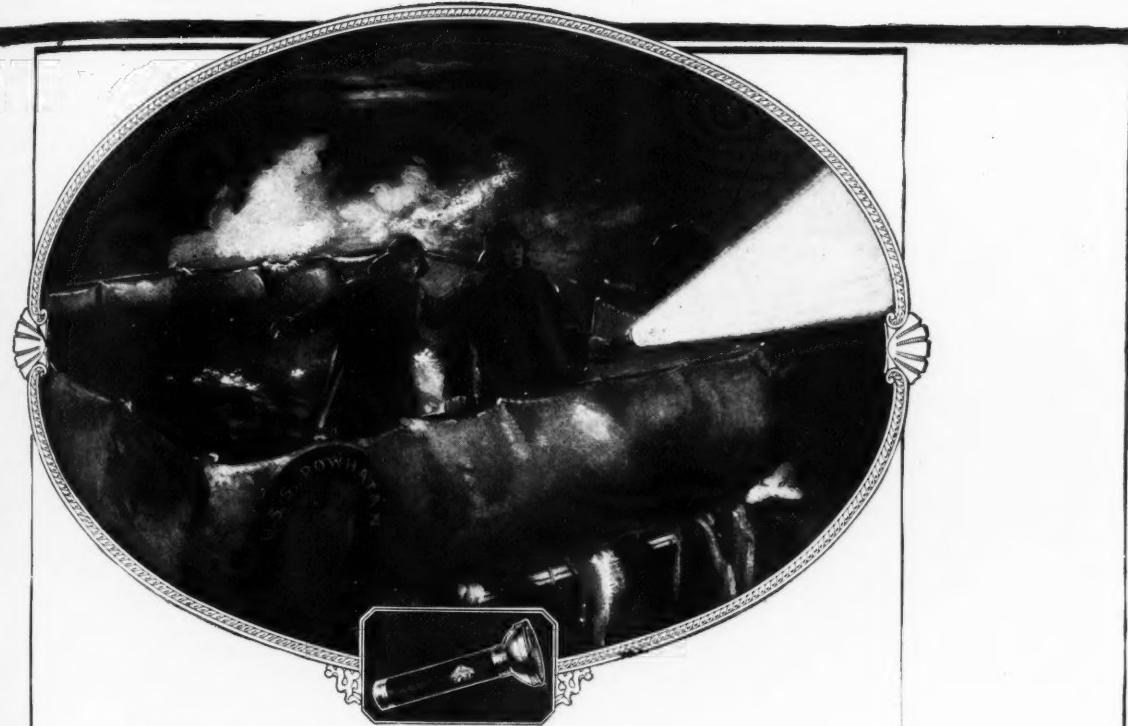
"I don't understand you," she replied.

He grinned, a touch of nervousness in the parting of the thick lips. Then he closed them, rolling his wet cigar about his mouth.

"Well, you will pretty soon," he said. "Anjenoo, eh? I gotta hand it to you, Florine. You had me fooled. Amache, eh? Played in 'The Rivals' once?" He took the cigar from his mouth and shot it at her. "Naughty, naughty, Florine, not to play fair with old papa Beiner."

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

"Oh, no; of course not. Little Florine, fresh from Maine, doesn't know a soul on Broadway. Of course not! She gets letter from Fanny DeLisle to old papa Beiner, and wants a job in the movies. Bless her dear, sweet heart! Only—his voice lost its mocking tones and became reproachful—"was that the same way to treat her friend Morris?"



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"I came here," said Clancy coldly, "to keep a business engagement, not to answer puzzles. I don't know what you're talking about."

"Now, be nice; be nice," said the agent. "I ain't mad, Florine. Didn't Fanny DeLisle tell you I was a good old scout?"

"She said that you were a very competent agent," said Clancy.

"Oh, did she, now?" Beiner sneered. "Well, wasn't that sweet of old Fanny? She didn't happen to say that anybody that tried to trim old Morris was liable to get their hair cut, did she?"

All fear had left Clancy now. She was exasperated.

"Why don't you talk plain English?" she demanded.

"Oh, you'd like it better that way, would you?" Beiner threw his cigar upon the floor and ground his heel upon it. "Plain English, eh? All right; you'll get it. Why did Ike Weber send you here?"

Clancy's breath sucked in audibly. Her face, that had been colored with nervous indignation, whitened.

"Ike Weber?" she murmured.

Beiner laughed harshly.

"Now, nix on the rubie stuff, Florine. I got your number, kid. Paul Zenda just left my office. He wants to know where Weber is. He told me about the jam last night. And he mentioned that there was a little girl at his house that answered to the name of Florine. I got him to describe that little girl."

"Did you tell him," gasped Clancy, "that I was coming here this afternoon?"

"You understand me better, don't you?" sneered Beiner. "Oh, you and me'll get along together fine, Florine, if you got the good sense you look like you have. Did I tell Zenda that I knew you? Well, look me over, Florine. Do I look like a guy that was just cuttin' his first teeth? Of course I didn't tell him anything. I let him tell me. It's a grand rule, Florine—let the other guy spill what's on *his* chest. 'Course, there's exceptions to that rule, like just now. I'm spillin' what I know to you, and willin' to wait for you to tell me what I want to know. Suppose I put my cards right down where you can see 'em, Florine?"

She could only stare at him dumbly. Zenda was a big man in the picture industry. He'd been robbed and beaten. Last night, he'd seemed to her the sort of man who, for all his dreaminess, would not easily forget a friend or a foe. He was important enough to ruin Clancy's picture career before it began.

Beiner took her silence for acquiescence.

"Zenda gets trimmed last night in a stud game. He's been gettin' trimmed for a long time, but he ain't really wise to the scheme. But last night his wife watches close. She gets hep to what Ike Weber is doin'. There's a grand row, and Zenda gets slugged, and Weber takes a lickin', too. But they ain't got any real evidence on Weber. Not enough to have him pinched, anyway, even if Zenda decides to go that far. But Zenda wants his money back." Beiner chuckled. "I don't blame him. A hundred thousand is a wad of kale, even in these days. So he comes to me."

"Some time ago I had a little run-in with Ike Weber. I happen to know a lot about Ike. For instance, that his broker-

age business is a stall. He ain't got any business that he couldn't close out in ten minutes. Well, Ike and I have a little row. It don't matter what it's all about. But I drop a hint to Paul Zenda that it wouldn't do any harm for him to be careful who he plays stud with. Paul is mighty curious; but I don't tell him any more than that. Why should I? There was nothing in it for me. But Paul remembers last night what I'd told him—he'd been suspicious for quite a while of Weber—and to-day he hot-foots it to me. So now, you see, Florine, how you and me can do a little business."

"How?" asked Clancy.

"Oh, drop it!" snapped Beiner. "Quit the milkmaid stuff! You're a wise little girl, or you wouldn't be trailin' round with Ike Weber. Now—where's Ike? And why did Ike send you to me?"

Clancy shook her head vehemently.

"I don't know him. I never met him until last night. I don't know anything at all about him."

Beiner stared at her. For many years, he had dealt with actresses. He knew feigned indignation when he heard it. He believed Clancy. Still, even though he believed, he wanted proof.

"How'd you meet him?" he asked.

Clancy told him about her arrival in New York, her meeting with Fay Marston, and what had followed, even to Fay's late visit and her statement that she was married to Weber and was leaving town.

"And that's every single thing I know about them," she said. Her voice shook. The tears stood in her eyes. "I ran away because I was frightened, and I'm going right to Mr. Zenda and explain to him."

For a moment, Beiner did not speak. He took a cigar from the open case on his desk and lighted it. He rolled it round in his mouth until one-half its stubby length was wet. Then, from the corner of his mouth, he spoke.

"Why do that, kid? Why tell Zenda that Fay Marston practically confessed to you?"

"So that Mr. Zenda won't think that—I'm dishonest," cried Clancy.

"Aw, fudge! Everybody's dishonest, more or less. And everyone else suspects them, even though they don't know anything against them. What do you care what Zenda thinks?"

"What do I care?" Clancy was amazed.

"Sure. What do you care? Zenda can't do anything to you."

"He can keep me out of pictures, can't he?" cried Clancy.

Beiner shrugged.

"Oh, maybe for a week or two, a few people would be down on you, but—what did you come to New York for, Florine, to make friends or money?"

"What has that to do with it?" she asked.

Beiner leaned over toward her.

"A whole lot, Florine. I could 'a' told Zenda a whole lot about Ike Weber to-day. I could 'a' told him a couple things that would 'a' put Ike behind the bars. Smarter of fact, I could 'a' told him of a trick that Ike done in Joliet. But what's the good? The good to me, I mean. Ike knows that I put the flea in Zenda's ear that led to his wife spottin' Ike's little game. If he's got sense, he knows it, for I saw that my hint to Zenda reached Ike. Well, 'ke will be reachin' round to get

hold of me. Why, I thought, when Zenda described you and mentioned your first name, that Ike had sent you to me. Because Ike knows what I could tell Zenda would be enough to give Zenda a hold on Ike that'd get back that hundred thousand. But why be nasty? That's what I ask myself." His face took on an expression of shrewd good humor, of benevolence, almost. "You're just a chicken, Florine, a flapper from the mud roads and the middle-of-the-day dinner. And a chick chicken don't have it any too soft in New York at the best of it. I don't suppose that your bank-roll would make a mosquito strain its larynx, eh? Well, Florine, take a tip from old papa Beiner, that's been watchin' them come and watchin' them go for twenty-five years along Broadway.

"Why, Florine, I've seen them come to this town all hopped up with ambition and talent and everything, and where do they land? Look the list over, kid. Where are your stars of twenty years ago, of ten years ago, of five, when you come right down to it? Darned few of them here today, eh? You know why? Well, I'll tell you. Because they weren't wise, Florine.

"Lord, don't I know 'em! First or last, old papa Morris has got 'em jobs. And I've heard their little tales. I know what pulled 'em back to where they started from. It was because they didn't realize that friends grow cold and enemies die, and that the only friend or enemy that amounts to a darn is yourself.

"I've seen girls worry because somebody loved 'em; and I've seen 'em worry because somebody didn't love 'em. And those girls, most of them, are mindin' the baby to-day, with a husband clerkin' it down-town, too poor to afford a nurse-girl. But the girls that look out for the kale, that never asked, 'What?' but always, 'How much?'—those are the girls that amount to something.

"Here's you—crazy to run right off to Paul Zenda and tell him that you're a good little girl and don't know a darned thing about Ike Weber. Well, suppose you do that. What happens? Zenda hears your little story, decides you're tellin' the truth, and forgets all about you. Your bein' a nice, honest little fool don't buy you no silk stockings, kid, and I'm here to tell you so.

"Now, suppose you don't run to Zenda. Sooner or later, he runs into you. He bawls you out. Because you've kept away from him, he suspects that you stood in with Ike. Maybe he tries to get you blacklisted at a few studios. All right. Let's suppose he does. Six months from now, Zenda's makin' a picture out on the Coast, or in Europe, maybe. A director wants a girl of your type. I send him you. He remembers that Zenda's got it in for you, but—Zenda's away. And he hires you. Take it from me, Florine, he'll hire you. Get me?"

Her brows knitted, she had heard him through.

"I've heard you, but I don't understand. You talk about being sensible, but—why shouldn't I go to Mr. Zenda?"

"Because there's no money in it. And there's a bunch in not going to him," said Beiner.

"Who's going to give it to me?" demanded Clancy.

"Weber."



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"He's left town."
Beiner guffawed.

"Maybe that fat blonde of his thought so last night. She had a scare in her all right. But Ike ain't a rube. He knows Zenda's got no proof. He'll lie low for a few days, but—that's all. He'll pay you well—to keep quiet."

"Pay me?" gasped Clancy.

"Surest thing! Same as he'll be round to see me in a day or so, to shut my mouth. I know too much. Listen: By this time, Ike has pumped Fay Marston. He knows that she, all excited, blew the game to you. My God, what a sucker a man is to get married! And if he *must* do it, why does he marry a Broadway doll that can't keep her face closed? Oh, well, it don't matter to us, does it, Florine? What matters is that Ike will be slippin' you a nice big roll of money, and you should worry whether you go to work to-day or to-morrow or next month. I'll be gettin' mine, all right, too. So now you see, don't you?"

Clancy rose slowly to her feet.

"Yes," she said deliberately; "I see. I see that you—why, you're no better than a thief! Unlock that door and let me out!"

Beiner stared at her. His fat face reddened, and the veins stood out on his forehead.

"So that's the way you take it, eh? Now then, you little simp, you listen to me!"

He put his cigar down upon the edge of his desk, an edge scarred by countless cigars and cigarettes of the past. Heavily he rose. Clancy backed toward the door.

"If you touch me," she cried, "I'll—"

She had not dreamed that one so fat could move so quickly. Beiner's arms were round her before the scream that she was about to give could leave her lips. A fat palm, oily, greasy with perspiration, was clapped across her mouth.

"Now, don't be a little fool," he whispered harshly. "Why, Florine, I'm givin' you wise advice. I've done nothin' to you. You don't want to go to Zenda and tell him that Fay Marston admitted Ike was a crook, do you? Because then the game will be blown, and Ike won't see his way to slip me my share. You wouldn't be mean to old papa Beiner that wants to see all little girls get along, would you? How about it, Florine?"

He drew her closer to him as he spoke. Clancy, staring into his eyes, saw something new spring into being there. It was something that, mercifully, she had been spared seeing ever before. Fear overwhelmed her, made her limp in Beiner's clasp. The agent chuckled hoarsely.

"What a sweet kiddie you are, Florine! Say, I think you and me are goin' to be swell little pals, Florine. How about giving old papa Beiner a little kiss, just to show you didn't mean what you just said?"

Her limpness deceived him. His grasp loosened as he bent his thick neck to bring his gross mouth nearer hers. Clancy's strength came back to her. Her body tautened. Every ounce of strength that she possessed she put into a desperate effort for freedom. She broke clear, and whisked across the room.

"It you come near me, I'll scream," she said.

Beiner glared at her.

"All right," he said thickly. "Scream, you little devil! I'll give you something to scream about!"

He leaped for her, but she knew now

how fast he could move. Swiftly she stepped to one side, and, as she did so, she seized a chair, the one on which she had been sitting, and thrust it toward the man. The chair-leg jammed between his knees and unbalanced him. His own momentum carried him forward and to one side. He grasped at the edge of the desk for support, but his hand slipped. Twisting, trying desperately to right himself, he pitched forward. His head struck upon the iron radiator beside his desk. He lay quite still.

For a moment, her mouth open, prepared to scream, Clancy stared down at the man. As the seconds passed and Beiner failed to move, she became alarmed. Then his huge chest lifted in a sigh. He was not killed, then. She came near to him, and saw that a bruise, already swollen, marked the top of his bald skull. She knew little of such injuries, but even her amateur knowledge was sufficient to convince her that the man was not seriously hurt. In a moment, he would revive. She knelt beside him. She knew that he had put the door-key in his trousers pocket. She had noticed the key-ring and chain. But her strength had deserted her. She was trembling, almost physically ill. She could not turn the gross body over.

She heard footsteps outside, heard some one knock on the door. Bent over, trying not to breathe, lest she be heard outside, she stared at the door. The person outside shook the knob, pounded on the door. Then she heard a muttered exclamation, and footsteps sounded, retreating, down the hall.

Beiner groaned; he moved. She straightened up, frightened. There had been something in his eyes that appalled her. He would not be more merciful when he recovered. She crossed the tiny office to the couch. Outside the wide window was the fire-escape. It was her only way of escape, and she took it.

She opened the window and stepped upon the couch. A sort of court, hemmed in by office-buildings, faced her. She stepped through the window upon the iron grating-like landing of the fire-escape. The sheer drop beneath her feet alarmed her. She hesitated. Why hadn't she called to whoever had knocked upon the door and got him to break it down? Why had she been afraid of the possible scandal? Last night, she had fled from Zenda's through fear of scandal, and her fear had brought her into unpleasant complications. Now she had done the same thing, practically, again.

But it was too late to worry. Beiner would revive any moment. She descended the fire-escape. Luck was with her. On the next landing was a window that opened, not into an office but into a hallway. And the latch was unfastened. In a moment, Clancy had climbed through the window and was ringing the elevator-bell. No one was in the hall. Her entrance through the window was not challenged.

V

CLANCY woke clear-brained. She knew exactly what she was to do. Last night, after eating dinner in her room, she had tried to get Zenda on the telephone. Not finding his number in the book, she had endeavored to obtain it from "Information," only to learn that "it is a private wire,



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and we can't tell it to you." So, disappointed, she went to bed.

Her resolution had not changed overnight. She'd made a little idiot of herself in running away from the Zenda apartment night before last. But now that she found herself involved in a mass of nasty intrigue, she would do the sensible thing, tell the truth, and let the consequences be what they might.

Consequences? She mustn't be absurd. Innocently she had become entangled in something, but a few words would straighten the matter out. Of course, she would incur the enmity of Ike Weber, but what difference did that make? And Morris Beiner—she hoped, with a pardonable viciousness, that his head would ache for a week. The nasty beast!

In the tub, she scrubbed herself harshly, as though to remove from herself any possible lingering taint of contact with Beiner. A little later, she descended to the Napoli dining-room and ordered breakfast. It was as substantial as yesterday's. Exciting though yesterday had been, Clancy had not yet reached the age where we pay for yesterday's deviation from the normal with to-day's lack of appetite.

As at her previous breakfast, she had the dining-room to herself. Madame Napoli waddled beamingly over to her and offered her a morning paper. Clancy thanked her and put it aside until she should have finished her omelet. But, finally, the keen edge of her appetite blunted, she picked up the paper. It was a sheet devoted to matters theatrical, so that the article which struck her eye was accorded greater space in this newspaper than in any other in the city.

For a moment, Clancy's eyes were blurred as the import of the words of a head-line sunk into her understanding. It was impossible for her to hold the paper steadily enough to read. She gulped her second cup of coffee, put a bill on the table, and, without waiting for her change, left the room. Madame Napoli uttered some pleasant word, and Clancy managed to stammer something in reply.

Up in her room, she locked the door and lay down upon the bed. Five minutes, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling, she stayed there. Then she sat up and looked at the paper. She read:

THEATRICAL MAN FOUND SLAIN

MORRIS BEINER STABBED TO DEATH IN OWN OFFICE

Morris Beiner, an old-time manager, more recently a theatrical agent, was killed in his office sometime yesterday afternoon under mysterious circumstances. He was stabbed with a paper-knife, one that has been identified as belonging to the dead man.

The discovery was made by Lemuel Burkman, the watchman of the Heberworth Building, in which Beiner had his office. According to Burkman's statement, he has been in the habit of answering telephone calls for many of the tenants during their temporary absence. Last evening, at six-thirty, while making his first night-round of the building, Burkman heard the telephone ringing in Beiner's office. Although the light was on, the telephone was unanswered. Burkman unlocked the door to answer the call and take the message. He found Beiner lying upon the floor, the paper-knife driven into his chest.

Burkman did not lose his head, but answered the call. Frank Hildebloom, of the Rosedale

Note What These Artists Say

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Film Company, was on the wire. On being informed of the tragedy by the watchman, Hildebloom immediately came over to the dead man's office. To the police, who were immediately summoned by Burkan, Hildebloom stated that Beiner had telephoned him in the morning, stating that he wished to make an engagement for a young actress to make a film test. Hildebloom was telephoning because the engagement was overdue and he could wait no longer. An old friend of the murdered man, he was overcome by the tragedy.

The police, investigating the murder, learned from the janitor of the adjoining building, the Bellwood, that he had seen a young woman emerge from a window on the fifth floor of the Heberworth Building at shortly before six o'clock yesterday. She had descended by the fire-escape to the fourth floor and climbed through a window there. The janitor, who is named Fred Garbey, said that, while the incident was unusual, he'd thought little of it. He gave a description of the young woman to the police, who express confidence in their ability to find her, and believe that she must be the same woman for whom Beiner had made the engagement with Hildebloom.

None of the dead man's friends who could be reached last night could advance any reason for the killing. Beiner was apparently rather popular in the profession, having a wide acquaintance.

There followed a brief *résumé* of the dead man's career, but Clancy did not read it. She dropped the paper and again stared at the ceiling.

She was the woman who had fled by the fire-escape from Beiner's office, for whom the engagement had been made with Hildebloom! And the police were looking for her!

Beiner had been murdered! She had not killed him, but—who had? And would the police believe her story? She'd heard of third degrees. Would they believe her? Her whole story—if she admitted having been in Beiner's office, she must admit her method of egress. That descent by the fire-escape would have to be explained. She would have to tell the police that Beiner had seized her, had held her. Having admitted that much to the police, would they believe the rest of her story?

She shook her head. Of course they wouldn't! Beiner had been killed with his own paper-knife. The police would believe that she had picked it up and used it in self-defense.

She became unnaturally calm. Of course, she was a girl; her story might win her acquittal, even though a jury were convinced that she was a murderer. She knew of dozens of cases that had filled the newspapers wherein women had been set free by sentimental juries.

But the disgrace! The waiting in jail! Some one else had entered Beiner's office, had, perhaps, found him still unconscious, and killed him. But what would that some one come forward and admit his or her guilt to free Clancy Deane?

She laughed harshly at the mere thought. Everything pointed to her, Clancy Deane, as the murderer. Why, even at this very moment, the police might be down-stairs, making inquiries of Madame Napoli about her!

She leaped from the bed. She stared out the window at the tall buildings in Times Square. How harsh and forbidding they were! Yesterday they had been different, had suggested romance, because in them were people who, like herself, had come to New York to conquer it.



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But to-day these stone walls suggested the stone walls of jails. Jails! She turned from the window, overwhelmed by the desire for instant flight. She must get away! In a veritable frenzy of fear, she began to pack her valise.

Midway in the packing, she paused. The physical labor of opening drawers, of taking dresses from the closet, had helped to clear her brain. And it was a straight-thinking brain, most of the time. It became keener now. She sat down on the floor and began to marshal the facts.

Only one person in the world knew that Florine Ladue and Clancy Deane were the same girl. That person was Fanchon DeLisle, and probably by this time Fanchon DeLisle had forgotten the card of introduction.

Morris Beiner had not mentioned to Hildeboom the name of Florine Ladue. Hildeboom could not tell the police to search for the bearer of that name. Fay Marston knew who Florine Ladue was, but Fay Marston didn't know that Florine had been intending to call on Morris Beiner. Nor did Madame Napoli or her daughter. Zenda and the members of his party had never heard Florine's last name, and while the discovery of that card of introduction in Morris Beiner's office might lead the police to suspect that Florine Ladue had been the woman who descended the fire-escape, it couldn't be proved.

Then she shook her head. If the police found that card of introduction—and, of course, they would—they'd look up Florine Ladue. The elevator-boy in the Heberworth Building would probably identify her as a woman who had ridden in his car yesterday afternoon at five.

The first name would attract the attention of Zenda and his friends. Her acquaintance with Fay Marston and her card-sharp husband would come out. *She wasn't thinking clearly.* The affair at Zenda's was unimportant now. The only important thing in the world was the murder of Morris Beiner.

She got back to her first fact—only Fanchon DeLisle could know that Florine Ladue and Clancy Deane were the same person. If, then, Fanchon had forgotten that high-sounding name, had forgotten that she had given a card of introduction to Clancy—What difference would it make if Fanchon had forgotten the incident of the card? The police would remind her of it, wouldn't they?

She put her palms to her eyes and rocked back and forth. She couldn't *think!* For five minutes she sat thus, pressing against her eyes. Slowly, out of the reek of fearsome thoughts that crowded upon her brain, she resolved the salient one. Until Fanchon told the police that Florine Ladue and Clancy Deane were one and the same person, she was safe.

It would take time to locate Fanchon. Meanwhile, Clancy was safe. That is, unless the police began to look up the hotels to find Florine Ladue right away, without waiting to communicate with Fanchon. She leaped to her feet. She'd decided, several minutes ago, that that was exactly what the police would do. Therefore, she must get out of the Napoli.

Now, with definite action decided upon, Clancy could think straightly. She tilted her hat forward, so that it shielded her features, and descended from her room to the street. Yesterday afternoon she had noticed a telegraph office on Forty-second Street. To it she went now.

She wrote out a telegram: "Florine Ladue, Hotel Napoli, Forty-seventh Street, New York. Come home at once. Mother is ill." She signed it, "Mary."

The receiving clerk stared at her.

"You could walk up there in five minutes and save money," he said.

Clancy stared at him. The clerk lowered his eyes, and she walked out, feeling a bit triumphant, not at her poor victory over the clerk but because she had demonstrated to herself that she was mistress of herself.

Back in the Napoli, she packed her valise. She had almost finished when Paul, the bus-boy porter, knocked at her door. He gave her the telegram which she had written a little while ago.

Clancy, holding the door partly shut, so that he could not see her preparations for departure, read the wire. She gasped.

"Bad news, miss?" asked Paul.

"Oh, terrible!" she cried. "My mother is ill—I must go home—get me a taxi—tell Madame Napoli to make up my bill—"

The boy murmured something meant to be sympathetic, and disappeared down the hall. Five minutes later, Madame Napoli came wheezing up the stairs. She refused to permit Clancy to pack. Clancy was a good girl to worry so about her mother. She must sit still and drink the coffee that Paul was fetching. Madame Napoli would pack her bag. And *madame* had sent for a taxi.

It was all very easy. Without arousing the slightest suspicion, Clancy left the Napoli.

She told the driver to take her to the Grand Central Station. There she checked her valise. For she was not running back to Zenith. No, indeed! She'd come to New York to succeed, and she would succeed. Truth must prevail, and, sooner or later, the murderer of Morris Beiner would be apprehended. Then—Clancy would be free to go about the making of her career. But now, safety was her only thought. But safety in Zenith was not what she sought.

In the waiting-room she purchased a newspaper. She found a list of lodgings-advertised there. Inquiry at the information-desk helped her to orientate herself. She wished to be settled some distance from Times Square. She learned that Washington Square was a couple of miles from the Napoli. Two miles seemed a long distance to Clancy.

She reacquired her valise, got another taxi, and shortly had engaged a room in the lodging-house of Mrs. Simon Gerand, on Washington Square South. Mrs. Gerand was not at all like Madame Napoli, save in one respect—she demanded her rent in advance. Clancy paid her. She noted that she had only seven dollars left in her purse. So, in her room, she took out her check-book and wrote her first check, payable to "self," for twenty-five

Cosmopolitan for August, 1920

dollars. She'd take a bus, one of those that she could see from her tiny room on the square below, ride to Forty-second Street, cross to the Thespian Bank. No; she wouldn't! She might be seen. She'd ask Mrs. Gerand to cash her check.

She sat suddenly down upon a shabby chair. She couldn't cash her check, for Florine Ladue could be traced through her bank-account as well as through any other way!

She rose and walked to the window. It was a different view from that which she had had at the Napoli. She might be in another country. Across the park stood solid-looking mansions that even the untutored eyes of Clancy knew were inhabited by a different class of people than lived at Mrs. Gerand's. The well-keptness of the houses reminded her of a well-dressed woman drawing aside her skirts as the wheel of a carriage, spattering mud, approached too closely. She did not know that an old-time aristocracy still held its ground on the north side of Washington Square, against the encroachments of a colony of immigrants from Italy, against the wave of a bohemia that, in recent years, had become fashionable.

Despite the chill of the winter day, scores of children of all ages played in the park. Some were shabby, tattered, children of the slums that lurked, though she did not yet know it, south of the square. Others were carefully dressed, guarded by uniformed nurses. These came from the mansions opposite, from the fashionable apartments on lower Fifth Avenue.

Girls in tams, accompanied by youths, carelessly though not too inexpensively dressed, sauntered across the park. They were bound for little coffee-houses, for strange little restaurants. They were of that literary and artistic and musical set which had found the neighborhood congenial for work and play.

But, to Clancy, they were all just people. And people made laws, which selected policemen, who hunted girls who hadn't done anything.

She had come to New York to achieve success. Here, within forty-eight hours after her arrival, she had not only aroused the suspicions of one of the biggest men in the profession which she had hoped to adopt but was wanted by the police on the charge of murder, and had only seven dollars in the world. She stared at the greasy wall-paper of her ill-kept room. Without friends, or money—in danger of arrest! And still she did not think of going to the police, of confessing to circumstances that really were innocent. She had not learned overnight. She was still young. She still believed in the efficacy of flight. Queerly, she thought of the young man who had taken her home from the Zendas' apartment in the runabout. She remembered not merely his blue, kindly eyes, and the cleft in his chin, and his bigness, but things about him that she had not known at the time, that she had noticed—his firm mouth, his thick brown hair. And he'd had the kindest-seeming face she'd ever seen. The only really kind face she'd seen in New York. All the rest—Clancy wept.



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Proxies

(Continued from page 52)

ominence of his patient, ordered him to take home and put to bed. Homer was dismissed with a bandage round the head.

In the mean time, the police arrived, and, after hearing the story from the excited guests, started out after the fugitives.

It was a nice, thrilling finish to the party, and the guests departed, declaring that they had never expected to be so thoroughly entertained at so little expense—all the costs, that is, except Homer. He stated that he was quite able to go, but Carlotta insisted that he lie on the sofa for a while and let her fuss over him. What young man in love with an adorable tease such as she had always been could resist her when a melting mood?

But her references to his bravery troubled him. His recent act was merely that of a subordinate executing orders to carry forward a movement which he did not understand. It was on the tip of his tongue dozen times to explain to Carlotta exactly what had happened, but he was asked every time by the remembrance of men's forcible instructions not to make any explanation. The butler-bandit had, some way, convinced him that he had a son for his behest.

Still, Homer hated to accept the tender as he longed for it if it came under a apprehension. So he was almost relieved when one of the policemen came in, ringing with him Clare.

"Is this the girl in the case?" demanded the officer.

"Where did you find her?"

"Out in the bushes. The poor simpleton had got away easy, but she was lying round, waiting for the man." He wanted his captive. "A woman ain't no good as a crook. They always fall for some, and it spoils 'em, no matter how clever they are. May I use your telephone, sir?"

"Sure."

The officer called up headquarters and reported the capture of the girl.

"The man ain't been turned up yet, but there's four men and the sergeant looking for him right now."

Ended a long speech on the other end of the wire.

"Yes, sir; I'll stay right here with the prisoner until Sergeant Linton arrives," the officer hung up. "The chief has turned the case over to a plain-clothes man from New York. I suppose he'll be a stuck-up schmeicher. I never heard of him, but bet he thinks he's as famous as Sherlock Holmes. It seems Mr. Stover puts up an awful holler about something over the telephone as soon as he gets home, and makes the chief believe this is something more than an ordinary case. This detective, Sergeant Linton, happens to be down here working on something else, and—quick—the chief shoots him over here. He says expect him in a few minutes. I'll just sit here with the prisoner, if you don't mind."

"Not at all!" Mr. Darley acquiesced weakly. "We are all very anxious to find the answer to this rather strange affair, and shall be glad if Detective Linton throw any light on the matter. You know that Jensen, the man in the office, had a penitentiary record, but he

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told me to-night that he was running straight now."

"That's just what he told me," volunteered Clare eagerly, "and he made me promise to be on the square, too. Then all of a sudden, he changed and framed this—" She halted. "I guess he would want me to talk about it."

"That is curious," mused Mr. Darley.

"There's another funny thing," contributed Carlotta: "I mean about speaking Norwegian or something to Cleo in front of all those people. I didn't know you were Norwegian, Clare."

"I'm not," the girl asserted; "I didn't understand a word he said."

"Then what—" Carlotta turned to bandaged *fiancée*. "Did you get what said Homer? You know that language."

"Yes," Homer admitted. "What said was a message to me."

"What?"—this from both Carlotta and her father.

"But he asked me not to tell what was."

"Well, I'll be—" Mr. Darley growled the finish of his exclamation into an unintelligible mutter.

"Pardon me for walking right in," a voice in the doorway. "I was instructed to report here." Jensen entered the room with arrogant assurance, selecting the officer at once as the object of his visit. "Your chief said that he would telephone you that I was coming."

Jensen threw back his coat lapel, displaying a police badge on his vest.

"Yes, Sergeant Linton; I'm to orders from you," said the officer.

"Good! I see you've made a capture. Leave your prisoner with me, and join the rest of the searching party. I wish to question the family."

"Yes, sir."

Jensen escorted the uniformed policeman to the front door, and then returned. Dead silence fell upon the five people in the room.

"Well"—Mr. Darley finally broke the electric pause—"what the devil are you doing here?"

Jensen grinned.

"It would hardly be fair for me to bring Clare into this scrape and not get her out of it!"

"Did you come back just for me?" Clare asked, devotion dimming her eyes.

"For you and for one other thing. It's the only article we really stole."

Clare obediently produced from her waist a strip of slightly soiled paper, which she handed to Jensen.

"You recognize this, do you, Mr. Darley?" The master of the house nodded, fascinated. "It's my engagement wedding present to your daughter. I hope it will bring her much happiness. Carlotta, will you accept this from a man who will remember often that—" he paused—"will remember often much he will try to forget?"

Carlotta took the soiled and incomplete paper wonderingly.

"The curious thing about this present," Jensen continued, back once more to his half-bantering, half-respectful mood. "He had customarily employed toward me is that it has no value until it is destroyed."

He struck a match and lighted the corner of the paper in her hand.

When it was half consumed, he

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from her by the blackened ash and let it burn completely.

"There! I'll have to ask your father to explain to you later just how valuable a present it is. I haven't time now. Clare and I have a long journey before us to-night. Come, Clare."

She stepped into the protecting shelter of his arm as if her adventure in life had just come to a happy ending instead of being a perilous undertaking she had hardly begun.

There was a pounding on the front door.

"See? They have come for us. Here's the key to your front door, Mr. Darley. I took the liberty of locking it. Needless to say, we are going out another way."

The pounding on the door grew heavier and more insistent. With Clare's hand trustingly in his, Jensen walked unruffled toward the adjacent dining-room.

"You aren't a detective, then?" demanded Carlotta finally.

"No. On the contrary, I'm really a very black and desperate desperado. That reminds me. Will you return this police badge to the officer you will find bound and gagged out in the shed? After I overheard the patrolman's telephone conversation with his chief, I went out and borrowed this as a convincing disguise. Thank the owner for me."

Jensen and Clare disappeared through the door into the dining-room as the front door opened with the crash of a breaking lock. But when the police searched the house, they were nowhere to be found. When the turmoil had subsided, Homer Carleton took his leave. Carlotta accompanied him to his car at the door.

"Aren't you going to tell me what it was that Jensen said in Norwegian," she asked teasingly.

"Listen, Carl dear: Not to tell you makes me very unhappy, because, so long as I don't explain, I am in reality a cad sailing under false colors. But he told me not to tell—said it was for your sake. I don't know why."

"Wait, wait! I think maybe I can guess. Did he tell you to attack him saying that he would not shoot?"

"Just exactly that. And I've been waiting ever since under your praise for doing something heroic. I wasn't brave enough to do a spectacular thing like that, and I'm glad you know."

"So am I," concurred Carlotta, looking out into the darkness—darkness that somewhere sheltered another brave man—"because to-morrow, after I have thought it all over, I shall give you quite a different sort of a kiss than this one." She pressed her lips tenderly to his bandaged forehead. "Good-night."

He had understanding enough not to take her in his arms as he longed to do, or to question.

"Good-night, dear."

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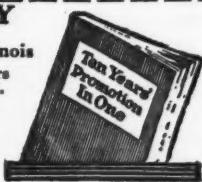
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Some Do and Some Don't

(Continued from page 98)

"I never thought of her as that little dryad, Sara. 'Flapper' sounds too sophisticated."

"Hm," said Mrs. Graham. "Was she pretty?"

"She was a darling!"

Mrs. Graham sat very still.

"Why wouldn't she marry you, Phil?"

"I didn't see her twice. I hadn't asked her."

"You didn't see—you don't mean you only saw this girl once?"

"That was all—just once."

"And it was as long ago as that? What was her name, Phil?"

"I don't know," he said helplessly. "I met her one afternoon, and that was the end of it. It didn't amount to anything, Sara, except to make a fool out of me."

Mrs. Graham's forehead was slightly wrinkled.

"I'm wondering how on earth you ever managed to like me, then. I don't seem to be up to your specifications—now do I?" She was teasing him, but, at the same time, she was vaguely resentful and conscious of every year of her calendar and every ounce of her flesh.

"You've nothing to be jealous about, Sara."

"Jealous?" she exclaimed.

"I mean—if it hadn't been for her I wouldn't have done what I have. It's all over long ago. But she gave me something I'd missed. It wasn't anything she said or anything she did. It was just there. If I'd ever seen her again, I suppose I'd have asked her to marry me."

"You prefer the dryad type?" Mrs. Graham's repression was a bit dangerous. Harmon looked down at her.

"Type be hanged! She wasn't a type; she was herself. There's never been anybody since then—not until you came."

"And I'm so unlike her." Mrs. Graham was very sober. "Phil, do you think you're wise?"

Harmon nodded.

"There's nothing like frankness. Neither of us can pretend to bring the other the first love. What does that matter? It's the present that counts. All I know is that I want you."

"Why do you, Phil?"

"How can I answer that? I do."

"But if you're still thinking about her, after fourteen years—"

"Because," he said, "until a month ago, I never met anyone else that I could think about. I haven't made any comparisons. What's past is past. And I want you."

He was apprehensive; but when she kissed him, he was immediately soothed. He didn't realize that two factors entered into her caress—one of them was her adoration of his boyishness, and the other was a sharp little stab of pain that she, herself, in her own estimation, was fifty and forty. Nor could he remotely have comprehended that, at the instant of that stab of pain, and because of it, and because of what had caused it, she loved him infinitely more. Also, in her sudden conception of what his loyalty was worth, she was forming the resolute purpose to be

preserve his visionings in safety. That her mission, and that would be the of their mutual content.

He took her to call on Mrs. Westmacott, who was hugely delighted by the engagement and instantly pleased with his choice. Harmon glowed for half an hour, and then set off to keep business appointment, leaving the two women together.

It was inevitable that, as soon as they were alone, they unite in praise of Harmon, and that Mrs. Graham, who knew and vied the older woman's guardianship, demand of her a long and intimate history of his progress. All it was equally inevitable that, at the end of the history, Mrs. Graham should inquire, tactfully but specifically, as to the nature of the divine inspiration.

Mrs. Westmacott had nothing but tawdry evidence to depend on. For herself, she had never laid eyes on the girl. But whoever she was, she had given Harmon the courage and the initiative to separate himself from the bond business. Mrs. Graham sighed inaudibly.

"Has he changed a great deal since then?"

"A great deal," said Mrs. Westmacott. "I've got a photograph of him when he was twenty-three. You'd hardly know it's the same man. I'll show it to you."

Mrs. Graham, with the photograph in her hand, began to ponder. She glanced once or twice at Mrs. Westmacott, and then surveyed the room intently. Her color changed. She gave an odd little smile, and then another with a catch in it. "My dear," said Mrs. Westmacott, "you're ill!"

"No—no, I'm not." Mrs. Graham moved aimlessly. "It was at a tea—here?"

"Yes, dear. But, truly, you're—"

"Wait!" Mrs. Graham's hands were trembling, and so was her voice. "I came that tea with an old friend of my mother's. They went to school together. She was a society reporter. She'd just come here. I was visiting her. And that night she caught the influenza and died in two days, and I went home to San Francisco. I—you see, I—met him here."

Mrs. Westmacott was too dazed to appear more than moderately astounded. "You met him—here?"

"Yes. He's changed so. I didn't meet you. I didn't meet anybody—anybody but Phil. I didn't remember—"

Mrs. Westmacott, palsied with the drama, was still skeptical.

"But her name was Alice. He heard me called by it."

"She always called me that. It's my middle name. She loathed 'Sara.' And didn't remember his. But she didn't say 'Harmon' when she introduced him. I'm sure of that. She was ill that afternoon. Nervous. I'd have remembered 'Harmon'—after his book came out." There were tears in her eyes now, and Mrs. Westmacott was leaning forward, pale and breathless. "I didn't know who he was, or anything. We sat over back some ferns and talked. I wasn't in love with him—don't think that. I liked him. I liked him a lot. But now—"

"Mrs. Westmacott sank back, limp."

"My dear!"

"A little dryad!" said Mrs. Graham sternly. "And he's written nine books about her, and he loves her! And I'm her

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Cosmopolitan for August, 1920

myself! Did I say 'her?' I meant 'And I'm fat! Oh, Mrs. Westman whatever are we going to do?'

The older woman got up and came over to her. Her voice had soft, wistful overtones in it.

"My dear, he's just wonderful! Do you see? He hasn't forgotten you thank your stars he hasn't! He's a man in a million. Maybe you've grown stout dear, and all that, but he knew the spirit of you just the same. And he waited these years for it—didn't he?"

Mrs. Graham was crying.

"I did use to be pretty and little a everything. I did! I did!"

The older woman drew in her breath.

"Of course you did, dear. Aren't you glad he remembers?" She took the young woman into her motherly arms. "We have to keep it for our secret, Sara. We can't tell him now."

"That's what hurts so. That's why I'm crying. It would—it would spoil the picture. Spoil his picture of me."

"Can't you stop to think, Sara, that it's pretty safe to have a husband with a past—when you were the other woman yourself? You can make him very happy, Sara. But not if he knows—not if he knows. His imagination wouldn't stand it. Nobody's would."

They were married very quietly and went off to the South, where Harmon put finishing touches to his latest book. He was in some trepidation that, one afternoon at tea-time, he showed a significant part of it to Sara.

"It makes me feel rather like a snake," he said, "but there she is again. I'm sorry, but I can't create women out of my imagination. I never could. They've got to be real. And I've only known two that could use. After this, though, I'll start to the new model."

His wife read two pages, dropped them and put both her arms round his neck.

"It's beautiful, Phil! Please don't have a new model. The old one's perfect."

"It isn't exactly fair to you, dear. Is it? And it's on my conscience."

"But I'm not jealous, Phil. Not at least tiny bit. I think she's adorable. You can't write about her too much to suit. Honestly, I love her."

"I can't seem to get away from her in books," he said apologetically, "and it isn't that I don't love you."

"I know, Phil. It's all right. The more you say about her the happier I am. It shows you're mine. You are mine aren't you?"

At length, she resumed her seat, and Harmon gave her his blessing across the tea-cart.

"There never was a woman like you, Sara. Have another of these little chocolate-cakes?"

Sara glanced at her serene plumpness and then automatically toward the pages she had so recently put down. They contained an accurate word-painting of herself at twenty-two. She had foreseen even then, when in his eyes she had seen a fairy figure, the stern necessity of diet. Times had changed, but she could still triumph in his photographic memory forever.

Unobserved, she laughed in triumph and shrugged her shoulders.

"I might as well be reckless, Phil. Me out a nice creamy one."



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A CHICAGO girl writes to me: "Oh, if I had only read one of your articles years ago! Many times I have heard women criticize you for publicly discussing such a delicate personal subject. But I know what I would have been saved had I known these facts sooner, and I know that many of these women who criticize you would benefit by taking your message to themselves."

"I learned the facts about myself, as unpleasant facts often are learned, by overhearing two girl friends talk about me."

"Why don't the men dance with her," one of them said. "Here came a few words I couldn't catch, and then—of course she's unconscious of it, poor dear, but she does suffer frightfully from perspiration."

"It was the most humiliating moment in my life! I, who had prided myself on my daintiness, had overlooked what men could not."

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Doing Father a Bit of Good

(Continued from page 74)

"Some collector probably."

"Well, it can't be helped," said Archie. Brother Bill attached himself to Archie's arm and became communicative.

"I didn't want to mention it in front of van Tuyl," he said, "because he's such a talking machine. But you're one of the family, and you can keep a secret."

"Absolutely! Silent tomb and what-not."

"The reason I wanted that darned thing was because I've just got engaged to a girl over in England, and I thought that, if I could hand my father that china-figure thing with one hand and break the news with the other, it might help a bit. She's the most wonderful girl!"

"I'll bet she is!" said Archie cordially.

"The trouble is she's in the chorus of one of the revues over there, and father is apt to kick. So I thought— Oh, well, it's no good worrying now. Come along, and I'll tell you all about her."

"That'll be jolly!" said Archie.

Archie reclaimed the family jewelry from its temporary home next morning. Then, feeling ripe for luncheon, he sauntered back to the Cosmopolis. On entering the lobby, he was surprised to see his father-in-law. More surprising still, Mr. Brewster seemed to be in jovial mood and even tolerably pleased to see his son-in-law.

"Hullo-ullo!" said Archie. "I thought you were at Brookport."

"I came up this morning, to meet a friend of mine, Professor Binstead."

"Don't think I know him—what?"

"Very interesting man," said Mr. Brewster, still with the same uncanny amiability. "He's a dabbler in a good many things—science, phonology, antiques. I asked him to bid for me at a sale yesterday. There was a little china figure—"

Archie's jaw fell.

"China figure?!"

"Yes. The companion to one you may have noticed on my mantelpiece. I have been trying to get the pair of them for years. I should never have heard of this one if it had not been for that valet of mine, Parker. Very good of him to let me know of it, considering I had fired him. Ah, here is Binstead!" He moved to greet the small middle-aged man with the tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles who was bustling across the lobby. "Well, Binstead—so you got it?"

"Yes."

"I suppose the price wasn't particularly stiff?"

"Twenty-three hundred."

"Twenty-three hundred!?" Mr. Brewster seemed to reel in his tracks. "Twenty-three hundred!?"

"You gave me carte blanche."

"Yes—but twenty-three hundred!"

"I could have got it for a few dollars, but unfortunately I was a little late, and, when I arrived, some young fool had bid it up to a thousand, and he stuck to me till I finally shook him off at twenty-three hundred— Why, this is the very man! Is he a friend of yours?"

Archie coughed.

"More a relation than a friend—what? Son-in-law, don't you know?"

Mr. Brewster's amiability had vanished. "What foolery have you been up to now?" he demanded. "Why the devil did you bid?"

"We thought it would be rather a fruity scheme. We talked it over and came to the conclusion that it was an egg. Wanted to get hold of the rummy little object, don't you know, and surprise you."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Lucille and I."

"But how did you hear of it at all?"

"Parker, the valet chappie, you know, wrote me a letter about it."

"Parker!" Didn't he tell you that he had told me the figure was to be sold?"

"Absolutely not!" A sudden suspicion came to Archie. He was normally a guileless young man, but even to him the extreme fishiness of the part played by Herbert Parker had become apparent. "I say, you know, it looks to me as if friend Parker had been having us all on a bit—what? I mean to say it was jolly old Herb who tipped your son off—Bill, you know—to go and bid for the thing."

"Bill!" Was Bill there?"

"Absolutely in person! We were bidding against each other like the dickens till we managed to get together and get acquainted. And then this bird—this gentleman—sailed in and started to slip it across us."

Professor Binstead chuckled—the care-free chuckle of a man who sees all those around him smitten in the pocket while he himself remains untouched.

"A very ingenious rogue, this Parker of yours, Brewster. His method seems to have been simple but masterly. I have no doubt that either he or a confederate obtained the figure and placed it with the auctioneer, and then he insured a good price for it by getting us all to bid against each other—very ingenious!"

Mr. Brewster struggled with his feelings. Then he seemed to overcome them and to force himself to look on the bright side.

"Well, anyway," he said, "I've got the pair of figures, and that's what I wanted. Is that it in that parcel?"

"This is it. I wouldn't trust an express company to deliver it. Suppose we go up to your room and see how the two look side by side."

They crossed the lobby to the elevator. The cloud was still on Mr. Brewster's brow as they stepped out and made their way to his suite. Like most men who have risen from poverty to wealth by their own exertions, he objected to parading with his money unnecessarily.

Mr. Brewster unlocked the door and crossed the room. Then, suddenly, halted, stared, and stared again. Sprang to the bell and pressed it, stood gurgling wordlessly.

"Anything wrong, old bean?" quoth Archie solicitously.

"Wrong! Wrong! It's gone!"

"Gone?"

"The figure!"

The floor-waiter had manifested himself silently in answer to the bell.

"Simmons"—Mr. Brewster turned him wildly—"has anyone been in the suite since I went away?"

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SOME people, who read this account of Mr. Edison's Tone-Test in Los Angeles, are going to say that the New Edison couldn't baffle them.

The test was given on the evening of January 26, 1920, in Trinity Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal. The photograph, which is reproduced here, was taken about 9 o'clock of that evening.

Marie Morrisey, a distinguished contralto, sang several selections in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice. Only by watching her lips, could the audience tell when she was singing and when the New Edison was RE-CREATING her voice.

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Miss Morrisey had left the stage. Only the phonograph was standing there. While the lights were out, the New Edison had taken up her song, and no one in the audience had detected the substitution.

The Los Angeles newspapers of the following day, January 27th, said in part as follows:

"It was impossible to discern the change from the voice to the New Edison."

—*Los Angeles Record.*

"Only by watching the lips of the singer was it possible to determine when Miss Morrisey was singing and when the machine alone was producing the sound."

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"The object of the tone-test—to prove the fidelity of the New Edison in RE-CREATING the human voice—was a success."

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Cosmopolitan for August, 1920

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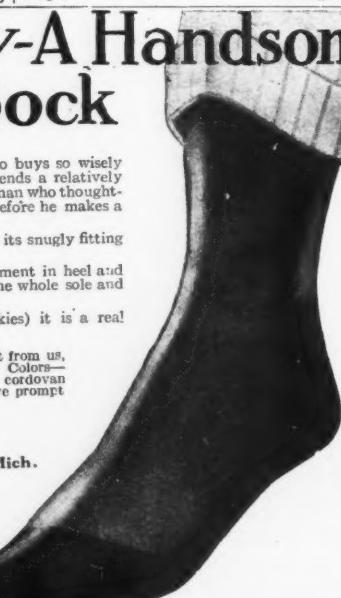
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"No, sir."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody except your valet, sir—Parker. He said he had come to fetch some things away. I supposed he had come from you, sir, with instructions."

"Get out!"

Professor Binstead had unwrapped his parcel and had placed Pongo on the table. There was a weighty silence. Archie picked up the little china figure and balanced it on the palm of his hand. It was a small thing, he reflected philosophically, but it had made quite a stir in the world.

Mr. Brewster fermented for a while without speaking.

"So," he said at last, in a voice trembling with self-pity, "I have been to all this trouble—"

"And expense," put in Professor Binstead gently.

"Merely to buy back something which had been stolen from me. And, owing to your damned officiousness," he cried, turning on Archie, "I have had to pay twenty-three hundred dollars for it! I don't know why they make such a fuss about Job. Job never had anything like you around."

"Of course," argued Archie, "he had one or two boils."

"Boils?" What are boils—"

"Dashed sorry," murmured Archie. "Acted for the best. Meant well. And all that sort of rot."

Professor Binstead's mind seemed occupied, to the exclusion of all other aspects of the affair, with the ingenuity of the absent Parker.

"A cunning scheme," he said; "a very cunning scheme. This man Parker must have a brain of no low order. I should like to feel his bumps."

"I should like to give him some," said the stricken Mr. Brewster. He breathed a deep breath. "Oh, well," he said, "situated as I am, with a crook valet and an imbecile son-in-law, I suppose I ought to be thankful that I've still got my own property, even if I have had to pay twenty-three hundred dollars for the privilege of keeping it." He rounded on Archie, who was in a reverie. The thought of the unfortunate Bill had just crossed Archie's mind. It would be many moons, many weary months, before Mr. Brewster would be in a suitable mood to listen sympathetically to the story of Love's young dream. "Give me that figure!"

Archie continued to toy absently with Pongo. He was wondering now how best to break this sad occurrence to Lucille. It would be a disappointment for the poor girl.

"Give me that figure!"

Archie started violently. There was an instant in which Pongo seemed to hang suspended, like Mohammed's coffin, between heaven and earth; then the force of gravity asserted itself. Pongo fell with a sharp crack and disintegrated.

"Well," said Professor Binstead cheerfully, breaking the grim silence, "if you will give me your check, Brewster, I think I will be going. Two thousand three hundred dollars. Make it open, if you will, and then I can run round the corner and cash it before lunch. That will be capital."

The next escapade of *Archie in America* will appear in September *Cosmopolitan*.

The Sound Mind

(Continued from page 46)

of Man—his strength. He radiated power. "Ye shall receive power from on high" were among his last words to his disciples; and power from on high they received. Through both Testaments, that word "power" throbs like a drum-beat. "God hath not given us the spirit of fear," St. Paul declared to Timothy, "but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Power, love, and a sound mind are surely what the individual was intended to reflect—not weakness or sickliness or limitation.

II

AND I suppose that when St. Paul spoke of these endowments, he meant more than that they had helped in general to make him a good man. He referred, I presume, to his mastery over many things that do not come specially under the heading of moral progress. He included, let us say, such incidents as the shaking-off of the viper that had fastened on his arm at Malta, suffering no injury from the poisoned fangs; or his ability to see the angel that stood by him in the storm at sea and assured him that the ship would come to land; or his sight of the telepathic vision of the man of Macedonia begging him to come over and help Europe; or his healing the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination; or his raising Eutychus to life again; or any other of the signs of extraordinary powers to which he refers in his letters.

The point is this: The demonstration of extraordinary powers was looked upon as an accepted thing in early Christian history. The compilers of the Scriptural chronicles, who may be credited with common sense, do not exhibit amazement of their own at the incidents they record. They may have been unable to account for the universe in terms of law, but they did it in those of almighty. Though without our facility in coordination, they probably had more knowledge. A great deal of that knowledge was what we should classify as psychic. They did not classify it so, because they did not classify at all. A clairvoyant faculty seems to have been much more common among them than among ourselves.

From the epoch when the first great man appears above the horizon of time, we see this psychic gift as the possession not only of individuals here and there but of whole groups and communities. Abraham, Hagar, Lot, and apparently all those who surrounded them were able to see beyond the material wall and converse with heavenly visitants. Jacob could do the same. The spirituality of Moses was such that through him the whole nation could transcend the limitations of the senses, to be led by the pillar of cloud. The father and mother of Samson had a similar facility; Joshua, Elisha, and Elijah had it, too.

Of Elijah's powers, one great instance is very familiar.

"Now therefore send and gather unto me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezabel's table. . . .

"Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves and cut it in pieces, and lay it on the



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wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock and lay it on wood, and put no fire under. And call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord. And the god that answereth by fire, let him be God. . . .

"And they cried aloud, and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. . . . And there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

"And Elijah said unto all the people, 'Come near unto me.' And all the people came near unto him; and he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. . . . And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood, and said, 'Fill four barrels with water and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood.' And . . . Elijah the prophet came near and said, 'Lord God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant.' . . .

"Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces, and they said, 'The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.'"

The same prophet's transcending the common experience of death is one of the most remarkable occurrences ever described by pen.

"And it came to pass when the Lord would take up Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven that Elijah went with Elisha. . . . And . . . Elijah said unto Elisha, 'Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee.' And Elisha said, 'I pray thee let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.' And he said: 'Thou hast asked a hard thing. Nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.' And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horseren thereof! . . .

"And the sons of the prophets which were to view at Jericho. . . . said unto him: 'Behold, now, there be with thy servants fifty strong men. Let them go, we pray thee, and seek thy master, lest peradventure the Spirit of the Lord hath taken him up and cast him upon some mountain, or into some valley.' And he said, 'Ye shall not send.' And when they urged him till he was ashamed, he said, 'Send.' They sent therefore fifty men; and they sought three days, but found him not."

Now, while these examples may not be of gifts we should class as psychic, they are instances of power. If the Old Testament is to be taken seriously, man was once in control of universal law beyond the point at which he stands to-day. Of the laws of mechanics, he knew less; of those which govern life and its higher elements, he knew more. But, as I have stated in preceding papers, what was once a law is still a law, and if things were ever done, they can be done again.

The question naturally arises here as to whether the Old Testament is to be taken seriously or not. If it is not, then its mass of evidence as to unusual powers once in

the possession of man is worthless. But my appeal in the present series of articles is to those who believe the Old Testament to be the inspired word of truth. If that is so, how are these declarations of power, love, and the sound mind to be treated? Are they to be flatly denied, or deprived of substance by being explained away, or taken as historic? Either man had these powers or he had not. If he had not, shut the Old Testament and banish it from the churches. But if he had, why not seek to recover them?

It is at this last point that I venture once more to emphasize my plea. Since opposition to experiment with the laws of life comes chiefly from members of the Christian bodies, I cannot help asking how they reconcile this veto with the free exercise of psychic and other gifts on the part of those whom they hold up to us as examples. If the Moses or Joshua or Peter or Paul of two and three thousand years ago could see beyond the material veil and tell us what they saw, why cannot the Moses or Joshua or Peter or Paul of the twentieth century do the same? Has it not become a matter of life and death to the whole Christian system that it should demonstrate its possession of power and love and the sound mind by deeds rather than by declarations?

I do not forget that I have several times conceded that, in the investigations for which I plead, there are the strains of folly, fraud, and danger. But these cannot, in fairness, outweigh all other considerations. While it is well to be cautious, one can be cautious overmuch. There is a type of Christian who is so impressed by the danger of danger that he has no longer the sound mind but the tainted. Fear is the banner under which he marches and the gospel he would preach.

It is to this exaggeration of perils that Henry Talbot refers when he says:

"The word 'endeavor' expresses that quality of striving which the human race is apt to associate with spiritual progress. It suggests exertion, and contention with an obstructing force. I have already explained that evil is not a force, and that the natural course of divine passion is toward improvement and ultimate perfection. The striving, exertion, or contention, therefore, is of an imaginary nature, since our enemy, evil, is a distortion of good, and of no intrinsic maliciousness. You are in reality confronted by nothing more substantial than the bogey-men and nocturnal bears of childhood. It is this darkness of your minds which makes you fancy strange lurking things where none exist."

"Strange lurking things where none exist" have been lifted like scarecrows all round this inquiry. The press has united with the pulpit to convince us of a wave of nervous prostration and dementia sweeping the country as a result of the ouija-board. Worthy people, not yet delivered from an atavistic strain of devil-worship, shrink from a planchette as if the toy had it in its power to hurt them. Whether God has given them the spirit of fear or not, they have got that spirit from some source, and it is this superstition which, in the name of orthodoxy, would say "No" to the advancing mind. If I plead for tolerance, I also plead for courage. But to plead for courage takes courage in itself when the petition must be made to a Church and a world which deny us the privilege of

demonstrating, here and now, that men and women are immortal.

III

It will be objected that none of the instances I have cited from either the Old Testament or the New in any of my articles are those in which one who remained on this plane made an attempt to communicate with one who had proceeded to the next. The single instance that could be given is that of the Witch of Endor calling up Samuel for Saul, on which I lay no stress for the reason that the associations are sinister. From the account of the incident as given in the First Book of Samuel, two facts appear—the one that the orthodox were as much obsessed by the spirit of fear in those days as in this; and that whether Samuel actually spoke to Saul or not, Saul believed that the communication had been established. Apart from this occurrence, there is not, as far as I remember, in either of the Testaments an instance of what we call a living man endeavoring to get communication with what we call a dead man.

And for a very good reason. Through all the centuries covered by the Old Testament, no real concept of immortality had ever been unfolded. It was guessed at; it was hinted at. Now and then it is implied without words; now and then some prophet or psalmist of great soul is capable of an outburst on the theme which is almost an act of faith. And yet the fact remains that the Hebrew of the old dispensation was without a distinct belief in continuity of existence. The Sadducees were materialists as a school, believing in neither angel, devil, nor resurrection. The Pharisees, who believed in all three, had no more authority than their rivals, and were no more orthodox. As a matter of fact, the power of entertaining the mere idea of immortality was probably a question of race-development.

And about the time of Augustus, the Roman emperor, the race had developed to the point at which the demonstration could be made. The value of what the Nazarene Master did was not in teaching but in act. He was not content to tell his disciples that death had no real dominion over man; he showed them that it was even so. On that morning when the first tremor of returning life ran through the still, cold form in the tomb of Joseph, the whole human race had worked up to its utmost present reach.

Christians in general speak as if race-development was arrested there; but in all advance the pioneer goes ahead to a point where he waits till his followers catch up with him. Very slowly, and more or less unconsciously, throughout the twenty intervening centuries, it is what we have been doing. Race-development has been continuous whether or not Church-development has kept pace with it. We are not abreast of the Master yet; but we have reached a stage in the onrush at which we can reason with ourselves and say, "If death is no more than what he showed it to be, then certain results must follow." Those results we deduce in our practical, twentieth century, perhaps not wholly spiritual, but nevertheless common-sense way.

If death is no more than what he showed it to be, we argue, then our dead, as we



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have called them, are not dead at all. But if they are living, they are living with the same kind of life as he. If he declared that he could be, and would be, with us always, even unto the end of the world, some similar possibility—even if not the very same—must attach to them.

From the thought of propinquity we go on to that of communication; and here, I venture to think, is a concept which only race-development could have enabled us to hold. The hope of intercourse with those who have gone on could not be otherwise than modern. The demonstration of Jesus had been accepted, but not assimilated. Assimilation has been slow, and is not even now complete. But it has progressed to a point, I humbly suggest, at which the belief in a kind of life doomed forever to be dumb seems senseless. In the blind surging upward of the human race, we have come to a stage where those in whom divine passion is most alert find the sluggish acceptance of the suffering of bereavement to which we have so long submitted unintelligent and brutish. There must be a means by which the living can reach the living and exchange help and love. If there is such a means, it is our place to find it.

Somewhat along this line, hundreds of thousands are reasoning to-day, confident in that spirit of power and love and a sound mind which has taken the place of that of fear. Of fear, they will have none. Better rashness and mistake than cowardice and lack of enterprise. Page after page of their sacred book tells them of amazing deeds wrought by men without a tittle of present-day advantages. As read to them in church, these chronicles seem always to go with the tacit injunction not to emulate such spiritual mastery in the twentieth century. But the sacred books are beginning to be read otherwise than as in church; and with that emancipation of use comes a larger liberty of inspiration. If these things were ever done, is the cry, they can be done again; and it is for us to make the test. The Master declared that, in the right conditions, we should perform works greater than his own. Hitherto, we have not tried so much as to equal him. But the present age must begin that task, taking all the wonders of the Scriptures as possibilities of universal law, and stopping short of no sanctified ambition.

IV

So I return to that secret as to which I said a word in concluding my last paper—the force beyond moral goodness which they must have understood who actually raised the dead. If Elisha and Peter and Paul could do this thing, why cannot the religious leader of to-day?

I have said that, for this task, moral goodness is not enough. But if moral goodness is not enough, power in itself is not enough. All the power in the world is of little use to the man who will not use it. The mightiest of levers may be in the strongest of hands; but if it lies there to no conscious purpose, nothing is ever moved. Furthermore, if the hand is schooled to helplessness on the ground that the use of the lever is presumptuous, that hand must of necessity grow nerveless. Steam was as potent before the days of Watts, and electricity before the days of Edison, as either of them was afterward;

and yet, with no mind to employ them, their forces were offered to mankind in vain. So with the human being. He is a reservoir of potentialities which it is his first instinct to deny. "Thou canst not" is the prohibition from without; "I can't" is the inhibition from within. Both inhibition and prohibition must be overruled before man is the free agent God gave him the power to become.

So there is the clue to our spineless civilization, our spineless Christianity, our impotent race of men. A man is forever the shuttlecock between inhibition, on the one side, and prohibition, on the other, till he becomes a weakling. Once begin to let power go, and it will ebb till it is gone. Only a mighty, patient, long-continued effort will then ever get it back again.

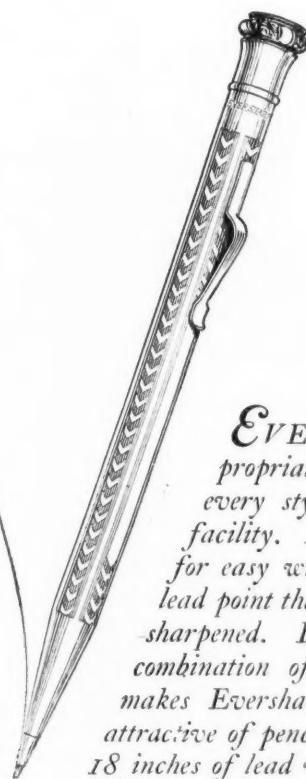
Such an effort is to-day in its incipient stages; but all the forces of prohibition are springing up to put an end to it. Those who themselves have renounced the demonstration of Peter and Paul and Elisha would keep others from attempting it. And yet, if there is truth in the New Testament, the spiritually advanced Christian could to-day be healing the sick and raising the dead, provided that he had a mind to do it. In this last clause lies the secret. It is a matter of intention; it is one of using the lever the Master declared to be in Christian hands. To our inability there is no other root than the lack of the consciousness of power.

That lack of the consciousness of power is an inhibition which quickly passes into prohibition, the most subtle and dangerous of all tyrannies. Progress was never made by peoples kept down under laws of repression. Where there is no liberty to do wrong, there is no value in doing right, and where there is no value in doing right, you will find but a barren fig tree. It may look like a very good fig tree, and may be covered with green leaves; but it will yield no fruit, and there will be a curse on it. Men must be left to work out their own salvation at the peril of mistake, or you produce an emasculated race.

The strong people are the daring ones; add to be daring on—run one's risks. And yet to run on—means making possible discovery. Columbus had never put out to sea, he would not have found a new continent. He could never have put out to sea if he had not built his ships; and he could never have built his ships if he had not collected his materials. The search for the lost or unknown laws of life is there at the stage of collecting the materials. It is avowedly the day of small things; but small demonstrations are not to be allowed we shall never progress to greater ones.

The sound mind must be forever on the track of the new, the undiscovered. A man's advance has been made through taking the odds and ends of unexplained forces he sees within himself and following where they may lead him. "His faculties," according to Emerson, "refer to natures out of him and predict the world he is to inhabit, as the fins of a fish foreshadow that water exists and the wings of an eagle in the egg suppose air." So, to-day, the eager and inquiring find powers in themselves which "predict the world they are to inhabit," and which it is their impulse to explore.

Even in days when inhibition and prohibition are supreme, it seems reasonable that the sound mind should not be denied its opportunity.



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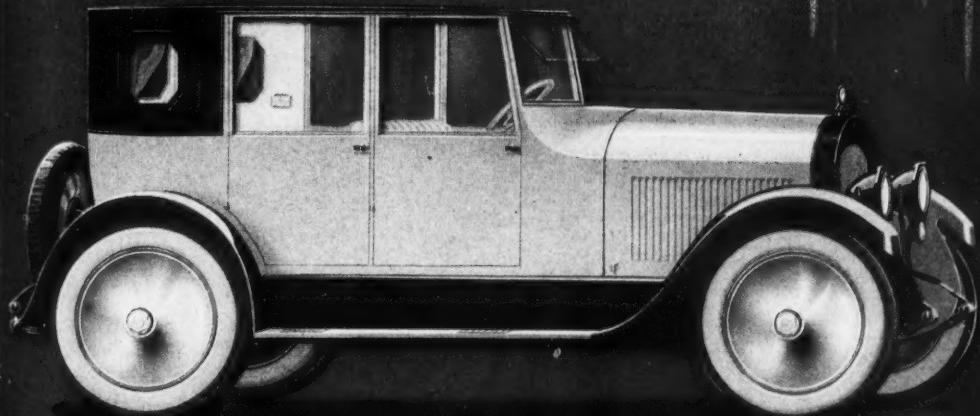
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